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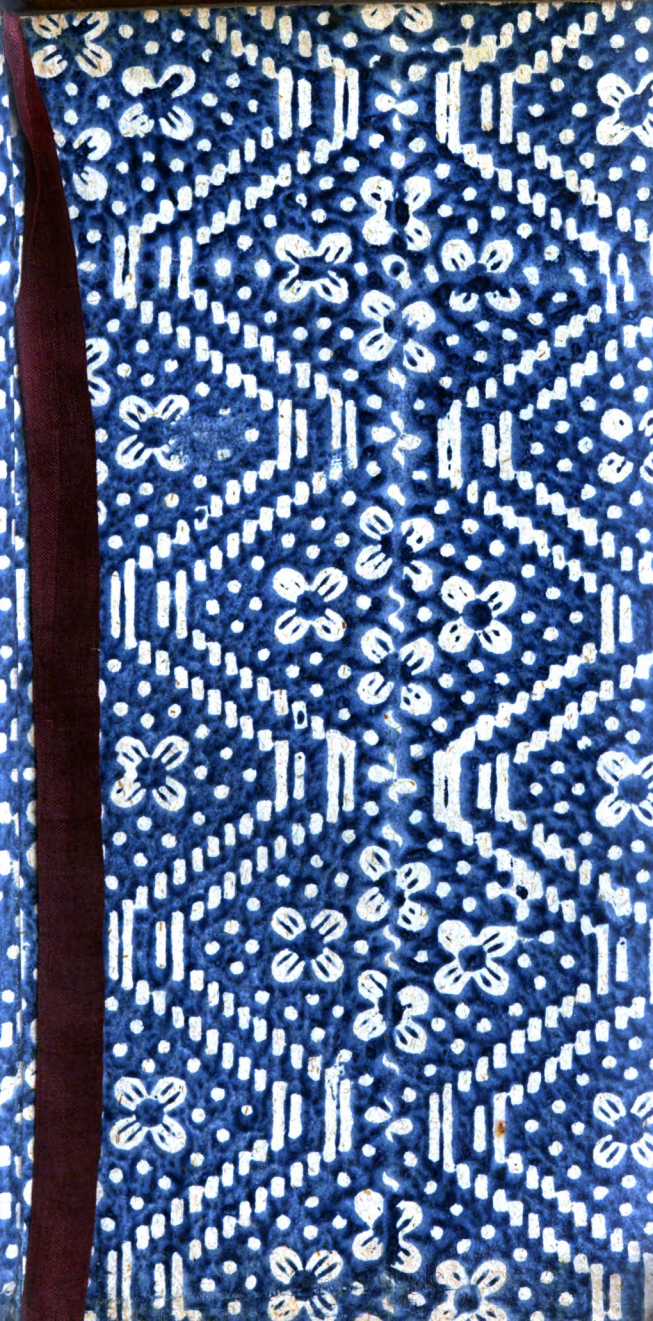

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THE WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING.

VOLUME SEVENTH.

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THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

IN

TWELVE VOLUMES.

WITH

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

LONDON:
Printed for JOHN BELL, No 132. Strand.
M. DCC. LXXV.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES

A

FOUNDLING.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

GEORGE LYTTLETON, Esq;

One of the Lords Commissioners of the TREASURY.

NOtwithstanding your constant refusal, when I have asked leave to prefix your name to this dedication, I must still insist on my right to desire your protection of this work.

To you, Sir, it is owing that this history was ever begun. It was by your desire that I first thought of such a composition. So many years have since past that you may have, perhaps, forgotten this circumstance: but your desires are to me in the nature of commands; and the impression of them is never to be erased from my memory.

Again, Sir, without your assistance this history had never been completed. Be not startled at the assertion. I do not intend to draw on you the suspicion of being a romance writer. I mean no more than that I partly owe to you my existance during great part of the time which I have employed in

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compoſing it: another matter which it may be neceſſary to remind you of; ſince there are certain actions of which you are apt to be extremely forgetful; but of theſe I hope I ſhall always have a better memory than yourſelf.

Laſtly, It is owing to you that the hiſtory appears what it now is. If there be in this work, as ſome have been pleaſed to ſay, a ſtronger picture of a truly benevolent mind than is to be found in any other, who that knows you, and a particular acquaintance of yours, will doubt whence that benevolence hath been copied? The world will not, I believe, make me the compliment of thinking I took it from myſelf. I care not: this they ſhall own, that the two perſons from whom I have taken it, that is to ſay, two of the beſt and worthieſt men in the world, are ſtrongly and zealouſly my friends. I might be contented with this, and yet my vanity will add a third to the number; and him one of the greateſt and nobleſt, not only in his rank, but in every public and private virtue. But here whilſt my gratitude for the princely benefactions of the Duke of BEDFORD burſts from my heart, you muſt forgive my reminding you, that it was you who

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who firſt recommended me to the notice of my benefactor.

And what are your objections to the allowance of the honour which I have ſolicited? Why, you have commended the book ſo warmly, that you ſhould be aſhamed of reading your name before the dedication. Indeed, Sir, if the book itſelf doth not make you aſhamed of your commendations, nothing that I can here write will, or ought. I am not to give up my right to your protection and patronage, becauſe you have commended my book: for though I acknowledge ſo many obligations to you, I do not add this to the number; in which friendſhip, I am convinced, hath ſo little ſhare: ſince that can neither biaſs your judgment, nor pervert your integrity. An enemy may at any time obtain your commendation by only deſerving it; and the utmoſt which the faults of your friends can hope for, is your ſilence; or, perhaps, if too ſeverely accuſed, your gentle palliation.

In ſhort, Sir, I ſuſpect that your diſlike of public praiſe is your true objection to granting my requeſt. I have obſerved, that you have, in common with my two other friends, an unwillingneſs to hear the leaſt mention of your own virtues; that, as a great

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Poet says of one of you, (he might justly have said it of all three) you

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

If men of this disposition are as careful to shun applause, as others are to escape censure, how just must be your apprehension of your character falling into my hands; since what would not a man have reason to dread, if attacked by an author who had received from him injuries equal to my obligations to you!

And will not this dread of censure increase in proportion to the matter which a man is conscious of having afforded for it? If his whole life, for instance, should have been one continued subject of satire, he may well tremble when an incensed satirist takes him in hand. Now, Sir, if we apply this to your modest aversion to panegyric, how reasonable will your fears of me appear!

Yet surely you might have gratified my ambition, from this single confidence, that I shall always prefer the indulgence of your inclinations to the satisfaction of my own. A very strong instance of which I shall give you in this address; in which I am determined to follow the example of all other dedicators, and will consider not what my

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my patron really deſerves to have written, but what he will be beſt pleaſed to read.

Without further preface then, I here preſent you with the labours of ſome years of my life. What merit theſe labours have is already known to yourſelf. If, from your favourable judgment, I have conceived ſome eſteem for them, it cannot be imputed to vanity; ſince I ſhould have agreed as implicitly to your opinion, had it been given in favour of any other man's production. Negatively, at leaſt, I may be allowed to ſay, that had I been ſenſible of any great demerit in the work, you are the laſt perſon to whoſe protection I would have ventured to recommend it.

From the name of my patron, indeed, I hope my reader will be convinced, at his very entrance on this work, that he will find in the whole courſe of it, nothing prejudicial to the cauſe of religion and virtue; nothing inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt rules of decency, nor which can offend even the chaſteſt eye in the peruſal. On the contrary, I declare, that to recommend goodneſs and innocence hath been my ſincere endeavour in this hiſtory. This honeſt purpoſe you have been pleaſed to think I have attained:

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attained: and to say the truth, it is likeliest to be attained, in books of this kind; for an example is a kind of picture, in which virtue becomes as it were an object of sight, and strikes us with an idea of that loveliness, which Plato asserts there is in her naked charms.

Besides displaying that beauty of virtue which may attract the admiration of mankind, I have attempted to engage a stronger motive to human action in her favour, by convincing men, that their true interest directs them to a pursuit of her. For this purpose I have shewn, that no acquisitions of guilt can compensate the loss of that solid inward comfort of mind, which is the sure companion of innocence and virtue; nor can in the least balance the evil of that horror and anxiety which, in their room, guilt introduces into our bosoms. And again, that as these acquisitions are in themselves generally worthless, so are the means to attain them not only base and infamous, but at best uncertain, and always full of danger. Lastly, I have endeavoured strongly to inculcate, that virtue and innocence can scarce ever be injured but by indiscretion; and that it is this alone which often betrays them into the snares that deceit and villainy

villainy ſpread for them. A moral which I have the more induſtriouſly laboured, as the teaching it is, of all others, the likelieſt to be attended with ſucceſs; ſince, I believe, it is much eaſier to make good men wiſe, than to make bad men good.

For theſe purpoſes I have employed all the wit and humour of which I am maſter in the following hiſtory; wherein I have endeavoured to laugh mankind out of their favourite follies and vices. How far I have ſucceeded in this good attempt, I ſhall ſubmit to the candid reader, with only two requeſts: Firſt, that he will not expect to find perfection in this work; and Secondly, That he will excuſe ſome parts of it, if they fall ſhort of that little merit which I hope may appear in others.

I will detain you, Sir, no longer. Indeed I have run into a preface, while I profeſſed to write a dedication. But how can it be otherwiſe? I dare not praiſe you; and the only means I know of to avoid it, when you are in my thoughts, are either to be entirely ſilent, or to turn my thoughts to ſome other ſubject.

Pardon, therefore, what I have ſaid in this epiſtle, not only without your conſent, but abſolutely againſt it; and give me

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me at leaſt leave, in this public manner, to declare, that I am, with the higheſt reſpect and gratitude,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

Obedient humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK I.

Containing as much of the birth of the Foundling as is neceſſary or proper to acquaint the reader with in the beginning of this hiſtory.

CHAP. I.

The introduction to the work, or bill of fare to the feaſt.

AN author ought to conſider himſelf, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemoſynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all perſons are welcome for their money. In the former caſe, it is well known, that the entertainer provides what fare he pleaſes; and though this ſhould be very indifferent, and utterly diſagreeable to the taſte of his company, they muſt not find any fault; nay, on the contrary, good breeding forces them outwardly to approve and to commend whatever is ſet before them. Now the contrary of this happens to the maſter of an ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat, will inſiſt on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimſical theſe may prove; and if every thing is not agreeable to their taſte, will challenge a right to cenſure, to abuſe, and to d—n their dinner without controul.

To prevent therefore giving offence to their cuſtomers by any ſuch diſappointment, it hath been uſual,

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with the honeſt and well-meaning hoſt, to provide a bill of fare, which all perſons may peruſe at their firſt entrance into the houſe; and, having thence acquainted themſelves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either ſtay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to ſome other ordinary better accommodated to their taſte.

As we do not diſdain to borrow wit or wiſdom from any man who is capable of lending us either, we have condeſcended to take a hint from theſe honeſt victuallers, and ſhall prefix not only a general bill of fare to our whole entertainment, but ſhall likewiſe give the reader particular bills to every courſe which is to be ſerved up in this and the enſuing volumes.

The proviſion then which we have here made is no other than HUMAN NATURE. Nor do I fear that my ſenſible reader, though moſt luxurious in his taſte, will ſtart, cavil, or be offended, becauſe I have named but one article. The tortoiſe, as the alderman of Briſtol, well learned in eating, knows by much experience, beſides the delicious Calibaſh and Calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is ſuch prodigious variety, that a cook will have ſooner gone thro' all the ſeveral ſpecies of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhauſt ſo extenſive a ſubject.

An objection may perhaps be apprehended from the more delicate, that this diſh is too common and vulgar; for what elſe is the ſubject of all the romances, novels, plays, and poems, with which the ſtalls abound? Many exquiſite viands might be rejected by the epicure, if it was a ſufficient cauſe for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that ſomething was to be found in the moſt paltry alleys under the ſame name. In reality, true nature is as difficult to be met with in authors, as the Bayonne ham or Bologna ſauſage is to be found in the ſhops.

But the whole, to continue the ſame metaphor conſiſts in the cookery of the author; for, as Mr Pope tells us,

True

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True wit is nature to advantage dreſt,
What oft' was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſt.

The ſame animal which hath the honour to have ſome part of his fleſh eaten at the table of a duke, may perhaps be degraded in another part, and ſome of his limbs gibbeted, as it were, in the vileſt ſtall in town. Where then lyes the difference between the food of the nobleman and the porter, if both are at dinner on the ſame ox or calf, but in the ſeaſoning, the dreſſing, the garniſhing, and the ſetting forth? Hence the one provokes and incites the moſt languid appetite, and the other turns and palls that which is the ſharpeſt and keeneſt.

In like manner, the excellence of the mental entertainment conſiſts leſs in the ſubject, than in the author's ſkill in well dreſſing it up. How pleaſed therefore will the reader be to find, that we have, in the following work, adhered cloſely to one of the higheſt principles of the beſt cook which the preſent age, or perhaps that of Heliogabulus, hath produced? This great man, as is well known to all lovers of polite eating, begins at firſt by ſetting plain things before his hungry gueſts, riſing afterwards by degrees, as their ſtomachs may be ſuppoſed to decreaſe, to the very quinteſſence of ſauce and ſpices. In like manner, we ſhall repreſent human nature at firſt to the keen appetite of our reader, in that more plain and ſimple manner in which it is found in the country, and ſhall hereafter haſh and ragoo it with all the high French and Italian ſeaſoning of affectation and vice which courts and cities afford. By theſe means we doubt not but our reader may be rendered deſirous to read on for ever, as the great perſon, juſt above-mentioned, is ſuppoſed to have made ſome perſons eat.

Having premiſed thus much, we will now detain thoſe who like our bill of fare no longer from their diet, and ſhall proceed directly to ſerve up the firſt courſe of our hiſtory for their entertainment.

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CHAP. II.

A short description of Squire Allworthy, and a fuller account of Miss Bridget Allworthy his sister.

IN that part of the western division of this kingdom, which is commonly called Somersetshire, there lately lived (and perhaps lives still) a gentleman whose name was Allworthy, and who might well be called the favourite of both Nature and Fortune; for both of these seem to have contended which should bless and enrich him most. In this contention, Nature may seem to some to have come off victorious, as she bestowed on him many gifts; while Fortune had only one gift in her power; but in pouring forth this, she was so very profuse, that others perhaps may think this single endowment to have been more than equivalent to all the various blessings which he enjoyed from Nature. From the former of these, he derived an agreeable person, a sound constitution, a solid understanding, and a benevolent heart; by the latter, he was decreed to the inheritance of one of the largest estates in the county.

This gentleman had, in his youth, married a very worthy and beautiful woman, of whom he had been extremely fond: by her he had three children, all of whom died in their infancy. He had likewise had the misfortune of burying this beloved wife herself, about five years before the time in which this history chuses to set out. This loss, however great, he bore like a man of sense and constancy; though it must be confessed, he would often talk a little whimsically on this head: for he sometimes said, he looked on himself as still married, and considered his wife as only gone a little before him a journey which he should most certainly, sooner or later, take after her; and that he had not the least doubt of meeting her again, in a place where he should never part with her more. Sentiments for which his sense was arraigned by one part of his neighbours, his religion by a second, and his sincerity by a third.

He

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He now lived, for the moſt part, retired in the country, with one ſiſter, for whom he had a very tender affection. This lady was now ſomewhat paſt the age of 30, an æra, at which, in the opinion of the malicious, the title of old maid may, with no impropriety, be aſſumed. She was of that ſpecies of women, whom you commend rather for good qualities than beauty, and who are generally called by their own ſex, very good ſort of women——as good a ſort of woman, Madam, as you would wiſh to know. Indeed ſhe was ſo far from regreting want of beauty, that ſhe never mentioned that perfection (if it can be called one) without contempt; and would often thank God ſhe was not as handſome as Miſs Such-a-one, whom perhaps beauty had led into errors, which ſhe might have otherwiſe avoided. Miſs Bridget Allworthy (for that was the name of this lady) very rightly conceived the charms of perſon in a woman to be no better than ſnares for herſelf, as well as for others; and yet ſo diſcreet was ſhe in her conduct, that her prudence was as much on the guard, as if ſhe had all the ſnares to apprehend which were ever laid for her whole ſex. Indeed, I have obſerved (though it may ſeem unnaccountable to the reader) that this guard of prudence, like the trained bands, is always readieſt to go on duty where there is the leaſt danger. It often baſely and cowardly deſerts thoſe paragons for whom the men are all wiſhing, ſighing, dying, and ſpreading every net in their power; and conſtantly attends at the heels of that higher order of women, for whom the other ſex have a more diſtant and awful reſpect, and whom (from deſpair, I ſuppoſe, of ſucceſs) they never venture to attack.

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee, that I intend to digreſs, through this whole hiſtory, as often as I ſee occaſion: of which I am myſelf a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever. And here I muſt deſire all thoſe critics to mind their own buſineſs, and not to intermeddle with affairs, or works, which no ways concern them: for till they produce the authority by which they are conſtituted judges, I ſhall plead to their juriſdiction.

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CHAP. III.

An odd incident which befel Mr. Allworthy, at his return home. The decent behaviour of Mrs Deborah Wilkins, with some proper animadversions on bastards.

I HAVE told my reader, in the preceding chapter, that Mr Allworthy inherited a large fortune; that he had a good heart, and no family. Hence, doubtless, it would be concluded by many, that he lived like an honest man, owed no one a shilling, took nothing but what was his own, kept a good house, entertained his neighbours with a hearty welcome at his table, and was charitable to the poor, *i. e.* to those who had rather beg than work, by giving them the offals from it; that he died immensely rich, and built an hospital.

And true it is, that he did many of these things; but, had he done nothing more, I should have left him to have recorded his own merit on some fair freestone over the door of that hospital. Matters of a much more extraordinary kind are to be the subject of this history, or I should grossly mispend my time in writing so voluminous a work; and you, my sagacious friend, might, with equal profit and pleasure, travel through some pages, which certain droll authors have been facetiously pleased to call *The history of England.*

Mr Allworthy had been absent a full quarter of a year in London, on some very particular business, though I know not what it was; but judge of its importance, by its having detained him so long from home, whence he had not been absent a month at a time during the space of many years. He came to his house very late in the evening, and after a short supper with his sister, retired much fatigued to his chamber. Here, having spent some minutes on his knees, a custom which he never broke through on any account, he was preparing to step into bed, when, upon opening the clothes, to his great surprise, he beheld an infant, wrapt up in some coarse linen, in a sweet

and

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and profound ſleep, between his ſheets. He ſtood ſome time loſt in aſtoniſhment at this ſight; but, as good-nature had always the aſcendant in his mind, he ſoon began to be touched with ſentiments of compaſſion for the little wretch before him. He then rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman-ſervant to riſe immediately and come to him, and in the mean time was ſo eager in contemplating the beauty of innocence, appearing in thoſe lively colours with which infancy and ſleep always diſplay it, that his thoughts were too much engaged to reflect that he was in his ſhirt when the matron came in. She had indeed given her maſter ſufficient time to dreſs himſelf; for out of reſpect to him, and regard to decency, ſhe had ſpent many minutes in adjuſting her hair at the looking-glaſs, notwithſtanding all the hurry in which ſhe had been ſummoned by the ſervant, and though her maſter, for aught ſhe knew, lay expiring in an apoplexy, or in ſome other fit.

It will not be wondered at, that a creature, who had ſo ſtrict a regard to decency in her own perſon, ſhould be ſhocked at the leaſt deviation from it in another. She therefore no ſooner opened the door and ſaw her maſter ſtanding by the bed-ſide in his ſhirt, with a candle in his hand, than ſhe ſtarted back in a moſt terrible fright, and might perhaps have ſwooned away, had he not now recollected his being undreſt, and put an end to her terrors, by deſiring her to ſtay without the door till he had thrown ſome clothes over his back, and was become incapable of ſhocking the pure eyes of Mrs Deborah Wilkins, who, though in the 52d year of her age, vowed ſhe had never beheld a man without his coat. Sneerers and profane wits may perhaps laugh at her firſt fright; yet my graver reader, when he conſiders the time of night, the ſummons from her bed, and the ſituation in which ſhe found her maſter, will highly juſtify and applaud her conduct; unleſs the prudence, which muſt be ſuppoſed to attend maidens at that period of life at which Mrs Deborah had arrived, ſhould a little leſſen his admiration.

When Mrs Deborah returned into the room, and was acquainted by her maſter with the finding the little infant,

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infant, her consternation was rather greater than his had been; nor could she refrain from crying out, with great horror of accent as well as look, 'My good Sir, 'what's to be done?' Mr Allworthy answered, she must take care of the child that evening, and in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurse. 'Yes, Sir,' says she, 'And I hope your worship will 'send out your warrant to take up the huffy its mother, '(for she must be one of the neighbourhood) and I 'should be glad to see her committed to Bridewell, 'and whipt at the cart's tail. Indeed such wicked 'sluts cannot be too severely punished. I'll warrant 'tis not her first, by her impudence in laying it to 'your worship.' 'In laying it to me, Deborah!' answered Allworthy, 'I can't think she hath any such 'design. I suppose she has only taken this method to 'provide for her child; and truly I am glad she hath 'not done worse.' 'I don't know what is worse,' cries Deborah, 'than for such wicked strumpets to 'lay their sins at honest men's doors; and though 'your worship knows your own innocence, yet the 'world is censorious; and it hath been many an ho-'nest man's hap to pass for the father of children he 'never begot; and if your worship should provide for 'the child, it may make the people the apter to be-'lieve; besides, why should your worship provide for 'what the parish is obliged to maintain? For my own 'part, if it was an honest man's child indeed; but for 'my own part, it goes against me to touch these mis-'begotten wretches, whom I don't look upon as my 'fellow-creatures. Faugh, how it stinks! It doth 'not smell like a Christian; if I might be so bold as 'give my advice, I would have it put in a basket, and 'sent out and laid at the church-warden's door. It 'is a good night, only a little rainy and windy; and 'if it was well wrapt up, and put in a warm basket, 'it is two to one but it lives till it is found in the 'morning. But if it should not, we have discharged 'our duty in taking proper care of it; and it is, 'perhaps, better for such creatures to die in a state 'of innocence, than to grow up and imitate their 'mothers; for nothing better can be expected of 'them.'

There

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There was ſome ſtrokes in this ſpeech which, perhaps, would have offended Mr Allworthy, had he ſtrictly attended to it; but he had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which, by its gentle preſſure, ſeeming to implore his aſſiſtance, had certainly out-pleaded the eloquence of Mrs Deborah, had it been ten times greater than it was. He now gave Mrs Deborah poſitive orders to take the child to her own bed, and to call up a maid-ſervant to provide it pap, and other things againſt it waked. He likewiſe ordered that proper clothes ſhould be procured for it early in the morning, and that it ſhould be brought to himſelf as ſoon as he was ſtirring.

Such was the decernment of Mrs Wilkins, and ſuch the reſpect ſhe bore her maſter, under whom ſhe enjoyed a moſt excellent place, that her ſcruples gave way to his peremptory commands; and ſhe took the child under her arms, without any apparent diſguſt at the illegality of its birth; and declaring it was a ſweet little infant, walked off with it to her own chamber.

Allworthy here betook himſelf to thoſe pleaſing ſlumbers which a heart that hungers after goodneſs is apt to enjoy when thoroughly ſatisfied: as theſe are poſſibly ſweeter than what are occaſioned by any other hearty meal, I ſhould take more pains to diſplay them to the reader, if I knew any air to recommend him to for the procuring ſuch an appetite.

CHAP. IV.

The reader's neck brought into danger by a deſcription; his eſcape, and the great condeſcenſion of Miſs Bridget Allworthy.

THE Gothic ſtile of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr Allworthy's houſe. There was an air of grandeur in it that ſtruck you with awe, and rivalled the beauties of the beſt Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within, as venerable without.

It ſtood on the ſouth-eaſt ſide of a hill, but nearer the

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the bottom than the top of it, ſo as to be ſheltered from the north-eaſt by a grove of old oaks, which roſe above it in a gradual aſcent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a moſt charming proſpect of the valley beneath.

In the midſt of the grove was a fine lawn, ſloping down towards the houſe, near the ſummit of which roſe a plentiful ſpring, guſhing out of a rock covered with firs, and forming a conſtant caſcade of about thirty feet, not carried down a regular flight of ſteps, but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and moſſy ſtones, till it came to the bottom of the rock; then running off in a pebbly channel, that with many leſſer falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile below the houſe on the ſouth-ſide, and which was ſeen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the center of a beautiful plain, embelliſhed with groups of beeches and elms, and fed with ſheep, iſſued a river, that for ſeveral miles, was ſeen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods, till it emptied itſelf into the ſea; with a large arm of which, and an iſland beyond it, the proſpect was cloſed.

On the right of this valley opened another of leſs extent, adorned with ſeveral villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined abbey, grown over with ivy, and part of the front, which remained ſtill entire.

The left hand ſcene preſented the view of a very fine park, compoſed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diverſity that hills, lawns, wood, and water, laid out with admirable taſte, but owing leſs to art than to nature, could give. Beyond this the country gradually roſe into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably ſerene, when Mr Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely proſpect we have before deſcribed to his eye. And now having ſent forth ſtreams of light, which aſcended the blue firmament before him,

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as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty up rose the sun; than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr Allworthy himself presented; a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.

Reader, take care, I have inadvisedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck, I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to slide down together; for Miss Bridget rings her bell, and Mr Allworthy is summoned to breakfast, where I must attend, and if you please shall be glad of your company.

The usual compliments having past between Mr Allworthy and miss Bridget, and the tea being poured out, he summoned Mrs Wilkins, and told his sister he had a present for her; for which she thanked him, imagining, I suppose, it had been a gown, or some ornament for her person. Indeed, he very often made her such presents; and she in complacence to him, spent much time in adorning herself. I say, in complacence to him, because she always expres't the greatest contempt for dress, and for those ladies who made it their study.

But if such was her expectation, how was she disappointed, when Mrs Wilkins, according to the order she had received from her master, produced the little infant! Great surprizes, as hath been observed, are apt to be silent; and so was Miss Bridget, 'till her brother began, and told her the whole story, which as the reader knows it already, we shall not repeat.

Miss Bridget had always expres't so great a regard for what the ladies are pleased to call virtue, and had herself maintained such a severity of character, that it was expected, especially by Wilkins, that she would have vented much bitterness on this occasion, and would have voted for sending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, immediately out of the house; but, on the contrary, she rather took the good-natured side of

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of the queſtion, intimated ſome compaſſion for the helpleſs little creature, and commended her brother's charity in what he had done.

Perhaps the reader may account for this behaviour from her condeſcenſion to Mr Allworthy, when we have informed him, that the good man had ended his narrative with owning a reſolution to take care of the child, and to breed him up as his own; for, to acknowledge the truth, ſhe was always ready to oblige her brother, and very ſeldom, if ever, contradicted his ſentiments; ſhe would indeed ſometimes make a few obſervations, as, that men were headſtrong, and muſt have their own way, and would wiſh ſhe had been bleſt with an independent fortune; but theſe were always vented in a low voice, and at the moſt amounted only to what is called muttering.

However, what ſhe with-held from the infant, ſhe beſtowed with the utmoſt profuſeneſs on the poor unknown mother, whom ſhe called an impudent ſlut, a wanton huſſy, an audacious harlot, a wicked jade, a vile ſtrumpet, with every other appellation with which the tongue of virtue never fails to laſh thoſe who bring a diſgrace on the ſex.

A conſultation was now entered into, how to proceed in order to diſcover the mother. A ſcrutiny was firſt made into the characters of the female-ſervants of the houſe, who were all acquitted by Mrs Wilkins, and with apparent merit; for ſhe had collected them herſelf; and perhaps it would be difficult to find ſuch another ſet of ſcarecrows.

The next ſtep was to examine among the inhabitants of the pariſh; and this was referred to Mrs Wilkins, who was to inquire with all imaginable diligence, and to make her report in the afternoon.

Matters being thus ſettled, Mr Allworthy withdrew to his ſtudy, as was his cuſtom, and left the child to his ſiſter, who, at his deſire, had undertaken the care of it.

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CHAP. V.

Containing a few common matters, with a very uncommon observation upon them.

WHEN her master was departed, Mrs Deborah stood silent, expecting her cue from Miss Bridget; for as to what had past before her master, the prudent house-keeper by no means relied upon it, as she had often known the sentiments of the lady, in her brother's absence, to differ greatly from those which she had expressed in his presence. Miss Bridget did not, however, suffer her to continue long in this doubtful situation; for having looked some time earnestly at the child, as it lay asleep in the lap of Mrs Deborah, the good lady could not forbear giving it a hearty kiss, at the same time declaring herself wonderfully pleased with its beauty and innocence. Mrs Deborah no sooner observed this, than she fell to squeezing and kissing, with as great raptures as sometimes inspire the sage dame of forty and five towards a youthful and vigorous bridegroom, crying out in a shrill voice, 'O the dear little creature, the dear, 'sweet, pretty creature! Well, I vow, it is as fine a 'boy as ever was seen!"

These exclamations continued, 'till they were interrupted by the lady, who now proceeded to execute the commission given her by her brother, and gave orders for providing all necessaries for the child, appointing a very good room in the house for his nursery. Her orders were indeed so liberal, that had it been a child of her own, she could not have exceeded them: but, least the virtuous reader may condemn her for shewing too great regard to a base-born infant, to which all charity is condemned by law as irreligious, we think proper to observe, that she concluded the whole with saying, 'Since it was her 'brother's whim to adopt the little brat, she supposed little master must be treated with great tenderness: for her part, she could not help thinking 'it was an encouragement to vice; but that she knew

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'too much of the obſtinacy of mankind to oppoſe any 'of their ridiculous humours.'

With reflections of this nature ſhe uſually, as has been hinted, accompanied every act of compliance with her brother's inclinations; and ſurely nothing could more contribute to heighten the merit of this compliance, than a declaration that ſhe knew, at the ſame time, the folly and unreaſonableneſs of thoſe inclinations to which ſhe ſubmitted. Tacit obedience implies no force upon the will, and, conſequently, may be eaſily, and without any pains, preſerved; but when a wife, a child, a relation, or a friend, performs what we deſire, with grumbling and reluctance, with expreſſions of diſlike and diſſatisfaction, the manifeſt difficulty which they undergo, muſt greatly enhance the obligation.

As this is one of thoſe deep obſervations which very few readers can be ſuppoſed capable of making themſelves, I have thought proper to lend them my aſſiſtance; but this is a favour rarely to be expected in the courſe of my work. Indeed I ſhall ſeldom or never ſo indulge him, unleſs in ſuch inſtances as this, where nothing but the inſpiration with which we writers are gifted, can poſſibly enable any one to make the diſcovery.

CHAP. VI.

Mrs Deborah is introduced into the pariſh with a ſmile. A ſhort account of Jenny Jones, with the difficulties and diſcouragements which may attend young women in the purſuit of learning.

MRS Deborah having diſpoſed of the child according to the will of her maſter, now prepared to viſit thoſe habitations which were ſuppoſed to conceal its mother.

Not otherwiſe than when a kite, tremendous bird, is beheld by the feathered generation ſoaring aloft, and hovering over their heads: the amorous dove, and every innocent little bird, ſpread wide the alarm, and fly trembling to their hiding-places. He proudly beats

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beats the air, conſcious of his dignity, and meditates intended miſchief.

So when the approach of Mrs Deborah was proclaimed through the ſtreet, all the inhabitants ran trembling into their houſes, each matron dreading leſt the viſit ſhould fall to her lot. She, with ſtately ſteps, proudly advances over the field, aloft ſhe bears her tow'ring head, filled with conceit of her own preeminence, and ſchemes to effect her intended diſcovery.

The ſagacious reader will not, from this ſimile, imagine theſe poor people had any apprehenſion of the deſign with which Mrs Wilkins was now coming towards them; but as the great beauty of the ſimile may poſſibly ſleep theſe hundred years, till ſome future commentator ſhall take this work in hand, I think proper to lend the reader a little aſſiſtance in this place.

It is my intention therefore to ſignify, that, as it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, ſo is it the nature of ſuch perſons as Mrs Wilkins to inſult and tyrannize over little people. This being indeed the means which they uſe to recompenſe to themſelves their extreme ſervility and condeſcenſion to their ſuperiors; for nothing can be more reaſonable, than that ſlaves and flatterers ſhould exact the ſame taxes on all below them, which they themſelves pay to all above them.

Whenever Mrs Deborah had occaſion to exert any extraordinary condeſcenſion to Mrs Bridget, and by that means had a little ſoured her natural diſpoſition, it was uſual with her to walk forth among theſe people, in order to refine her temper, by venting, and, as it were, purging off all ill humours; on which account, ſhe was by no means a welcome viſitant: to ſay the truth, ſhe was univerſally dreaded and hated by them all.

On her arrival in this place, ſhe went immediately to the habitation of an elderly matron; to whom, as this matron had the good fortune to reſemble herſelf in the comelineſs of her perſon, as well as in her age, ſhe had generally been more favourable than to any of

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the reſt. To this woman ſhe imparted what had happened, and the deſign upon which ſhe was come thither that morning. Theſe two began preſently to ſcrutinize the characters of the ſeveral young girls, who lived in any of thoſe houſes, and at laſt fixed their ſtrongeſt ſuſpicion on one Jenny Jones, who they both agreed was the likelieſt perſon to have committed this fact.

This Jenny Jones was no very comely girl, either in her face or perſon; but Nature had ſomewhat compenſated the want of beauty with what is generally more eſteemed by thoſe ladies, whoſe judgment is arrived at years of perfect maturity; for ſhe had given her a very uncommon ſhare of underſtanding. This gift Jenny had a good deal improved by erudition. She had lived ſeveral years a ſervant with a ſchoolmaſter, who diſcovering a great quickneſs of parts in the girl, and an extraordinary deſire of learning, (for every leiſure hour ſhe was always found reading in the books of the ſcholars) had the good-nature, or folly (juſt as the reader pleaſes to call it,) to inſtruct her ſo far, that ſhe obtained a competent ſkill in the Latin language, and was, perhaps, as good a ſcholar as moſt of the young men of quality of the age. This advantage, however, like moſt others of an extraordinary kind, was attended with ſome ſmall inconveniencies; for as it is not to be wondered at, that a young woman ſo well accompliſhed ſhould have little reliſh for the ſociety of thoſe whom Fortune had made her equals, but whom education had rendered ſo much her inferiors; ſo is it matter of no greater aſtoniſhment, that this ſuperiority in Jenny, together with that behaviour which, in its certain conſequence, ſhould produce among the reſt ſome little envy and ill-will towards her; and theſe had, perhaps, ſecretly burnt in the boſoms of her neighbours, ever ſince her return from her ſervice.

Their envy did not, however, diſplay itſelf openly, till poor Jenny, to the ſurprize of every body, and to the vexation of all the young women in theſe parts, had publickly ſhone forth on a Sunday in a new ſilk gown, with a laced cap, and other proper appendages to theſe.

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The flame, which had before lain in embryo, now burſt forth. Jenny had, by her learning, increaſed her own pride, which none of her neighbours were kind enough to feed with the honour ſhe ſeemed to demand; and now, inſtead of reſpect and adoration, ſhe gained nothing but hatred and abuſe by her finery. The whole pariſh declared he could not come honeſtly by ſuch things; and parents, inſtead of wiſhing their daughters the ſame, felicitated themſelves that their children had them not.

Hence, perhaps, it was, that the good woman firſt mentioned the name of this poor girl to Mrs Wilkins; but there was another circumſtance that confirmed the latter in her ſuſpicion: for Jenny had lately been often at Mr Allworthy's houſe. She had officiated as nurſe to Miſs Bridget, in a violent fit of illneſs, and had ſat up many nights with that lady; beſides which, ſhe had been ſeen there the very day before Mr Allworthy's return, by Mrs Wilkins herſelf, though that ſagacious perſon had not at firſt conceived any ſuſpicion of her on that account: for, as ſhe herſelf ſaid, 'She had always eſteemed Jenny as a very 'ſober girl, (though indeed ſhe knew very little of 'her) and had rather ſuſpected ſome of thoſe wanton 'trollops, who gave themſelves airs, becauſe, forſooth they thought themſelves handſome.'

Jenny was now ſummoned to appear in perſon before Mrs Deborah, which ſhe immediately did. When Mrs Deborah, putting on the gravity of a judge, with ſomewhat more than his auſterity, began an oration with the words, 'You audacious ſtrumpet,' in which ſhe proceeded rather to paſs ſentence on the priſoner than to accuſe her.

Though Mrs Deborah was fully ſatisfied of the guilt of Jenny, from the reaſons above ſhewn, it is poſſible Mr Allworthy might have required ſome ſtronger evidence to have convicted her; but ſhe ſaved her accuſers any ſuch trouble, by freely confeſſing the whole fact with which ſhe was charged.

This confeſſion, though delivered rather in terms of contrition, as it appeared, did not at all mollify Mrs Deborah, who now pronounced a ſecond judgment

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against her, in more opprobrious language than before: nor had it any better success with the bye-standers, who were now grown very numerous. Many of them cried out, 'They thought what Madam's 'silk gown would end in;' others spoke sarcastically of her learning. Not a single female was present, but found some means of expressing her abhorrence of poor Jenny; who bore all very patiently, except the malice of one woman, who reflected upon her person, and, tossing up her nose, said, 'The man 'must have a good stomach, who would give silk 'gowns for such sort of trumpery.' Jenny replied to this, with a bitterness which might have surprized a judicious person, who had observed the tranquillity with which she bore all the affronts to her chastity: but her patience was, perhaps, tired out; for this is a virtue which is very apt to be fatigued by exercise.

Mrs Deborah having succeeded beyond her hopes in her inquiry, returned with much triumph, and, at the appointed hour, made a faithful report to Mr Allworthy, who was much surpriz'd at the relation; for he had heard of the extraordinary parts and improvements of this girl, whom he intended to have given in marriage, together with a small living, to a neighbouring curate. His concern, therefore, on this occasion, was at least equal to the satisfaction which appeared in Mrs Deborah, and to many readers may seem much more reasonable.

Mrs Bridget blessed herself, and said, 'For her 'part, she should never hereafter entertain a good 'opinion of any woman.' For Jenny before this had the happiness of being much in her good graces also.

The prudent housekeeper was again dispatched to bring the unhappy culprit before Mr Allworthy, in order, not, as it was hoped by some, and expected by all, to be sent to the house of correction; but to receive wholesome admonition and reproof, which those who relish that kind of instructive writing may peruse in the next chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VII.

Containing such grave matter, that the reader cannot laugh once through the whole chapter, unless peradventure he should laugh at the author.

WHEN Jenny appeared, Mr Allworthy took her into his study, and spoke to her as follows:

'You know, child, it is in my power, as a magistrate, to punish you very rigorously for what you have done; and you will, perhaps, be the more apt to fear I should execute that power, because you have in a manner laid your sins at my door.

'But perhaps this is one reason which hath determined me to act in a milder manner with you: for, as no private resentment should ever influence a magistrate, I will be so far from considering your having deposited the infant in my house as an aggravation of your offence, that I will suppose, in your favour, this to have proceeded from a natural affection to your child: since you might have some hopes to see it thus better provided for, than was in the power of yourself, or its wicked father, to provide for it. I should indeed have been highly offended with you, had you exposed the little wretch in the manner of some inhuman mothers, who seem no less to have abandoned their humanity, than to have parted with their chastity. It is the other part of your offence, therefore, upon which I intend to admonish you, I mean the violation of your chastity. A crime, however lightly it may be treated by debauched persons, very heinous in itself, and very dreadful in its consequences.

'The heinous nature of this offence must be sufficiently apparent to every Christian, inasmuch as it is committed in defiance of the laws of our religion, and of the express commands of him who founded that religion.

'And here its consequences may well be argued to be dreadful; for what can be more so than to incur the divine displeasure, by the breach of the divine com-

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commands; and that in an inſtance, againſt which the higheſt vengeance is ſpecifically denounced?

'But theſe things, though too little, I am afraid, regarded, are ſo plain, that mankind, however they may want to be reminded, can never need information on this head. A hint, therefore, to awaken your ſenſe of this matter, ſhall ſuffice; for I would inſpire you with repentance, and not drive you to deſperation.

'There are other conſequences, not indeed ſo dreadful, or replete with horror, as this: and yet ſuch as, if attentively conſidered, muſt, one would think, deter all of your ſex, at leaſt, from the commiſſion of this crime.

'For by it you are rendered infamous, and driven, like lepers of old, out of ſociety; at leaſt from the ſociety of all but wicked and reprobate perſons; for no others will aſſociate with you.

'If you have fortunes, you are hereby rendered incapable of enjoying them; if you have none, you are diſabled from acquiring any, nay almoſt of procuring your ſuſtenance; for no perſons of character will receive you into their houſes. Thus you are often driven by neceſſity itſelf into a ſtate of ſhame and miſery, which unavoidably ends in the deſtruction of both body and ſoul.

'Can any pleaſure compenſate theſe evils? Can any temptation have ſophiſtry and deluſion ſtrong enough to perſuade you to ſo ſimple a bargain? Or can any carnal appetite ſo over-power your reaſon, or ſo totally lay it aſleep, as to prevent your flying with affright and terror from a crime which carries ſuch puniſhment always with it?

'How baſe and mean muſt that woman be, how void of that dignity of mind, and decent pride, without which we are not worthy the name of human creatures, who can bear to level herſelf with the loweſt animal, and to ſacrifice all that is great and noble in her, all her heavenly part, to an appetite which ſhe hath in common with the vileſt branch of the creation! For no woman ſure will plead the paſſion of love for an excuſe. This would be to own herſelf the mere tool and bubble of the man.

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'man. Love, however barbarously we may corrupt 'and pervert its meaning, as it is a laudable, is a ra- 'tional passion, and can never be violent, but when 'reciprocal; for though the scripture bids us love our 'enemies, it means not with that fervent love which 'we naturally bear towards our friends; much less 'that we should sacrifice to them our lives, and what 'ought to be dearer to us, our innocence. Now in 'what light, but that of an enemy, can a reasonable 'woman regard the man, who solicits her to entail 'on herself all the misery I have described to you, 'and who would purchase to himself a short, trivial, 'contemptible pleasure, so greatly at her expence! 'For, by the laws of custom, the whole shame, with 'all its dreadful consequences, falls entirely upon 'her. Can love which always seeks the good of its 'object, attempt to betray a woman into a bargain 'where she is so greatly to be the loser? If such cor- 'rupter, therefore, should have the impudence to 'pretend a real affection for her, ought not the wo- 'man to regard him, not only as an enemy, but as 'the worst of all enemies; a false, designing, treache- 'rous, pretended friend, who intends not only to de- 'bauch her body, but her understanding at the same 'time?'

Here Jenny expressing great concern, Allworthy paused a moment, and then proceeded: 'I have 'talked thus to you, child, not to insult you for what 'is past, and irrevocable, but to caution and strength- 'en you for the future. Nor should I have taken 'this trouble, but from some opinion of your good 'sense, notwithstanding the dreadful slip you have 'made; and from some hopes of your hearty repent- 'ance, which are founded on the openness and sin- 'cerity of your confession. If these do not deceive 'me, I will take care to convey you from this scene 'of your shame, where you shall, by being unknown, 'avoid the punishment, which, as I have said, is allot- 'ted to your crime in this world; and I hope, by re- 'pentance, you will avoid the much heavier sentence 'denounced against it in the other. Be a good girl 'the rest of your days, and want shall be no motive

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'to your going aſtray: and believe me, there is more 'pleaſure, even in this world, in an innocent and vir- 'tuous life, than in one debauched and vicious.

'As to your child, let no thoughts concerning it 'moleſt you; I will provide for it in a better man- 'ner than you can ever hope. And now nothing re- 'mains, but that you inform me who was the wicked 'man that ſeduced you; for my anger againſt him 'will be much greater than you have experienced on 'this occaſion.

Jenny now lifted up her eyes from the ground, and with a modeſt look, and decent voice, thus began:

'To know you, Sir, and not love your goodneſs, 'would be an argument of total want of ſenſe or 'goodneſs in any one. In me it would amount to 'the higheſt ingratitude, not to feel, in the moſt ſen- 'ſible manner, the great degree of goodneſs you have 'been pleaſed to exert on this occaſion. As to my 'concern for what is paſt, I know you will ſpare my 'bluſhes the repetition. My future conduct will much 'better declare my ſentiments, than any profeſſions I 'can now make. I beg leave to aſſure you, Sir, that 'I take your advice much kinder, than your generous 'offer with which you concluded it.

'For, as you are pleaſed to ſay, Sir, it is an inſtance 'of your opinion of my underſtanding.'—Here her tears flowing apace, ſhe ſtopped a few moments, and then proceeded thus: 'Indeed, Sir, your kindneſs 'overcomes me; but I will endeavour to deſerve this 'good opinion: for if I have the underſtanding you 'are ſo kindly pleaſed to allow me, ſuch advice cannot 'be thrown away upon me. I thank you, Sir, heartily, 'for your intended kindneſs to my poor, helpleſs 'child: he is innocent, and I hope, will live to be 'grateful for all the favours you ſhall ſhew him. But 'now, Sir, I muſt on my knees intreat you, not to 'perſiſt in aſking me to declare the father of my in- 'fant. I promiſe you faithfully, you ſhall one day 'know; but I am under the moſt ſolemn ties and en- 'gagements of honour, as well as the moſt religious 'vows and proteſtations, to conceal his name at this 'time. And I know you too well to think you would

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'desire I should sacrifice either my honour, or my re-'ligion.'

Mr Allworthy, whom the least mention of those sacred words was sufficient to stagger, hesitated a moment before he replied, and then told her, she had done wrong to enter into such engagements to a villain; but since she had, he could not insist on her breaking them. He said, it was not from a motive of vain curiosity he had inquired, but in order to punish the fellow; at least, that he might not ignorantly confer favours on the undeserving.

As to these points, Jenny satisfied him by the most solemn assurances, that the man was entirely out of his reach, and was neither subject to his power, nor in any probability of becoming an object of his goodness.

The ingenuity of this behaviour had gained Jenny so much credit with this worthy man, that he easily believed what she told him: for as she had disdained to excuse herself by a lie, and had hazarded his farther displeasure in her present situation, rather than she would forfeit her honour, or integrity, by betraying another, he had but little apprehension that she would be guilty of falsehood towards himself.

He therefore dismissed her with assurances, that he would very soon remove her out of the reach of that obloquy she had incurred, concluding with some additional documents, in which he recommended repentance, saying, 'Consider, child, there is one still to re-'concile yourself to, whose favour is of much greater 'importance to you than mine.'

CHAP. VIII.

A dialogue between Mesdames Bridget and Deborah; containing more amusement, but less instruction, than the former.

WHEN Mr Allworthy had retired to his study with Jenny Jones, as hath been seen, Mrs Bridget, with the good house-keeper, had betaken themselves to a post next adjoing to the said study; whence, through the conveyance of a key-hole, they sucked

ſucked in at their ears the inſtructive lecture delivered by Mr Allworthy, together with the anſwers of Jenny, and indeed every other particular which paſſed in the laſt chapter.

This hole in her brother's ſtudy-door was indeed as well known to Mrs Bridget, and had been as frequently applied to by her, as the famous hole in the wall was by Thiſbe of old. This ſerved to many good purpoſes. For by ſuch means Mrs Bridget became often acquainted with her brother's inclinations, without giving him the trouble of repeating them to her. It is true, ſome inconveniencies attended this intercourſe, and ſhe had ſometimes reaſon to cry out with Thiſbe, in Shakeſpear, 'O wicked, wicked wall!' For as Mr Allworthy was a juſtice of peace, certain things occurred in examinations concerning baſtards, and ſuch like, which are apt to give great offence to the chaſte ears of virgins, eſpecially when they approach the age of forty, as was the caſe of Mrs Bridget. However, ſhe had, on ſuch occaſions, the advantage of concealing her bluſhes from the eyes of men; and *De non apparentibus, & non exiſtentibus eadem eſt ratio.* In Engliſh, 'When a woman is not 'ſeen to bluſh, ſhe doth not bluſh at all."

Both the good women kept ſtrict ſilence during the whole ſcene between Mr Allworthy and the girl; but as ſoon as it was ended, and that gentleman out of hearing, Mrs Deborah could not help exclaiming againſt the clemency of her maſter, and eſpecially againſt his ſuffering her to conceal the father of the child, which ſhe ſwore ſhe would have out of her before the ſun ſet.

At theſe words Mrs Bridget diſcompoſed her features with a ſmile; (a thing very unuſual to her.) Not that I would have my reader imagine that this was one of thoſe wanton ſmiles which Homer would have you conceive came from Venus, when he calls her the laughter-loving Goddeſs; nor was it one of thoſe ſmiles which lady Seraphina ſhoots from the ſtage-box, and which Venus would quit her immortality to be able to equal. No, this was rather one of thoſe ſmiles which might be ſuppoſed to have come from

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the dimpled cheeks of the auguſt Tiſiphone, or from one of the miſſes her ſiſters.

With ſuch a ſmile then, and with a voice, ſweet as the evening breeze of Boreas in the pleaſant month of November, Mrs Bridget gently reproved the curioſity of Mrs Deborah, a vice with which it ſeems the latter was too much tainted, and which the former inveighed againſt with great bitterneſs, adding, 'That among 'all her faults, ſhe thanked Heaven, her enemies could 'not accuſe her of prying into the affairs of other 'people.'

She then proceeded to commend the honour and ſpirit with which Jenny had acted. She ſaid, ſhe could not help agreeing with her brother, that there was ſome merit in the ſincerity of her confeſſion, and in her integrity to her lover; that ſhe had always thought her a very good girl, and doubted not but ſhe had been ſeduced by ſome raſcal, who had been infinitely more to blame than herſelf, and very probably had prevailed with her by a promiſe of marriage, or ſome other treacherous proceeding.

This behaviour of Mrs Bridget greatly ſurprized Mrs Deborah; for this well-bred woman ſeldom opened her lips either to her maſter, or his ſiſter, till ſhe had firſt ſounded their inclinations, with which her ſentiments were always ſtrictly conſonant. Here, however, ſhe thought ſhe might have launched forth with ſafety; and the ſagacious reader will not perhaps accuſe her of want of ſufficient forecaſt in ſo doing, but will rather admire with what wonderful celerity ſhe tacked about, when ſhe found herſelf ſteering a wrong courſe:

'Nay, Madam,' ſaid this able woman, and truly great politician, 'I muſt own I cannot help admiring 'the girl's ſpirit, as well as your ladyſhip. And, as 'your ladyſhip ſays, if ſhe was deceived by ſome wicked man, the poor wretch is to be pitied. And, to 'be ſure, as your ladyſhip ſays, the girl hath always 'appeared like a good, honeſt, plain girl, and not 'vain of her face, forſooth, as ſome wanton huſſeys in 'the neighbourhood are.'

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'You say true, Deborah,' said Mrs Bridget, 'if the girl had been one of those vain trollops, of which we have too many in the parish, I should have condemned my brother for his lenity towards her. I saw two farmers daughters at church, the other day with bare necks. I protest they shocked me. If wenches will hang out lures for fellows, it is no matter what they suffer. I detest such creatures; and it would be much better for them, that their faces had been seamed with the small pox; but I must confess, I never saw any of this wanton behaviour in poor Jenny; some artful villain, I am convinced, hath betrayed, nay perhaps forced her; and I pity the poor wretch with all my heart.'

Mrs Deborah approved all these sentiments, and the dialogue concluded with a general and bitter invective against beauty, and with many compassionate considerations for all honest, plain girls, who are deluded by the wicked arts of deceitful men.

CHAP. IX.

Containing matters which will surprise the reader.

JENNY returned home well pleased with the reception she had met with from Mr Allworthy, whose indulgence to her she industriously made public; partly, perhaps, as a sacrifice to her own pride, and partly from the more prudent motive of reconciling her neighbours to her, and silencing their clamours.

But though this latter view, if she indeed had it, may appear reasonable enough, yet the event did not answer her expectation; for when she was convened before the justice, and it was universally apprehended that the house of correction would have been her fate, though some of the young women cried out, 'It was 'good enough for her,' and diverted themselves with the thoughts of her beating hemp in a silk gown; yet there were many others who began to pity her condition; but when it was known in what manner Mr Allworthy had behaved, the tide turned against her.

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One said, 'I'll assure you, Madam hath had good 'luck.' A second cried, 'See what it is to be a favourite.' A third, 'Ay, this comes of her learning.' Every person made some malicious comment or other, on the occasion; and reflected on the partiality of the justice.

The behaviour of these people may appear impolitic and ungrateful to the reader, who considers the power and the benevolence of Mr Allworthy: but as to his power, he never used it; and as to his benevolence, he exerted so much, that he had thereby disobliged all his neighbours; for it is a secret well known to great men, that by conferring an obligation, they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.

Jenny was, however, by the care and goodness of Mr Allworthy, soon removed out of the reach of reproach; when malice, being no longer able to vent its rage on her, began to seek another object of its bitterness, and this was no less than Mr Allworthy himself; for a whisper soon went abroad, that he himself was the father of the foundling child.

This supposition so well reconciled his conduct to the general opinion, that it met with universal assent; and the outcry against his lenity soon began to take another turn, and was changed into an invective against his cruelty to the poor girl. Very grave and good women exclaimed against men who begot children and then disowned them. Nor were there wanting some, who, after the departure of Jenny, insinuated, that she was spirited away with a design too black to be mentioned, and who gave frequent hints, that a legal inquiry ought to be made into the whole matter, and that some people should be forced to produce the girl.

These calumnies might have probably produced ill consequences (at the least might have occasioned some trouble) to a person of a more doubtful and suspicious character than Mr Allworthy was blessed with; but in his case they had no such effect; and being heartily despised by him, they served only to afford an innocent amusement to the good gossips of the neighbourhood.

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But as we cannot possibly divine what complexion our reader may be of, and as it will be some time before he will hear any more of Jenny, we think proper to give him a very early intimation, that Mr Allworthy was, and will hereafter appear to be, absolutely innocent of any criminal intention whatever. He had indeed committed no other than an error in politics, by tempering justice with mercy, and by refusing to gratify the good-natured disposition of the mob *, with an object for their compassion to work on in the person of poor Jenny, whom, in order to pity, they desired to have been sacrificed to ruin and infamy by a shameful correction in a Bridewell.

So far from complying with this their inclination, by which all hopes of reformation would have been abolished, and even the gate shut against her, if her own inclinations should ever hereafter lead her to chuse the road of virtue, Mr Allworthy rather chose to encourage the girl to return thither by the only possible means; for too true I am afraid it is, that many women have become abandoned, and have sunk to the last degree of vice, by being unable to retrieve the first slip. This will be, I am afraid, always the case while they remain among their former acquaintance; it was therefore wisely done by Mr Allworthy, to remove Jenny to a place where she might enjoy the pleasure of reputation, after having tasted the ill consequences of losing it.

To this place, therefore, wherever it was, we will wish her a good journey, and for the present take leave of her, and of the little foundling her child, having matters of much higher importance to communicate to the reader.

* Whenever this word occurs in our writings, it intends persons without virtue, or sense, in all stations; and many of the highest rank are often meant by it.

CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

The hospitality of Allworthy; with a short sketch of the characters of two brothers, a doctor and a captain, who were entertained by that gentleman.

NEITHER Mr Allworthy's house, nor his heart, were shut against any part of mankind, but they were both more particularly open to men of merit. To say the truth, this was the only house in the kingdom where you was sure to gain a dinner by deserving it.

Above all others, men of genius and learning shared the principal place in his favour; and in these he had much discernment: for though he had missed the advantage of a learned education, yet being blest with vast natural abilities, he had so well profited by a vigorous, though late application to letters, and by much conversation with men of eminence in this way, that he was himself a very competent judge in most kinds of literature.

It was no wonder that in an age when this kind of merit is so little in fashion, and so slenderly provided for, persons possessed of it should very eagerly flock to a place where they were sure of being received with great complaisance; indeed where they might enjoy almost the same advantages of a liberal fortune as if they were entitled to it in their own right; for Mr Allworthy was not one of those generous persons, who are ready most bountifully to bestow meat, drink, and lodging on men of wit and learning, for which they expect no other return but entertainment, instruction, flattery, and subserviency; in a word, that such persons should be enrolled in the number of domestics, without wearing their masters clothes, or receiving wages.

On the contrary, every person in this house was perfect master of his own time; and as he might at his pleasure satisfy all his appetites within the restrictions only of law, virtue, and religion; so he might, if his health required, or his inclination prompted

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him to temperance, or even to abſtinence, abſent himſelf from any meals, or to retire from them whenever he was ſo diſpoſed, without even a ſolicitation to the contrary: for indeed, ſuch ſolicitations from ſuperiors always ſavour very ſtrongly of commands. But all here were free from ſuch impertinence, not only thoſe, whoſe company is in all other places eſteemed a favour from their equality of fortune, but even thoſe whoſe indigent circumſtances make ſuch an eleemoſynary abode convenient to them, and who are therefore leſs welcome to a great man's table becauſe they ſtand in need of it.

Among others of this kind was Dr Blifil, a gentleman who had the misfortune of loſing the advantage of great talents by the obſtinacy of a father, who would breed him to a profeſſion he diſliked. In obedience to this obſtinacy the doctor had in his youth been obliged to ſtudy phyſic, or rather to ſay he ſtudied it; for, in reality, books of this kind were almoſt the only ones with which he was acquainted; and unfortunately for him, the doctor was maſter of almoſt every other ſcience but that by which he was to get his bread; the conſequence of which was, that the doctor at the age of forty had no bread to eat.

Such a perſon as this was certain to find a welcome at Mr Allworthy's table, to whom misfortunes were ever a recommendation when they were derived from the folly or villany of others, and not of the unfortunate perſon himſelf. Beſides this negative merit, the doctor had one poſitive recommendation. This was a great appearance of religion. Whether his religion was real, or conſiſted only in appearance, I ſhall not preſume to ſay, as I am not poſſeſſed of any touchſtone which can diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe.

If this part of his character pleaſed Mr Allworthy, it delighted Miſs Bridget. She engaged him in many religious controverſies; on which occaſions ſhe conſtantly expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the doctor's knowledge, and not much leſs in the compliments which he frequently beſtowed on her own. To ſay the truth, ſhe had read much Engliſh divinity, and had

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had puzzled more than one of the neighbouring curates. Indeed her converſation was ſo pure, her looks ſo ſage, and her whole deportment ſo grave and ſolemn, that ſhe ſeemed to deſerve the name of ſaint equally with her name-ſake, or with any other female in the Roman calendar.

As ſympathies of all kinds are apt to beget love; ſo experience teaches us that none have a more direct tendency this way than thoſe of a religious kind between perſons of different ſexes. The doctor found *himſelf* ſo agreeable to Miſs Bridget, that he now began to lament an unfortunate accident which had happened to him about ten years before; namely, his marriage with another woman, who was not only ſtill alive, but what was worſe, known to be ſo by Mr Allworthy. This was a fatal bar to that happineſs which he otherwiſe ſaw ſufficient probability of obtaining with this young lady; for as to criminal indulgencies, he certainly never thought of them. This was owing either to his religion, as is moſt probable; or to the purity of his paſſion, which was fixed on thoſe things, which matrimony only, and not criminal correſpondence, could put him in poſſeſſion of, or could give him any title to.

He had not long ruminated on theſe matters, before it occurred to his memory that he had a brother who was under no ſuch unhappy incapacity. This brother he made no doubt would ſucceed; for he diſcerned, as he thought, an inclination to marriage in the lady; and the reader, perhaps, when he hears the brother's qualifications, will not blame the confidence which he entertained of his ſucceſs.

This gentleman was about 35 years of age. He was of a middle ſize, and what is called well-built. He had a ſcar on his forehead, which did not ſo much injure his beauty, as it denoted his valour, (for he was a half-pay officer.) He had good teeth, and ſomething affable, when he pleaſed, in his ſmile; though naturally his countenance, as well as his air and voice, had much of roughneſs in it, yet he could at any time depoſite this, and appear all gentleneſs and good humour. He was not ungenteel, nor entirely void of wit,

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wit, and in his youth had abounded in ſprightlineſs, which, though he had lately put on a more ſerious character, he could, when he pleaſed, reſume.

He had, as well as the doctor, an academic education; for his father had, with the ſame paternal authority we have mentioned before, decreed him for holy orders; but as the old gentleman died before he was ordained, he choſe the church military, and preferred the King's commiſſion to the biſhop's.

He had purchaſed the poſt of lieutenant of dragoons, and afterwards came to be a captain; but, having quarrelled with his colonel, was by his intereſt obliged to ſell; from which time he had entirely ruſticated himſelf, had betaken himſelf to ſtudying the ſcriptures, and was not a little ſuſpected of an inclination to methodiſm.

It ſeemed therefore not unlikely that ſuch a perſon ſhould ſucceed with a lady of ſo ſaint-like a diſpoſition, and whoſe inclinations were no otherwiſe engaged than to the married ſtate in general; but why the doctor, who certainly had no great friendſhip for his brother, ſhould for his ſake think of making ſo ill a return to the hoſpitality of Allworthy, is a matter not ſo eaſy to be accounted for.

Is it that ſome natures delight in evil, as others are thought to delight in virtue? Or is there a pleaſure in being acceſſary to a theft when we cannot commit it ourſelves? Or, laſtly, (which experience ſeems to make probable) have we a ſatisfaction in aggrandizing our families, even though we have not the leaſt love or reſpect for them?

Whether any of theſe motives operated on the doctor we will not determine; but ſo the fact was. He ſent for his brother, and eaſily found means to introduce him at Allworthy's as a perſon who intended only a ſhort viſit to himſelf.

The captain had not been in the houſe a week, before the doctor had reaſon to felicitate himſelf on his diſcernment. The captain was indeed as great a maſter of the art of love as ovid was formerly. He had beſides received proper hints from his brother, which he failed not to improve to the beſt advantage.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XI.

Containing many rules, and some examples, concerning falling in love: descriptions of beauty, and other more prudential inducements to matrimony.

IT hath been observed by wise men or women, I forget which, that all persons are doomed to be in love once in their lives. No particular season is, as I remember, assigned for this; but the age at which Miss Bridget was arrived, seems to me as proper a period as any to be fixed on for this purpose: it often indeed happens much earlier; but when it doth not, I have observed, it seldom or never fails about this time. Moreover, we may remark that at this season love is of a more serious and steady nature than what sometimes shews itself in the younger parts of life. The love of girls is uncertain, capricious, and so foolish, that we cannot always discover what the young lady would be at; nay, it may almost be doubted, whether she always knows this herself.

Now we are never at a loss to discern this in women about forty; for as such grave, serious and experienced ladies well know their own meaning; so it is always very easy for a man of the least sagacity to discover it with the utmost certainty.

Miss Bridget is an example of all these observations. She had not been many times in the captain's company before she was seized with this passion. Nor did she go pining and moping about the house, like a puny foolish girl, ignorant of her distemper; she felt, she knew, and she enjoyed, the pleasing sensation, of which, as she was certain it was not only innocent but laudable, she was neither afraid nor ashamed.

And to say the truth, there is in all points, great difference between the reasonable passion which women at this age conceive towards men, and the idle and childish liking of a girl to a boy, which is often fixed on the outside only, and on things of little value and no duration; as on cherry cheeks, small lily-white hands, sloe-black eyes, flowing locks, downy chins, dapper

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dapper shapes; nay, sometimes on charms more worthless than these, and less the party's own; such are the outward ornaments of the person, for which men are beholden to the tailor, the laceman, the periwig-maker, the hatter, and the milliner, and not to nature. Such a passion girls may well be ashamed, as they generally are, to own either to themselves or to others.

The love of miss Bridget was of another kind. The captain owed nothing to any of these fop-makers in his dress, nor was his person much more beholden to nature. Both his dress and person were such as, had they appeared in an assembly, or a drawing-room, would have been the contempt and ridicule of all the fine ladies there. The former of these was indeed neat, but plain, course, ill-fancied, and out of fashion. As for the latter, we have expressly described it above. So far was the skin on his cheeks from being cherry-coloured, that you would not discern what the natural colour of his cheeks was, they being totally overgrown by a black beard, which ascended to his eyes. His shape and limbs were indeed exactly proportioned, but so large, that they denoted the strength rather of a ploughman than any other. His shoulders were broad, beyond all size, and the calves of his legs larger than those of a common chairman. In short, his whole person wanted all that elegance and beauty, which is the very reverse of clumsy strength, and which so agreeably sets off most of our fine gentlemen; being partly owing to the high blood of their ancestors, viz. blood made of rich sauces and generous wines, and partly to an early town-education.

Though Miss Bridget was a woman of the greatest delicacy of taste; yet such were the charms of the captain's conversation, that she totally overlooked the defects of his person. She imagined, and perhaps very wisely, that she should enjoy more agreeable minutes with the captain than with a much prettier fellow; and forewent the consideration of pleasing her eyes, in order to procure herself much more solid satisfaction.

The captain no sooner perceived the passion of Miss Bridget, in which discovery he was very quick-sighted, than

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than he faithfully returned it. The lady, no more than her lover, was remarkable for beauty. I would attempt to draw her picture; but that is done already by a more able master, Mr Hogarth himself, to whom she sat many years ago, and hath been lately exhibited by that gentleman in his print of a winter's morning, of which she was no improper emblem, and may be seen walking (for walk she doth in the print) to Covent-Garden Church, with a starved foot-boy behind, carrying her prayer-book.

The captain likewise very wisely preferred the more solid enjoyments he expected with this lady, to the fleeting charms of person. He was one of those wise men, who regard beauty in the other sex as a very worthless and superficial qualification; or, to speak more truly, who rather chuse to possess every convenience of life with an ugly woman, than a handsome one without any of those conveniencies. And having a very good appetite, and but little nicety, he fancied she should play his part very well at the matrimonial banquet, without the sauce of beauty.

To deal plainly with the reader, the captain, ever since his arrival, at least from the moment his brother had proposed the match to him, long before he had discovered any flattering symptoms in Miss Bridget, had been greatly enamoured; that is to say, of Mr Allworthy's house and gardens, and of his lands, tenements, and hereditaments; of all which the captain was so passionately fond, that he would most probably have contracted marriage with them, had he been obliged to have taken the witch of Endor into the bargain.

As Mr Allworthy therefore had declared to the doctor, that he never intended to take a second wife, as his sister was his nearest relation, and as the doctor had fished out that his intentions were to make any child of hers his heir, which indeed the law, without his interposition would have done for him; the doctor and his brother thought it an act of benevolence to give being to a human creature, who would be so plentifully provided with the most essential means of happiness. The whole thoughts therefore of both the brothers were

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were how to engage the affections of this amiable lady.

But Fortune, who is a tender parent, and often doth more for her favourite offspring than either they deſerve or wiſh, had been ſo induſtrious for the captain, that whilſt he was laying ſchemes to execute his purpoſe, the lady conceived the ſame deſires with himſelf, and was on her ſide contriving how to give the captain proper encouragement, without appearing too forward; for ſhe was a ſtrict obſerver of all rules of decorum. In this, however, ſhe eaſily ſucceeded; for as the captain was always on the look-out, no glance, geſture, or word eſcaped him.

The ſatisfaction which the captain received from the kind behaviour of Miſs Bridget, was not a little abated by his apprenenſions of Mr Allworthy; for, notwithſtanding his diſintereſted profeſſions, the captain imagined he would, when he came to act, follow the example of the reſt of the world, and refuſe his conſent to a match, ſo diſadvantageous, in point of intereſt, to his ſiſter. From what oracle he received this opinion, I ſhall leave the reader to determine; but, however he came by it, it ſtrangely perplexed him, how to regulate his conduct ſo as at once to convey his affection to the lady, and to conceal it from her brother. He at length reſolved to take all private opportunities of making his addreſſes; but in the preſence of Mr Allworthy to be as reſerved, and as much upon his guard, as was poſſible; and this conduct was highly approved by the brother.

He ſoon found means to make his addreſſes, in expreſs terms, to his miſtreſs, from whom he received an anſwer in the proper form, viz. the anſwer which was firſt made ſome thouſands of years ago, and which hath been handed down by tradition from mother to daughter ever ſince. If I was to tranſlate this into Latin, I ſhould render it by theſe two words, *Nolo Epiſcopari:* a phraſe likewiſe of immemorial uſe on another occaſion.

The captain, however he came by his knowledge, perfectly well underſtood the lady; and very ſoon after repeated his application, with more warmth and earneſtneſs than before, and was again, according to due

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form, rejected; but as he had increased in the eagerness of his desires, so the lady, with the same propriety, decreased in the violence of her refusal.

Not to tire the reader by leading him through every scene of this courtship, (which, though in the opinion of a certain great author, it is the pleasantest scene of life to the actor, is perhaps, as dull and tiresome as any whatever to the audience) the captain made his advances in form, the citadel was defended in form, and at length, in proper form, surrendered at discretion.

During this whole time, which filled the space of near a month, the captain preserved great distance of behaviour to his lady, in the presence of the brother; and the more he succeeded with her in private, the more reserved was he in public. And as for the lady, she had no sooner secured her lover, than she behaved to him before company with the highest degree of indifference; so that Mr Allworthy must have had the insight of the devil (or perhaps some of his worse qualities) to have entertained the least suspicion of what was going forward.

CHAP. XII.

Containing what the reader may perhaps expect to find in it.

IN all bargains, whether to fight or to marry, or concerning any other such business, little previous ceremony is required to bring the matter to an issue, when both parties are really in earnest. This was the case at present, and in less than a month the captain and his lady were man and wife.

The great concern now was to break the matter to Mr Allworthy; and this was undertaken by the doctor.

One day then as Allworthy was walking in his garden, the doctor came to him, and, with great gravity of aspect, and all the concern which he could possibly affect in his countenance, said, 'I am come, 'Sir, to impart an affair to you of the utmost conse-'quence; but how shall I mention to you, what it

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'almoſt diſtracts me to think of!' He then launched forth into the moſt bitter invectives both againſt men and women; accuſing the former of having no attachment but to their intereſt, and the latter of being ſo addicted to vicious inclinations, that they could never be ſafely truſted with one of the other ſex. 'Could I,' ſaid he, 'Sir, have ſuſpected, that a lady 'of ſuch prudence, ſuch judgment, ſuch learning, 'ſhould indulge ſo indiſcreet a paſſion; or could I 'have imagined, that my brother—why do I call him 'ſo? He is no longer a brother of mine.'——

'Indeed but he is,' ſaid Allworthy, 'and a brother 'of mine too.'—'Bleſs me, Sir,' ſaid the Doctor, 'Do you know the ſhocking affair!'——'Look'ee, 'Mr Bliſil,' anſwered the good man, 'It hath been 'my conſtant maxim in life, to make the beſt of all 'matters which happen. My ſiſter, though many 'years younger than I, is at leaſt old enough to be at 'the age of diſcretion. Had he impoſed on a child, 'I ſhould have been more averſe to have forgiven 'him; but a woman, upwards of thirty, muſt cer-'tainly be ſuppoſed to know what will make her moſt 'happy. She hath married a gentleman, though per-'haps not quite her equal in fortune; and if he hath 'any perfections in her eye, which can make up that 'deficiency, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould object to her 'choice of her own happineſs; which I, no more 'than herſelf, imagine only to conſiſt only in immenſe 'wealth. I might, perhaps, from the many declara-'tions I have made, of complying with almoſt any 'propoſal, have expected to have been conſulted on 'this occaſion; but theſe matters are of a very deli-'cate nature, and the ſcruples of modeſty, perhaps, 'are not to be overcome. As to your brother, I have 'really no anger againſt him at all. He hath no ob-'ligation to me, nor do I think he was under any ne-'ceſſity of aſking my conſent, ſince the woman is, as 'I have ſaid, *ſui juris*, and of a proper age to be en-'tirely anſwerable only to herſelf for her conduct.'

The doctor accuſed Mr Allworthy of too great lenity, repeated his accuſations againſt his brother, and declared that he ſhould never more be brought either

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either to see, or to own him for his relation. He then launched forth into a panegyric on Allworthy's goodness; into the highest encomiums on his friendship; and concluded by saying, she should never forgive his brother for having put the place which he bore in that friendship to a hazard.

Allworthy thus answered: 'Had I conceived any 'displeasure against your brother, I should never have 'carried that resentment to the innocent: but, I assure 'you, I have no such displeasure. Your brother ap- 'pears to me to be a man of sense and honour. I do 'not disapprove the taste of my sister; nor will I 'doubt but that she is equally the object of his incli- 'nations. I have always thought love the only foun- 'dation of happiness in a married state; as it can on- 'ly produce that high and tender friendship which 'should always be the cement of this union; and, in 'my opinion, all those marriages which are contracted 'from other motives, are greatly criminal; they are a 'profanation of a most holy ceremony, and generally 'end in disquiet and misery: for surely we may call it 'a profanation, to convert this most sacred institution 'into a wicked sacrifice to lust or avarice: and what 'better can be said of those matches to which men 'are induced merely by the consideration of a beau- 'tiful person, or a great fortune!

'To deny that beauty is an agreeable object to the 'eye, and even worthy some admiration, would be 'false and foolish. Beautiful is an epithet often used 'in scripture, and always mentioned with honour. It 'was my own fortune to marry a woman whom the 'world thought handsome, and I can truly say, I liked 'her the better on that account. But, to make this 'the sole consideration of marriage, to lust after it so 'violently as to over-look all imperfections for its sake, 'or to require it so absolutely as to reject and disdain 'religion, virtue, and sense, which are qualities, in 'their nature, of much higher perfection, only because 'an elegance of person is wanting; this is surely in- 'consistent, either with a wise man or a good Christian. 'And it is, perhaps, being too charitable to conclude, 'that such persons mean any thing more by their mar-

'riage, than to pleaſe their carnal appetites; for the 'ſatisfaction of which, we are taught, it was not or- 'dained.

'In the next place, with reſpect to fortune. Worldly 'prudence, perhaps, exacts ſome conſideration on this 'head; nor will I abſolutely and altogether condemn 'it. As the world is conſtituted, the demands of a 'married ſtate, and the care of poſterity, require ſome 'little regard to what we call circumſtances. Yet this 'proviſion is greatly increaſed beyond what is really 'neceſſary, by folly and vanity, which create abun- 'dantly more wants than nature. Equipage for the 'wife, and large fortunes for the children, are by 'cuſtom enrolled in the liſt of neceſſaries; and, to 'procure theſe, every thing truly ſolid and ſweet, 'and virtuous and religious, are neglected and over- 'looked.

'And this in many degrees; the laſt and greateſt 'of which ſeems ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from madneſs: 'I mean where perſons of immenſe fortunes contract 'themſelves to thoſe who are, and muſt be, diſagree- 'able to them; to fools and knaves, in order to in- 'creaſe an eſtate, already larger even than the de- 'mands of their pleaſures. Surely ſuch perſons, if 'they will not be thought mad, muſt own, either that 'they are incapable of taſting the ſweets of the ten- 'dereſt friendſhip, or that they ſacrifice the greateſt 'happineſs of which they are capable, to the vain, 'uncertain, and ſenſeleſs laws of vulgar opinion, which 'owe as well their force, as their foundation to folly.'

Here Allworthy concluded his ſermon, to which Bliſil had liſtened with the profoundeſt attention, though it coſt him ſome pains to prevent now and then a ſmall diſcompoſure of his muſcles. He now praiſed every period of what he had heard, with the warmth of a young divine, who hath the honour to dine with a biſhop the ſame day in which his lordſhip hath mounted the pulpit.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIII.

Which concludes the first book; with an instance of ingratitude, which, we hope, will appear unnatural.

THE reader, from what hath been said, may imagine, that the reconciliation (if indeed it could be so called) was only matter of form; we shall therefore pass it over, and hasten to what must surely be thought matter of substance.

The doctor had acquainted his brother with what had passed between Mr Allworthy and him; and added with a smile, 'I promise you, I paid you off; nay, 'I absolutely desired the good gentleman not to for-'give you: for you know, after he had made a decla-'ration in your favour, I might, with safety, venture 'on such a request with a person of his temper; and 'I was willing, as well for your sake as for my own, 'to prevent the least possibility of a suspicion.'

Captain Blifil took not the least notice of this, at that time; but he afterwards made a very notable use of it.

One of the maxims which the devil, in a late visit upon earth, left to his disciples, is, when once you are got up, to kick the stool from under you. In plain English, when you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, you are advised to discard him as soon as you can.

Whether the captain acted by this maxim, I will not positively determine; so far we may confidently say, that his actions may be fairly derived from this diabolical principle; and indeed it is difficult to assign any other motive to them: for no sooner was he possessed of Miss Bridget, and reconciled to Allworthy, than he began to shew a coldness to his brother, which increased daily; till at length it grew into rudeness, and became very visible to every one.

The doctor remonstrated to him privately concerning this behaviour, but could obtain no other satisfaction than the following plain declaration: 'If you 'dislike any thing in my brother's house, Sir, you 'know you are at liberty to quit it.' This strange, cruel,

cruel, and almoſt unaccountable ingratitude in the captain, abſolutely broke the poor doctor's heart: for ingratitude never ſo thoroughly pierces the human breaſt, as when it proceeds from thoſe in whoſe behalf we have been guilty of tranſgreſſions. Reflections on great and good actions, however they are received or returned by thoſe in whoſe favour they are performed, always adminiſter ſome comfort to us; but what conſolation ſhall we receive under ſo biting a calamity, as the ungrateful behaviour of our friend, when our wounded conſcience at the ſame time flies in our face, and upbraids us with having ſpotted it in the ſervice of one ſo worthleſs?

Mr Allworthy himſelf ſpoke to the captain in his brother's behalf, and deſired to know what offence the doctor had committed; when the hard-hearted villain had the baſeneſs to ſay, that he ſhould never forgive him for the injury which he had endeavoured to do him in his favour; which, he ſaid, he had pumped out of him, and was ſuch a cruelty, that it ought not to be forgiven.

Allworthy ſpoke in very high terms upon this declaration, which, he ſaid, became not a human creature. He expreſſed, indeed, ſo much reſentment againſt an unforgiving temper, that the captain at laſt pretended to be convinced by his arguments, and outwardly profeſſed to be reconciled.

As for the bride, ſhe was now in her honey-moon, and ſo paſſionately fond of her new huſband, that he never appeared to her to be in the wrong; and his diſpleaſure againſt any perſon was a ſufficient reaſon for her diſlike to the ſame.

The captain, at Mr Allworthy's inſtance, was outwardly, as we have ſaid, reconciled to his brother, yet the ſame rancour remained in his heart; and he found ſo many opportunities of giving him private hints of this, that the houſe at laſt grew inſupportable to the poor doctor; and he choſe rather to ſubmit to any inconveniencies which he might encounter in the world, than longer to bear theſe cruel and ungrateful inſults, from a brother for whom he had done ſo much.

He

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He once intended to acquaint Allworthy with the whole; but he could not bring himself to submit to the confession, by which he must take to his share so great a portion of guilt. Besides, by how much the worse man he represented his brother to be, so much the greater would his own offence appear to Allworthy, and so much the greater, he had reason to imagine, would be his resentment.

He feigned, therefore, some excuse of business for his departure, and promised to return soon again; and took leave of his brother with so well dissembled content, that, as the captain played his part to the same perfection, Allworthy remained well satisfied with the truth of the reconciliation.

The doctor went directly to London, where he died soon after of a broken heart; a distemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair title to a place in the bill of mortality, did it not differ in one instance from all other diseases, *viz.* That no physician can cure it.

Now, upon the most diligent inquiry into the former lives of these two brothers, I find, besides the cursed and hellish maxim of policy above-mentioned, another reason for the captain's conduct; the captain, besides what we have before said of him, was a man of great pride and fierceness, and had always treated his brother, who was of a different complexion, and greatly deficient in both these qualities, with the utmost air of superiority. The doctor, however, had much the larger share of learning, and was by many reputed to have the better understanding. This the captain knew, and could not bear; for though envy is at best a very malignant passion, yet is its bitterness greatly heightened, by mixing with contempt towards the same object; and very much afraid I am, that whenever an obligation is joined to these two, indignation, and not gratitude, will be the product of all three.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK II.

Containing scenes of matrimonial felicity, in different degrees of life; and various other transactions during the first two years after the marriage between Captain Blifil and Miss Bridget Allworthy.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what kind of a history this is; what it is like, and what it is not like.

THOUGH we have properly enough entitled this our work, a history, and not a life; nor an apology for a life, as is more in fashion; yet we intend in it rather to pursue the method of those writers, who profess to disclose the revolutions of countries, than to imitate the painful and voluminous historian, who, to preserve the regularity of his series, thinks himself obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened, as he employs upon those notable æras when the greatest scenes have been transacted on the human stage.

Such histories as these do, in reality, very much resemble a news-paper, which consists of just the same number

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number of words, whether there be any news in it or not. They may, likewiſe, be compared to a ſtage-coach, which performs conſtantly the ſame courſe, empty as well as full. The writer, indeed, ſeems to think himſelf obliged to keep even pace with time, whoſe amanuenſis he is; and, like his maſter, travels as ſlowly through centuries of monkiſh dulneſs, when the world ſeems to have been aſleep, as through that bright and buſy age ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed by the excellent Latin poet.

'*Ad conſligendum venientibus undique pœnis,*
'*Omnia cum belli trepido concuſſa tumultu*
'*Horrida contremuere ſub altis ætheris auris,*
'*In dubioque fuit ſub utrorum regna cadendum*
'*Omnibus humanis eſſet, terraque marrique.*'

Of which we wiſh we could give our reader a more adequate tranſlation than that by Mr Creech,

'When dreadful Carthage frighted Rome with arms,
'And all the world was ſhook with fierce alarms;
'Whilſt undecided yet, which part ſhould fall,
'Which nation riſe the glorious Lord of all.'

Now it is our purpoſe in the enſuing pages, to purſue a contrary method. When any extraordinary ſcene preſents itſelf, (as we truſt will often be the caſe) we ſhall ſpare no pains nor paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years ſhould paſs without producing any thing worthy his notice, we ſhall not be afraid of a chaſm in our hiſtory; but ſhall haſten on to matters of conſequence, and leave ſuch periods of time totally unobſerved.

Theſe are indeed to be conſidered as blanks in the grand lottery of time. We therefore who are the regiſters of that lottery, ſhall imitate thoſe ſagacious perſons who deal in that which is drawn at Guildhall, and who never trouble the public with the many blanks they diſpoſe of; but when a great prize happens to be drawn, the news-papers are preſently filled with it, and the world is ſure to be informed at whoſe

office

office it was sold: indeed, commonly two or three different offices lay claim to the honour of having disposed of it; by which, I suppose, the adventurers are given to understand, that certain brokers are in the secrets of Fortune, and indeed of her cabinet-council.

My reader then is not to be surprised, if, in the course of this work, he shall find some chapters very short, and others altogether as long; some that contain only the time of a single day, and others that comprise years; in a word, if my history sometimes seems to stand still, and sometimes to fly. For all which I shall not look on myself as accountable to any court of critical jurisdiction whatever: for as I am, in reality, the founder of a new province of writing, so I am at liberty to make what laws I please therein. And these laws, my readers, whom I consider as my subjects, are bound to believe in, and to obey; with which that they may readily and chearfully comply, I do hereby assure them, that I shall principally regard their ease and advantage in all such institutions: for I do not, like a *jure divino* tyrant, imagine that they are my slaves, or my commodity. I am, indeed, set over them for their own good only, and was created for their use, and not they for mine. Nor do I doubt, while I make their interest the great rule of my writings, they will unanimously concur in supporting my dignity, and in rendering me all the honour I shall deserve or desire.

CHAP. II.

Religious cautions against shewing too much favour to bastards; and a great discovery made by Mrs Deborah Wilkins.

EIGHT months after the celebration of the nuptials between captain Blifil and Miss Bridget Allworthy, a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune, was Miss Bridget, by reason of a fright, delivered of a fine boy. The child was indeed, to all appearance, perfect; but the midwife discovered, it was born a month before its full time.

Though

Though the birth of an heir by his beloved ſiſter was a circumſtance of great joy to Mr Allworthy, yet it did not alienate his affections from the little foundling, to whom he had been god-father, had given his own name of Thomas, and whom he had hitherto ſeldom failed of viſiting, at leaſt once a-day, in his nurſery.

He told his ſiſter, if ſhe pleaſed, the new-born infant ſhould be bred up together with little Tommy, to which ſhe conſented, though with ſome little reluctance; for ſhe had truly a great complacence for her brother; and hence ſhe had always behaved towards the foundling with rather more kindneſs than ladies of rigid virtue can ſometimes bring themſelves to ſhew to theſe children, who, however innocent, may be truly called the living monuments of incontinence.

The captain could not ſo eaſily bring himſelf to bear what he condemned as a fault in Mr Allworthy. He gave him frequent hints, that to adopt the fruits of ſin, was to give countenance to it. He quoted ſeveral texts (for he was well read in ſcripture) ſuch as *He viſits the ſins of the fathers upon the children*; and, *the fathers have eaten ſour grapes, and the children's teeth are ſet on edge*, &c. Whence he argued the legality of puniſhing the crime of the parent on the baſtard. He ſaid, 'Though the law did not poſitively 'allow the deſtroying ſuch baſe-born children, yet it 'held them to be the children of no-body: that the 'church conſidered them as the children of no-body; 'and that, at the beſt, they ought to be brought up 'to the loweſt and vileſt offices of the common-'wealth.'

Mr Allworthy anſwered to all this, and much more, which the captain had urged on this ſubject, 'That 'however guilty the parents might be, the children 'were certainly innocent; that as to the texts he had 'quoted, the former of them was a particular de-'nunciation againſt the Jews, for the ſin of ido-'latry, of relinquiſhing and hating their heavenly 'King; and the latter was parabolically ſpoken, and 'rather intended to denote the certain and neceſſary 'conſequences of ſin, than any expreſs judgment

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'againſt it. But to repreſent the Almighty as avenging the ſins of the guilty on the innocent, was indecent, if not blaſphemous, as it was to repreſent him acting againſt the firſt principles of natural juſtice, and againſt the original notions of right and wrong, which he himſelf had implanted in our minds; by which we were to judge not only in all matters which were not revealed, but even of the truth of revelation itſelf. He ſaid, he knew many held the ſame principles with the captain on this head; but he was himſelf firmly convinced to the contrary, and would provide in the ſame manner for this poor infant, as if a legitimate child had had the fortune to have been found in the ſame place.'

While the captain was taking all opportunities to preſs theſe and ſuch like arguments, to remove the little foundling from Mr Allworthy's, of whoſe fondneſs for him he began to be jealous, Mrs Deborah had made a diſcovery, which, in its event, threatened at leaſt to prove more fatal to poor Tommy, than all the reaſonings of the captain.

Whether the inſatiable curioſity of this good woman had carried her on to that buſineſs, or whether ſhe did it to confirm herſelf in the good graces of Mrs Blifil, who, notwithſtanding her outward behaviour to the foundling, frequently abuſed the infant in private, and her brother too for his fondneſs to it, I will not determine, but ſhe had now, as ſhe conceived, fully detected the father of the foundling.

Now, as this was a diſcovery of great conſequence, it may be neceſſary to trace it from the fountain-head. We ſhall therefore very minutely lay open thoſe previous matters by which it was produced; and for that purpoſe, we ſhall be obliged to reveal all the ſecrets of a little family, with which my reader is at preſent entirely unacquainted; and of which the economy was ſo rare and extraordinary, that I fear it will ſhock the utmoſt credulity of many married perſons.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

The description of a domestic government founded upon rules directly contrary to those of Aristotle.

MY reader may please to remember he hath been informed, that Jenny Jones had lived some years with a certain schoolmaster, who had, at her earnest desire, instructed her in Latin, in which, to do *justice* to her genius, she had so improved herself, that she was become a better scholar than her master.

Indeed, though this poor man had undertaken a profession to which learning must be allowed necessary, this was the least of his commendations. He was one of the best-natured fellows in the world, and was, at the same time, master of so much pleasantry and humour, that he was reputed the wit of the country; and all the neighbouring gentlemen were so desirous of his company, that, as denying was not his talent, he spent much time at their houses, which he might, with more emolument, have spent in his school.

It may be imagined, that a gentleman so qualified and so disposed, was in no danger of becoming formidable to the learned seminaries of Eton or Westminster. To speak plainly, his scholars were divided into two classes; in the upper of which was a young gentleman, the son of a neighbouring 'squire, who at the age of seventeen was just entered into his Syntaxis; and in the lower was a second son of the same gentleman, who, together with seven parish-boys, was learning to read and write.

The stipend arising hence would hardly have indulged the schoolmaster in the luxuries of life, had he not added to this office those of clerk and barber, and had not Mr Allworthy added to the whole an annuity of ten pounds, which the poor man received every Christmas, and with which he was enabled to chear his heart during that sacred festival.

Among his other treasures, the pedagogue had a wife, whom he had married out of Mr Allworthy's

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kitchen for her fortune, viz. twenty pounds, which she had there amassed.

This woman was not very amiable in her person. Whether she sat to my friend Hogarth, or no, I will not determine; but she exactly resembled the young woman who is pouring out her mistresses' tea in the third picture of the Harlot's progress. She was, besides, a profest follower of that noble sect founded by Xantippe of old; by means of which she became more formidable in the school than her husband; for, to confess the truth, he was never master there, or any where else in her presence.

Though her countenance did not denote much natural sweetness of temper, yet this was, perhaps, somewhat soured by a circumstance which generally poisons matrimonial felicity; for children are rightly called the pledges of love; and her husband, though they had been married nine years, had given her no such pledges; a default for which he had no excuse, either from age or health, being not yet thirty years old, and, what they call, a jolly, brisk young man.

Hence arose another evil, which produced no little uneasiness to the poor pedagogue, of whom she maintained so constant a jealousy, that he durst hardly speak to one woman in the parish; for the least degree of civility, or even correspondence, with any female, was sure to bring his wife upon her back and his own.

In order to guard herself against matrimonial injuries in her own house, as she kept one maid-servant, she always took care to chuse her out of that order of females, whose faces are taken as a kind of security for their virtue; of which number Jenny Jones, as the reader hath been informed, was one.

As the face of this young woman might be called pretty good security of the before-mentioned kind, and as her behaviour had been always extremely modest; which is the certain consequence of understanding in women; she had passed above four years at Mr Partridge's, (for that was the schoolmaster's name) without creating the least suspicion in her mistress. Nay, she had been treated with uncommon kindness,

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kindneſs, and her miſtreſs had permitted Mr Partridge to give her thoſe inſtructions which have been before commemorated.

But it is with jealouſy, as with the gout. When ſuch diſtempers are in the blood, there is never any ſecurity againſt their breaking out; and that often on the ſlighteſt occaſions, and when leaſt ſuſpected.

Thus it happened to Mrs Partridge, who had ſubmitted four years to her huſband's teaching this young woman, and had ſuffered her often to neglect her work in order to purſue her learning. For paſſing by one day, as the girl was reading, and her maſter leaning over her, the girl, I know not for what reaſon, ſuddenly ſtarted up from her chair: and this was the firſt time that ſuſpicion ever entered into the head of her miſtreſs.

This did not, however, at that time, diſcover itſelf, but lay lurking in her mind, like a concealed enemy, who waits, for a reinforcement of additional ſtrength, before he openly declares himſelf, and proceeds upon hoſtile operations: and ſuch additional ſtrength ſoon arrived to corroborate her ſuſpicion; for not long after, the huſband and wife being at dinner, the maſter ſaid to his maid, *Da mihi aliquid potum*: upon which the poor girl ſmiled, perhaps at the badneſs of the Latin, and when her miſtreſs caſt her eyes on her, bluſhed, poſſibly with the conſciouſneſs of having laughed at her maſter. Mrs Partridge, upon this, immediately fell into a fury, and diſcharged the trencher, on which ſhe was eating, at the head of poor Jenny, crying out, 'You impudent whore, do you 'play tricks with my huſband before my face?' and at the ſame inſtant, roſe from her chair, with a knife in her hand, with which, moſt probably, ſhe would have executed very tragical vengeance, had not the girl taken the advantage of being nearer the door than her miſtreſs, and avoided her fury by running away; for, as to the poor huſband, whether ſurprize had rendered him motionleſs, or fear (which is full as probable) had reſtrained him from venturing at any oppoſition, he ſat ſtaring and trembling in his chair; nor did he once offer to move or ſpeak, till his

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wife, returning from the purſuit of Jenny, made ſome defenſive meaſures neceſſary for his own preſervation, and he likewiſe was obliged to retreat, after the example of the maid.

This good woman was, no more than Othello, of a diſpoſition,

——'To make a life of jealouſy,
'And follow ſtill the changes of the moon
'With freſh ſuſpicions'———

With her, as well as him,

——'To be once in doubt,
'Was once to be reſolv'd'———

ſhe therefore ordered Jenny immediately to pack up her awls, and be gone; for that ſhe was determined ſhe ſhould not ſleep that night within her walls.

Mr Partridge had profited too much by experience, to interpoſe in a matter of this nature. He therefore had recourſe to his uſual receipt of patience; for, though he was not a great adept in Latin, he remembered, and well underſtood, the advice contained in theſe words:

'*Leve fit, quod bene fertur onus.*'

In Engliſh, 'A burden becomes lighteſt, when it is 'well borne.'

Which he had always in his mouth; and of which, to ſay the truth, he had often occaſion to experience the truth.

Jenny offered to make proteſtations of her innocence; but the tempeſt was too ſtrong for her to be heard. She then betook herſelf to the buſineſs of packing, for which a ſmall quantity of brown paper ſufficed; and, having received her ſmall pittance of wages, ſhe returned home.

The ſchool-maſter and his conſort paſs'd their time unpleaſantly enough that evening; but ſomething or other

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other happened before the next morning, which a little abated the fury of Mrs Partridge; and she at length admitted her husband to make his excuses. To which she gave the readier belief, as he had, instead of desiring her to recal Jenny, professed a satisfaction in her being dismissed, saying, she was grown of little use as a servant, spending all her time in reading, and was become, moreover, very pert and obstinate: for, indeed, she and her master had lately had frequent disputes in literature; in which, as hath been said, she was become greatly his superior. This, however, he would by no means allow; and as he called her persisting in the right, obstinacy, he began to hate her with no small inveteracy.

CHAP. IV.

Containing one of the most bloody battles, or rather duels, that were ever recorded in domestic history.

FOR the reasons mentioned in the preceding chapter, and from some other matrimonial concessions, well known to most husbands; and which, like the secrets of free-masonry, should be divulged to none who are not members of that honourable fraternity, Mrs Partridge was pretty well satisfied, that she had condemned her husband without cause, and endeavoured, by acts of kindness, to make him amends for her false suspicion. Her passions were, indeed, equally violent, which ever way they inclined; for, as she could be extremely angry, so could she be altogether as fond.

But though these passions ordinarily succeed each other, and scarce twenty-four hours ever passed in which the pedagogue was not, in some degree, the object of both; yet, on extraordinary occasions, when the passion of anger had raged very high, the remission was usually longer, and so was the case at present; for she continued longer in a state of affability, after this fit of jealousy was ended, than her husband had ever known before; and had it not been for some little exercises, which all the followers of

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Xantippe are obliged to perform daily, Mr Partridge would have enjoyed a perfect serenity of several months.

Perfect calms at sea are always suspected by the experienced mariner to be the fore-runners of a storm: and I know some persons, who, without being generally the devotees of superstition, are apt to apprehend, that great and unusual peace or tranquillity will be attended with its opposite. For which reason the ancients used, on such occasions, to sacrifice to the goddess Nemesis, a deity who was thought by them to look with an invidious eye on human felicity, and to have a peculiar delight in overturning it.

As we are very far from believing in any such heathen goddess, or from encouraging any superstition, so we wish Mr John Fr-——, or some other such philosopher, would bestir himself a little, in order to find out the real cause of this sudden transition, from good to bad fortune, which hath been so often remarked, and of which we shall proceed to give an instance; for it is our province to relate facts, and we shall leave causes to persons of much higher genius.

Mankind have always taken great delight in knowing and descanting on the actions of others. Hence there have been, in all ages and nations, certain places set apart for public rendezvous, where the curious might meet, and satisfy their mutual curiosity. Among these, the barbers shops have justly borne the pre-eminence. Among the Greeks, barbers news was a proverbial expression; and Horace, in one of his epistles, makes honourable mention of the Roman barbers in the same light.

Those of England are known to be no wise inferior to their Greek or Roman predecessors. You there see foreign affairs discussed in a manner little inferior to that with which they are handled in the coffee-houses; and domestic occurrences are much more largely and freely treated in the former, than in the latter. But this serves only for the men. Now, whereas the females of this country, especially those of the lower order, do associate themselves much more than those of other nations, our polity would be highly deficient, if they had not some place set apart likewise for

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for the indulgence of their curiosity, seeing they are in this no way inferior to the other half of the species.

In enjoying, therefore, such place of rendezvous, the British fair ought to esteem themselves more happy than any of their foreign sisters; as I do not remember either to have read in history, or to have seen in my travels, any thing of the like kind.

This place then is no other than the chandler's shop; the known seat of all the news; or, as it is vulgarly called, gossiping, in every parish in England.

Mrs Partridge being one day at this assembly of females, was asked by one of her neighbours, if she had heard no news lately of Jenny Jones? To which she answered in the negative. Upon this, the other replied with a smile, That the parish was very much obliged to her for having turned Jenny away as she did.

Mrs Partridge, whose jealousy, as the reader well knows, was long since cured, and who had no other quarrel to her maid, answered boldly, she did not know any obligation the parish had to her on that account; for she believed Jenny had scarce left her equal behind her.

'No, truly, said the gossip, I hope not, though I 'fancy we have sluts enow too. Then you have not 'heard, it seems, that she hath been brought to bed 'of two bastards; but as they are not born here, 'my husband, and the other overseer says, we shall 'not be obliged to keep them.'

'Two bastards! answered Mrs Partridge hastily, 'you surprize me. I don't know whether we must 'keep them; but I am sure they must have been be-'gotten here; for the wench hath not been nine 'months gone away.'

Nothing can be so quick and sudden as the operations of the mind, especially when hope, or fear, or jealousy, to which the two others are but journeymen, set it to work. It occurred instantly to her, that Jenny had scarce been ever out of her own house, while she lived with her. The leaning over the chair, the sudden starting up, the Latin, the smile, and many other things rushed upon her all at once. The satisfaction

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tion her husband expressed in the departure of Jenny, appeared now to be only dissembled; again, in the same instant to be real; but yet, (to confirm her jealousy,) proceeding from satiety, and a hundred other bad causes. In a word, she was convinced of her husband's guilt, and immediately left the assembly in confusion.

As fair Grimalkin, who, though the youngest of the feline family, degenerates not in ferocity from the elder branches of her house, and though inferior in strength, is equal in fierceness to the nobler Tiger himself, when a little mouse, whom it hath long tormented in sport, escapes from her clutches, for a while frets, scolds, growls, swears; but if the trunk, or box, behind which the mouse lay hid, be again removed, she flies like lightning on her prey, and, with envenomed wrath, bites, scratches, mumbles, and tears the little animal.

Not with less fury did Mrs Partridge fly on the poor pedagogue. Her tongue, teeth, and hands, fall all upon him at once. His wig was in an instant torn from his head, his shirt from his back, and from his face descended five streams of blood, denoting the number of claws with which Nature had unhappily armed the enemy.

Mr Partridge acted for some time on the defensive only; indeed he attempted only to guard his face with his hands; but as he found that his antagonist abated nothing of her rage, he thought he might, at least, endeavour to disarm her, or rather to confine her arms; in doing which, her cap fell off in the struggle, and her hair being too short to reach her shoulders, erected itself on her head; her stays likewise, which were laced through one single hole at the bottom, burst open; and her breasts, which were much more redundant than her hair, hung down below her middle; her face was likewise marked with the blood of her husband; her teeth gnashed with rage; and fire, such as sparkles from a smith's forge darted from her eyes. So that, altogether, this Amazonian heroine might have been an object of terror to a much bolder man than Mr Partridge.

He

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He had, at length, the good fortune, by getting poſſeſſion of her arms, to render thoſe weapons, which ſhe wore at the ends of her fingers, uſeleſs; which ſhe no ſooner perceived, than the ſoftneſs of her ſex prevailed over her rage, and ſhe preſently diſſolved in tears, which ſoon after concluded in a fit.

That ſmall ſhare of ſenſe which Mr Partridge had hitherto preſerved through this ſcene of fury, of the cauſe of which he was hitherto ignorant, now utterly abandoned him. He ran inſtantly into the ſtreet, hallooing out, that his wife was in the agonies of death, and beſeeching the neighbours to fly with the utmoſt haſte to her aſſiſtance. Several good women obeyed his ſummons, who entering his houſe, and applying the uſual remedies on ſuch occaſions, Mrs Partridge was, at length, to the great joy of her huſband, brought to herſelf.

As ſoon as ſhe had a little recollected her ſpirits, and ſomewhat compoſed herſelf with a cordial, ſhe began to inform the company of the manifold injuries ſhe had received from her huſband; who, ſhe ſaid, was not contented to injure her in her bed; but, upon her upbraiding him with it, had treated her in the cruelleſt manner imaginable; had torn her cap and hair from her head, and her ſtays from her body, giving her, at the ſame time, ſeveral blows, the marks of which ſhe ſhould carry to the grave.

The poor man, who bore on his face many and more viſible marks of the indignation of his wife, ſtood in ſilent aſtoniſhment at this accuſation; which the reader will, I believe, bear witneſs for him, had greatly exceeded the truth: for indeed, he had not ſtruck her once; and this ſilence being interpreted to be a confeſſion of the charge, by the whole court, they all began at once, *una voce* to rebuke and revile him, repeating often, that none but a coward ever ſtruck a woman.

Mr Partridge bore all this patiently; but when his wife appealed to the blood on her face, as an evidence of his barbarity, he could not help laying claim to his own blood, for ſo it really was; as he thought it very unnatural, that this ſhould riſe up (as we are taught

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taught that of a murdered perſon often doth) in vengeance againſt him.

To this the woman made no other anſwer, than that it was pity it had not come from his heart, inſtead of his face; all declaring, that if their huſbands ſhould lift their hands againſt them, they would have their hearts-blood out of their bodies.

After much admonition for what was paſt, and much good advice to Mr Partridge for his future behaviour, the company at length departed, and left the huſband and wife to a perſonal conference together, in which Mr Partridge ſoon learned the cauſe of all his ſufferings.

CHAP. V.

Containing much matter to exerciſe the judgment and reflection of the reader.

I Believe it is a true obſervation, that few ſecrets are divulged to one perſon only; but certainly, it would be next to a miracle, that a fact of this kind ſhould be known to a whole pariſh, and not tranſpire any farther.

And, indeed, a very few days had paſt, before the country, to uſe a common phraſe, rung of the ſchoolmaſter of Little-Baddington; who was ſaid to have beaten his wife in the moſt cruel manner. Nay, in ſome places, it was reported he had murdered her; in others, that he had broke her arms; in others, her legs; in ſhort, there was ſcarce an injury which can be done to a human creature, but what Mrs Partridge was ſomewhere or other affirmed to have received from her huſband.

The cauſe of this quarrel was likewiſe variouſly reported; for, as ſome people ſaid that Mrs Partridge had caught her huſband in bed with his maid, ſo many other reaſons, of a very different kind, went abroad. Nay, ſome transferred the guilt to the wife, and the jealouſy to the huſband.

Mrs Wilkins had long ago heard of this quarrel; but, as a different cauſe from the true one had reached

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reached her ears, she thought proper to conceal it; and the rather, perhaps, as the blame was universally laid on Mr Partridge; and his wife, when she was servant to Mr Allworthy, had in something offended Mrs Wilkins, who was not of a very forgiving temper.

But Mrs Wilkins, whose eyes could see objects at a distance, and who could very well look forward a few years into futurity, had perceived a strong likelihood of Captain Blifil's being hereafter her master; and, as she plainly discerned, that the captain bore no great good-will to the little foundling, she fancied it would be rendering him an agreeable service, if she could make any discoveries that might lessen the affection which Mr Allworthy seemed to have contracted for the child, and which gave visible uneasiness to the captain; who could not entirely conceal it even before Mr Allworthy himself; though his wife, who acted her part much better in public, frequently recommended to him her own example, of conniving at the folly of her brother, which, she said, she at least as well perceived, and as much resented as any other possibly could.

Mrs Wilkins having therefore, by accident, gotten a true scent of the above story, though long after it had happened, failed not to satisfy herself thoroughly of all the particulars; and then acquainted the captain, that she had at last discovered the true father of the little bastard, which she was sorry, she said, to see her master lose his reputation in the country, by taking so much notice of.

The captain chid her for the conclusion of her speech, as an improper assurance in judging of her master's actions: for if his honour or his understanding would have suffered the captain to make an alliance with Mrs Wilkins, his pride would by no means have admitted it. And, to say the truth, there is no conduct less politic, than to enter into any confederacy with your friend's servants, against their master. For, by these means, you afterwards become the slave of these very servants; by whom you are constantly liable to be betrayed. And this consideration, perhaps,

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haps, it was which prevented captain Blifil from being more explicit with Mrs Wilkins; or from encouraging the abuſe which ſhe had beſtowed on Allworthy.

But though he declared no ſatisfaction to Mrs Wilkins at this diſcovery, he enjoyed not a little from it in his own mind, and reſolved to make the beſt uſe of it he was able.

He kept this matter a long time concealed within his own breaſt, in hopes that Mr Allworthy might hear it from ſome other perſon; but Mrs Wilkins, whether ſhe reſented the captain's behaviour, or whether his cunning was beyond her, and ſhe feared the diſcovery might diſpleaſe him, never afterwards opened her lips about the matter.

I have thought it ſomewhat ſtrange, upon reflection, that the houſe-keeper never acquainted Mrs Blifil with this news, as women are more inclined to communicate all pieces of intelligence to their own ſex, than to ours. The only way, as it appears to me, of ſolving this difficulty, is, by imputing it to' that diſtance which was now grown between the lady and the houſe-keeper: whether this aroſe from a jealouſy in Mrs Blifil, that Wilkins ſhewed too great a reſpect to the foundling; for while ſhe was endeavouring to ruin the little infant, in order to ingratiate herſelf with the captain, ſhe was every day more and more commending it before Allworthy, as his fondneſs for it every day increaſed. This, notwithſtanding all the care ſhe took at other times to expreſs the direct contrary to Mrs Blifil, perhaps offended that delicate lady, who certainly now hated Mrs Wilkins; and though ſhe did not, or poſſibly could not, abſolutely remove her from her place, ſhe found, however, the means of making her life very uneaſy. This Mrs Wilkins, at length, ſo reſented, that ſhe very openly ſhewed all manner of reſpect and fondneſs to little Tommy, in oppoſition to Mrs Blifil.

The captain, therefore, finding the ſtory in danger of periſhing, at laſt took an opportunity to reveal it himſelf.

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He was one day engaged with Mr Allworthy in a diſcourſe on charity: in which the captain, with great learning, proved to Mr Allworthy, that the word charity, in ſcripture, no where means beneficence or generoſity.

'The Chriſtian religion,' he ſaid, 'was inſtituted 'for much nobler purpoſes, than to enforce a leſſon 'which many heathen philoſophers had taught us 'long before, and which, though it might perhaps 'be called a moral virtue, ſavoured but little of that 'ſublime Chriſtian-like diſpoſition, that vaſt elevation 'of thought, in purity approaching to angelic perfection, to be attained, expreſſed, and felt only by 'grace. Thoſe (he ſaid) came nearer to the ſcripture-meaning, who underſtood by it candour, or the 'forming of a benevolent opinion of our brethren, 'and paſſing a favourable judgment on their actions; 'a virtue much higher, and more extenſive in its nature, than a pitiful diſtribution of alms, which, 'though we would never ſo much prejudiſe, or even 'ruin our families, could never reach many; whereas charity, in the other and truer ſenſe, might be 'extended to all mankind.'

He ſaid, 'Conſidering who the diſciples were, it 'would be abſurd to conceive the doctrine of generoſity, or giving alms, to have been preached to 'them. And, as we could not well imagine this doctrine ſhould be preached by its divine Author to 'men who could not practiſe it, much leſs ſhall we 'think it underſtood ſo by thoſe who can practiſe it, 'and do not.

'But though,' continued he, 'there is, I am afraid, little merit in theſe benefactions; there would, 'I muſt confeſs, be much pleaſure in them to a good 'mind, if it was not abated by one conſideration. I 'mean, that we are liable to be impoſed upon, and to 'confer our choiceſt favours often on the undeſerving, as you muſt own was your caſe in your bounty to that worthleſs fellow Partridge, for two or 'three ſuch examples muſt greatly leſſen the inward 'ſatisfaction, which a good man would otherwiſe find 'in generoſity; nay, may even make him timorous in

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'beſtowing, leſt he ſhould be guilty of ſupporting vice, 'and encouraging the wicked; a crime of a very black 'dye, and for which it will by no means be a ſuffi- 'cient excuſe, that we have not actually intended 'ſuch an encouragement; unleſs we have uſed the 'utmoſt caution in chuſing the objects of our benefi- 'cence. A conſideration which, I make no doubt, 'hath greatly checked the liberality of many a worthy 'and pious man.'

Mr Allworthy anſwered, 'He could not diſpute 'with the captain in the Greek language, and there- 'fore could ſay nothing as to the true ſenſe of the 'word which is tranſlated charity; but that he had 'always thought it was interpreted to conſiſt in ac- 'tion, and that giving alms conſtituted at leaſt one 'branch of that virtue.

'As to the meritorious part, he ſaid, he readily 'agreed with the captain; for where could be the 'merit of barely diſcharging a duty; which, he ſaid, 'let the word charity have what conſtruction it would, 'it ſufficiently appeared to be from the whole tenor 'of the New Teſtament? And as he thought it an in- 'diſpenſable duty, enjoined both by the Chriſtian law, 'and by the law of nature itſelf; ſo was it withal ſo 'pleaſant, that if any duty could be ſaid to be its own 'reward, or to pay us while we are diſcharging it, it 'was this.

'To confeſs the truth,' ſaid he, 'there is one de- 'gree of generoſity, (of charity I would have called 'it) which ſeems to have ſome ſhew of merit, and 'that is, where from a principal of benevolence and 'Chriſtian love, we beſtow on another what we really 'want ourſelves; where, in order to leſſen the di- 'treſſes of another, we condeſcend to ſhare ſome part 'of them, by giving what even our own neceſſities 'cannot well ſpare. This is, I think, meritorious; 'but to relieve our brethren only with our ſuper- 'fluities; to be charitable, (I muſt uſe the word) ra- 'ther at the expence of our coffers than ourſelves: to 'ſave ſeveral families from miſery rather than hang 'up an extraordinary picture in our houſes, or gratify 'any other idle, ridiculous vanity, this ſeems to be only

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'only being human creatures. Nay, I will venture to 'go farther, it is being in some degree epicures: for 'what could the greatest epicure with rather than to 'eat with many mouths instead of one; which I think 'may be predicated of any one who knows that the 'bread of many is owing to his own largesses?

'As to the apprehension of bestowing bounty on 'such as may hereafter prove unworthy objects, be-'cause many have proved such; surely it can never 'deter a good man from generosity: I do not think 'a few or many examples of ingratitude can justify 'a man's hardening his heart against the distresses of 'his fellow-creatures: nor do I believe it can ever 'have such effect on a truly benevolent mind. No-'thing less than a persuasion of universal depravity 'can lock up the charity of a good man; and this 'persuasion must lead him, I think, either into atheism, 'or enthusiasm; but surely it is unfair to argue such 'universal depravity from a few vicious individuals; 'nor was this, I believe, ever done by a man, who 'upon searching his own mind found one certain ex-'ception to the general rule.' He then concluded by asking 'who that Partridge was, whom he had call-'ed a worthless fellow?'

'I mean,' said the captain, 'Partridge the barber, 'the schoolmaster, what do you call him? Partridge, 'the father of the little child which you found in 'your bed.'

Mr Allworthy express great surprise at this ac-count; and the captain as great at his ignorance of it: for he said he had known it above a month, and at length recollected with much difficulty that he was told it by Mrs Wilkins.

Upon this, Wilkins was immediately summoned, who having confirmed what the captain had said, was by Mr Allworthy, by and with the captain's advice, dispatched to Little Baddington, to inform herself of the truth of the fact: for the captain express great dis-like at all hasty proceedings in criminal matters, and said he would by no means have Mr Allworthy take any resolution either to the prejudice of the child or its father, before he was satisfied that the latter was guilty:

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for though he had privately satisfied himself of this from one of Partridge's neighbours, yet he was too generous to give any such evidence to Mr Allworthy.

CHAP. VI.

The trial of Partridge, the schoolmaster, for incontinency; the evidence of his wife; a short reflection on the wisdom of our law; with other grave matters, which those will like best who understand them most.

IT may be wondered that a story so well known, and which has furnished so much matter of conversation, should never have been mentioned to Mr Allworthy himself, who was, perhaps, the only person in that country who had never heard of it.

To account in some measure for this to the reader, I think proper to inform him that there was no one in the kingdom less interested in opposing that doctrine concerning the meaning of the word charity, which hath been seen in the preceding chapter, than our good man. Indeed, he was equally intitled to this virtue in either sense: for as no man was ever more sensible of the wants, or more ready to relieve the distresses of others, so none could be more tender of their characters, or slower to believe any thing to their disadvantage.

Scandal, therefore, never found any access to his table; for as it hath been long since observed, that you may know a man by his companions; so I will venture to say, that by attending to the conversation at a great man's table, you may satisfy yourself of his religion, his politics, his taste, and indeed of his entire disposition: for though a few odd fellows will utter their own sentiments in all places, yet much the greater part of mankind have enough of the courtier to accommodate their conversation to the taste and inclination of their superiors.

But to return to Mrs Wilkins, who having executed her commission with great dispatch, though at fifteen miles distance, brought back such a confirmation of the schoolmaster's guilt, that Mr Allworthy

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worthy determined to send for the criminal, and examine him *viva voce*. Mr Partridge, therefore, was summoned to attend, in order to his defence (if he could make any) against this accusation.

At the time appointed, before Mr Allworthy himself, at Paradise-hall, came as well the said Partridge, with Anne his wife, as Mrs Wilkins his accuser.

And now Mr Allworthy being seated in the chair of justice, Mr Partridge was brought before him. Having heard his accusation from the mouth of Mrs Wilkins, he pleaded, not guilty, making many vehement protestations of his innocence.

Mrs Partridge was then examined, who, after a modest apology for being obliged to speak the truth against her husband, related all the circumstances with which the reader hath already been acquainted; and at last concluded with her husband's confession of his guilt.

Whether she had forgiven him or no, I will not venture to determine: but it is certain, she was an unwilling witness in this cause; and it is probable, from certain other reasons, would never have been brought to depose as she did, had not Mrs Wilkins, with great art, fished all out of her, at her own house; and had she not indeed made promises in Mr Allworthy's name, that the punishment of her husband should not be such as might any ways effect his family.

Partridge still persisted in asserting his innocence, though he admitted he had made the above-mentioned confession; which he however endeavoured to account for by protesting that he was forced into it by the continued importunity she used, who vowed, that as she was sure of his guilt, she would never leave tormenting him till he had owned it, and faithfully promised, that in such case she would never mention it to him more. Hence, he said, he had been induced falsely to confess himself guilty, though he was innocent; and that he believed he should have confest a murder from the same motive.

Mrs Partridge could not bear this imputation with patience; and having no other remedy, in the present place, but tears, she called forth a plentiful assistance

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from them, and then addreſſing herſelf to Mr Allworthy, ſhe ſaid (or rather cried,) 'May it pleaſe your worſhip, there never was any poor woman ſo injured as I am by that baſe man: for this is not the only inſtance of his falſhood to me. No; may it pleaſe your worſhip, he hath injured my bed many's the good time and often. I could have put up with his drunkenneſs and neglect of his buſineſs, if he had not broke one of the ſacred commandiments. Beſides, if it had been out of doors I had not mattered it ſo much; but with my own ſervant, in my own houſe, under my own roof; to defile my own chaſte bed, which to be ſure he hath with his beaſtly ſtinking whores. Yes, you villain, you have defiled my own bed, you have; and then you have charged me with bullocking you into owning the truth. It is very likely, an't pleaſe your worſhip, that I ſhould bullock him. —I have marks enow about my body to ſhew of his cruelty to me. If you had been a man, you villain, you would have ſcorned to injure a woman in that manner. But you an't half a man, you know it.—Nor have you been half a huſband to me. You need run after whores, you need, when I am ſure ——— And ſince he provokes me, I am ready, an't pleaſe your worſhip, to take my bodily oath, that I found them a-bed together. What, you have forgot, I ſuppoſe, when you beat me into a fit, and made the blood run down my forehead, becauſe I only civilly taxed you with your adultery! but I can prove it by all my neighbours. You have almoſt broke my heart, you have, you have.'

Here Mr Allworthy interrupted, and begged her to be pacified, promiſing her that ſhe ſhould have juſtice; then turning to Partridge, who ſtood aghaſt, one half of his wits being hurried away by ſurpriſe and the other half by fear, he ſaid he was ſorry to ſee there was ſo wicked a man in the world. He aſſured him, that his prevaricating and lying backward and forward was a great aggravation of his guilt: for which the only atonement he could make was by confeſſion and repentance. He exhorted him, therefore,

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fore, to begin by immediately confeſſing the fact, and not to perſiſt in denying what was ſo plainly proved againſt him, even by his own wife.

Here, reader, I beg your patience a moment, while I make a juſt compliment to the great wiſdom and ſagacity of our law, which refuſes to admit the evidence of a wife for or againſt her huſband. This, ſays a certain learned author, who, I believe, was never quoted before in any but a law-book, would be the means of creating an eternal diſſenſion between them. It would, indeed, be the means of much perjury, and of much whipping, fining, impriſoning, tranſporting, and hanging.

Partridge ſtood a while ſilent, till being bid to ſpeak, he ſaid, he had already ſpoken the truth, and appealed to Heaven for his innocence, and laſtly, to the girl herſelf, whom he deſired his worſhip immediately to ſend for; for he was ignorant, or at leaſt pretended to be ſo, that ſhe had left that part of the country.

Mr Allworthy, whoſe natural love of juſtice, joined to his coolneſs of temper, made him always a moſt patient magiſtrate in hearing all the witneſſes which an accuſed perſon could produce in his defence, agreed to defer his final determination of this matter, till the arrival of Jenny, for whom he immediately diſpatched a meſſenger; and then having recommended peace between Partridge and his wife (though he addreſſed himſelf chiefly to the wrong perſon) he appointed them to attend again the third day; for he had ſent Jenny a whole day's journey from his own houſe.

At the appointed time the parties all aſſembled, when the meſſenger returning, brought word, that Jenny was not to be found; for that ſhe had left her habitation a few days before, in company with a recruiting officer.

Mr Allworthy then declared, that the evidence of ſuch a ſlut as ſhe appeared to be, would have deſerved no credit; but he ſaid he could not help thinking, that had ſhe been preſent, and would have declared the truth, ſhe muſt have confirmed what ſo many circumſtances, together with his own confeſſion, and the declaration of his wife, that ſhe had caught her huſband in the fact, did ſufficiently prove. He therefore once

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once more exhorted Partridge to confeſs; but he ſtill avowing his innocence, Mr Allworthy declared himſelf ſatisfied of his guilt, and that he was too bad a man to receive any encouragement from him. He therefore deprived him of his annuity, and recommended repentance to him, on account of another world, and induſtry to maintain himſelf and his wife in this.

There were not, perhaps, many more unhappy perſons than poor Partridge. He had loſt the beſt part of his income by the evidence of his wife, and yet was daily upbraided by her for having, among other things, been the occaſion of depriving her of that benefit; but ſuch was his fortune, and he was obliged to ſubmit to it.

Though I called him poor Partridge, in the laſt paragraph, I would have the reader rather impute that epithet to the compaſſion of my temper, than conceive it to be any declaration of his innocence. Whether he was innocent or not, will perhaps appear hereafter; but if the hiſtoric Muſe hath entruſted me with any ſecrets, I will by no means be guilty of diſcovering them till ſhe ſhall give me leave.

Here, therefore, the reader muſt ſuſpend his curioſity. Certain it is, that whatever was the truth of the caſe, there was evidence more than ſufficient to convict him before Allworthy; indeed much leſs would have ſatisfied a bench of juſtices on an order of baſtardy; and yet notwithſtanding the poſitiveneſs of Mrs Partridge, who would have taken the ſacrament upon the matter, there is a poſſibility that the ſchoolmaſter was entirely innocent: for though it appeared clear, on comparing the time that Jenny departed from Little Baddington, with that of her delivery, that ſhe had there conceived this infant, yet it by no means followed, of neceſſity, that Partridge muſt have been its father; for, to omit other particulars, there was in the ſame houſe a lad near eighteen, between whom and Jenny, there had ſubſiſted ſufficient intimacy to found a reaſonable ſuſpicion: and yet ſo blind is jealouſy, this circumſtance never once entered into the head of the enraged wife.

Whether

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Whether Partridge repented or not, according to Mr Allworthy's advice, is not so apparent. Certain it is, that his wife repented heartily of the evidence she had given against him; especially when she found Mrs Deborah had deceived her, and refused to make any application to Mr Allworthy on her behalf. She had, however, somewhat better success with Mrs Blifil, who was, as the reader must have perceived, a much better tempered woman; and very kindly undertook to solicit her brother to restore the annuity. In which, though good nature might have some share, yet a stronger and more natural motive will appear in the next chapter.

These solicitations were nevertheless unsuccessful: for though Mr Allworthy did not think, with some late writers, that mercy consists only in punishing offenders; yet he was as far from thinking that it is proper to this excellent quality to pardon great criminals wantonly, without any reason whatever. Any doubtfulness of the fact, or any circumstance of mitigation was never disregarded; but the petitions of an offender, or the intercessions of others, did not in the least affect him. In a word, he never pardoned, because the offender himself, or his friends, were unwilling that he should be punished.

Partridge and his wife were therefore both obliged to submit to their fate; which was indeed severe enough; for so far was he from doubling his industry on the account of his lessened income, that he did in a manner abandon himself to despair; and as he was by nature indolent, that vice now increased upon him, by which means he lost the little school he had; so that neither his wife nor himself would have had any bread to eat, had not the charity of some good Christian interposed, and provided them with what was just sufficient for their sustenance.

As this support was conveyed to them by an unknown hand, they imagined, and so, I doubt not, will the reader, that Mr Allworthy himself was their secret benefactor; who, though he would not openly encourage vice, could yet privately relieve the distresses of the vicious themselves, when these became too exquisite

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quiſite and diſproportionate to their demerit. In which light their wretchedneſs appeared now to Fortune herſelf; for ſhe at length took pity on this miſerable couple, and conſiderably leſſened the wretched ſtate of Partridge, by putting a final end to that of his wife, who ſoon after caught the ſmall-pox, and died.

The juſtice which Mr Allworthy had executed on Partridge, at firſt met with univerſal approbation; but no ſooner had he felt its conſequences, than his neighbours began to relent, and to compaſſionate his caſe; and preſently after, to blame that as rigour and ſeverity, which they before called juſtice. They now exclaimed againſt puniſhing in cold blood, and ſang forth the praiſes of mercy and forgiveneſs.

Theſe cries were conſiderably increaſed by the death of Mrs Partridge, which, though owing to the diſtemper above-mentioned, which is no conſequence of poverty or diſtreſs, many were not aſhamed to impute to Mr Allworthy's ſeverity, or, as they now termed it, cruelty.

Partridge, having now loſt his wife. his ſchool, and his annuity, and the unknown perſon having now diſcontinued the laſt-mentioned charity, reſolved to change the ſcene, and left the country where he was in danger of ſtarving, with the univerſal compaſſion of all his neighbours.

CHAP. VII.

A ſhort ſketch of that felicity which prudent couples may extract from hatred: with a ſhort apology for thoſe people who overlook imperfections in their friends.

THOUGH the captain had effectually demoliſhed poor Partridge, yet had he not reaped the harveſt he hoped for, which was to turn the foundling out of Mr Allworthy's houſe.

On the contrary, that gentleman grew every day fonder of little Tommy, as if he intended to counterbalance his ſeverity to the father with extraordinary fondneſs and affection towards the ſon.

This

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This a good deal foured the captain's temper, as did all the other daily inſtances of Mr Allworthy's generoſity: for he looked on all ſuch largeſſes to be diminutions of his own wealth.

In this, we have ſaid, he did not agree with his wife; nor, indeed, in any thing elſe: for though an affection placed on the underſtanding is, by many wiſe perſons, thought more durable than that which is founded on beauty, yet it happened otherwiſe in the preſent caſe. Nay, the underſtandings of this couple were their principal bone of contention, and one great cauſe of many quarrels, which from time to time aroſe between them; and which at laſt ended, on the ſide of the lady, in a ſovereign contempt for her huſband; and on the huſband's, in an utter abhorrence of his wife.

As theſe had both exerciſed their talents chiefly in the ſtudy of divinity, this was, from their firſt acquaintance, the moſt common topic of converſation between them. The captain, like a well-bred man, had, before marriage, always given up his opinion to that of the lady; and this, not in the clumſy, aukward manner of a conceited blockhead, who, while he civilly yields to a ſuperior in an argument, is deſirous of being ſtill known to think himſelf in the right. The captain, on the contrary, though one of the proudeſt fellows in the world, ſo abſolutely yielded the victory to his antagoniſt, that ſhe, who had not the leaſt doubt of his ſincerity, retired always from the diſpute with an admiration of her own underſtanding, and a love for his.

But though this complaiſance to one whom the captain thoroughly deſpiſed, was not ſo uneaſy to him, as it would have been, had any hopes of preferment made it neceſſary to ſhew the ſame ſubmiſſion to a Hoadly, or to ſome other of great reputation in the ſcience, yet even this coſt him too much to be endured without ſome motive. Matrimony, therefore, having removed all ſuch motives, he grew weary of this condeſcenſion, and began to treat the opinions of his wife with that haughtineſs and inſolence, which none but thoſe

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thoſe who deſerve ſome contempt themſelves can beſtow, and thoſe only who deſerve no contempt can bear.

When the firſt torrent of tenderneſs was over, and when, in the calm and long interval between the fits, reaſon began to open the eyes of the lady, and ſhe ſaw this alteration of behaviour in the captain, who, at length, anſwered all her arguments only with piſh and pſhaw, ſhe was far from enduring the indignity with a tame ſubmiſſion. Indeed it at firſt ſo highly provoked her, that it might have produced ſome tragical event, had it not taken a more harmleſs turn, by filling her with the utmoſt contempt for her huſband's underſtanding, which ſomewhat qualified her hatred towards him; though of this likewiſe ſhe had a pretty moderate ſhare.

The captain's hatred to her was of a purer kind: for as to any imperfections in her knowledge or underſtanding, he no more deſpiſed her for them than for her not being ſix feet high. In his opinion of the female ſex, he exceeded the moroteneſs of Ariſtotle himſelf: he looked on a woman as on an animal of domeſtic uſe, of ſomewhat higher conſideration than a cat, ſince her offices were of rather more importance; but the difference between theſe two was, in his eſtimation, ſo ſmall, that, in his marriage contracted with Mr Allworthy's lands and tenements, it would have been pretty equal which of them he had taken into the bargain. And yet ſo tender was his pride, that it felt the contempt which his wife now began to expreſs towards him; and this, added to the ſurfeit he had before taken of her love, created in him a degree of diſguſt and abhorrence, perhaps, hardly to be exceeded.

One ſituation only of the marriage ſtate is excluded from pleaſure; and that is, a ſtate of indifference; but as many of my readers, I hope, know what an exquiſite delight there is in conveying pleaſure to a beloved object, ſo ſome few, I am afraid, may have experienced the ſatisfaction of tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend, to come at this latter pleaſure,

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that we see both sexes often give up that ease in marriage which they might otherwise possess, though their mate was never so disagreeable to them. Hence the wife often puts on fits of love and jealousy, nay, even denies herself any pleasure, to disturb and prevent those of her husband; and he, again, in return, puts frequent restraints on himself, and stays at home in company which he dislikes, in order to confine his wife to what she equally detests. Hence too must flow those tears which a widow sometimes so plentifully sheds over the ashes of a husband, with whom she led a *life* of constant disquiet and turbulency, and whom now she can never hope to torment any more.

But if ever any couple enjoyed this pleasure, it was at present experienceed by the captain and his lady. It was always a sufficient reason to either of them to be obstinate in any opinion, that the other had previously asserted the contrary. If the one proposed any amusement, the other constantly objected to it: they never loved or hated, commended or abused, the same person. And for this reason, as the captain looked with an evil eye on the little foundling, his wife began now to caress it almost equally with her own child.

The reader will be apt to conceive, that this behaviour between the husband and wife did not greatly contribute to Mr Allworthy's repose, as it tended so little to that serene happiness which he had designed for all three, from this alliance; but the truth is, though he might be a little disappointed in his sanguine expectations, yet he was so far from being acquainted with the whole matter: for as the captain was, from certain obvious reasons, much on his guard before him, the lady was obliged, for fear of her brother's displeasure, to pursue the same conduct. In fact, it is possible for a third person to be very intimate, nay, even to live long in the same house, with a married couple, who have any tolerable discretion, and not even guess at the four sentiments which they bear to each other: for though the whole day may be sometimes too short for hatred, as well as for love: yet the many hours which they naturally spend together apart

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from all obſervers, furniſh people, of tolerable moderation, with ſuch ample opportunity for the enjoyment of either paſſion, that, if they love, they can ſupport being a few hours in company without toying, or if they hate, without ſpitting in each other's faces.

It is poſſible, however, that Mr Allworthy ſaw enough to render him a little uneaſy; for we are not always to conclude, that a wiſe man is not hurt, becauſe he doth not cry out and lament himſelf, like thoſe of a childiſh or effeminate temper. But indeed it is poſſible he might ſee ſome faults in the captain without any uneaſineſs at all: for men of true wiſdom and goodneſs are contented to take perſons and things as they are, without complaining of their imperfections, or attempting to amend them. They can ſee a fault in a friend, a relation, or an acquaintance, without ever mentioning it to the parties themſelves, or to any others; and this often without leſſening their affection. Indeed, unleſs great diſcernment be tempered with this over-looking diſpoſition, we ought never to contract friendſhip but with a degree of folly which we can deceive: for I hope my friends will pardon me, when I declare, I know none of them without a fault; and I ſhould be ſorry if I could imagine, I had any friend who could not ſee mine. Forgiveneſs, of this kind, we give and demand in turn. It is an exerciſe of friendſhip, and perhaps none of the leaſt pleaſant. And this forgiveneſs we muſt beſtow, without deſire of amendment. There is, perhaps, no ſurer mark of folly, than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of thoſe we love. The fineſt compoſition of human nature, as well as the fineſt china, may have a flaw in it; and this, I am afraid, in either caſe, is equally incurable; though, nevertheleſs, the pattern may remain of the higheſt value.

Upon the whole, then, Mr Allworthy certainly ſaw ſome imperfections in the captain; but, as this was a very artful man, and eternally upon his guard before him, theſe appeared to him no more than blemiſhes in a good character; which his goodneſs made him overlook, and his wiſdom prevented him from diſcovering

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to the captain himself. Very different would have been his sentiments, had he discovered the whole; which, perhaps, would in time have been the case, had the husband and wife long continued this kind of behaviour to each other; but this kind Fortune took effectual means to prevent, by forcing the captain to do that which rendered him again dear to his wife, and restored all her tenderness and affection towards him.

CHAP. VIII.

A receipt to regain the lost affections of a wife, which hath never been known to fail in the most desperate cases.

THE captain was made large amends for the unpleasant minutes which he passed in the conversation of his wife, (and which were as few as he could contrive to make them) by the pleasant meditations he enjoyed when alone.

These meditations were entirely employed on Mr Allworthy's fortune; for, first, he exercised much thought in calculating, as well as he could, the exact value of the whole; which calculations he often saw occasion to alter in his own favour: and, secondly, and chiefly, he pleased himself with intended alterations in the house and gardens, and in projecting many other schemes, as well for the improvement of the estate, as of the grandeur of the place: for this purpose he applied himself to the studies of architecture and gardening, and read over many books on both these subjects; for these sciences, indeed, employed his whole time, and formed his only amusement. He, at last, completed a most excellent plan; and very sorry we are, that it is not in our power to present it to our reader, since even the luxury of the present age, I believe, would hardly match it. It had, indeed, in a superlative degree, the two principal ingredients which serve to recommend all great and noble designs of this nature; for it required an immoderate expence to execute, and a vast length of time to bring it to any sort of perfection. The former of these, the immense wealth of which the captain supposed Mr Allworthy

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poſſeſſed, and which he thought himſelf ſure of inheriting, promiſed very effectually to ſupply; and the latter, the ſoundneſs of his own conſtitution, and his time of life, which was only what is called middle age, removed all apprehenſion of his not living to accompliſh.

Nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate execution of this plan, but the death of Mr Allworthy; in calculating which he had employed much of his own algebra, beſides purchaſing every book extant that treats of the value of lives, reverſions, &c. From all which he ſatisfied himſelf, that as he had every day a chance of this happening, ſo had he more than an even chance of its happening within a few years.

But while the captain was one day buſied in deep contemplations of this kind, one of the moſt unlucky, as well as unſeaſonable accidents, happened to him. The utmoſt malice of fortune could, indeed, have contrived nothing ſo cruel, ſo mal-a-propos, ſo abſolutely deſtructive to all his ſchemes. In ſhort, not to keep the reader in long ſuſpence, juſt at the very inſtant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happineſs which would accrue to him by Mr Allworthy's death, he himſelf——died of an apoplexy.

This unfortunately befel the captain as he was taking his evening walk by himſelf, ſo that nobody was preſent to lend him any aſſiſtance, if indeed any aſſiſtance could have preſerved him. He took, therefore, meaſure of that proportion of ſoil, which was now become adequate to all his future purpoſes, and he lay dead on the ground, a great (though not a living) example of the truth of that obſervation of Horace:

'*Tu ſecanda marmora*
'*Locas ſub ipſum funus: et ſepulchri*
'*Immemor, ſtruis domos.*'

Which ſentiment I ſhall thus give to the Engliſh reader: 'You provide the nobleſt materials for building, 'when a pick-ax and a ſpade are only neceſſary; and 'build houſes of five hundred by a hundred feet, 'forgetting that of ſix by two.'

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

A proof of the infallibility of the foregoing receipt, in the lamentations of the widow, with other suitable decorations of death, such as physicians, &c. and an epitaph in the true stile.

MR Allworthy, his sister, and another lady, were assembled at the accustomed hour in the supper-room, where having waited a considerable time longer than usual, Mr Allworthy first declared, he began to grow uneasy at the captain's stay; (for he was always most punctual at his meals) and gave orders that the bell should be rung without the doors, and especially towards those walks which the captain was wont to use.

All these summons proving ineffectual, (for the captain had, by perverse accident, betaken himself to a new walk that evening) Mrs Bliful declared she was seriously frightened. Upon which the other lady, who was one of her most intimate acquaintance, and who well knew the true state of her affections, endeavoured all she could to pacify her; telling her—To be sure she could not help being uneasy; but that she should hope the best. That, perhaps, the sweetness of the evening had entised the captain to go farther than his usual walk; or he might be detained at some neighbour's. Mrs Bliful answered, no; she was sure some accident had befallen him; for that he would never stay out without sending her word, as he must know how uneasy it would make her. The other lady, having no other arguments to use, betook herself to the entreaties usual on such occasions; and begged her not to frighten herself, for it might be of very ill consequence to her own health; and, filling out a very large glass of wine, advised, and at last prevailed with her to drink it.

Mr Allworthy, now returned into the parlour; for he had been himself in search after the captain. His countenance sufficiently shewed the consternation he was under, which indeed had a good deal deprived

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him of speech; but as grief operates variously on different minds, so the same apprehension which depressed his voice, elevated that of Mrs Blifil. She now began to bewail herself in very bitter terms, and floods of tears accompanied her lamentations, which the lady, her companion, declared she could not blame; but, at the same time, dissuaded her from indulging; attempting to moderate the grief of her friend, by philosophical observations on the many disappointments to which human life is daily subject, which, she said, was a sufficient consideration to fortify our minds against any accidents, how sudden or terrible soever. She said, her brother's example ought to teach her patience, who, though indeed he could not be supposed as much concerned as herself, yet was, doubtless, very uneasy, though his resignation to the Divine Will had restrained his grief within due bounds.

'Mention not my brother,' said Mrs Blifil, 'I 'alone am the object of your pity. What are the 'terrors of friendship to what a wife feels on these 'occasions? O he is lost! Somebody hath murdered 'him—I shall never see him more'—Here a torrent of tears had the same consequence with what the suppression had occasioned to Mr Allworthy, and she remained silent.

At this interval a servant came running in, out of breath, and cry'd out, 'The captain was found;' and, before he could proceed farther, he was followed by two more, bearing the dead body between them.

Here the curious reader may observe another diversity in the operations of grief: for as Mr Allworthy had been before silent, from the same cause which had made his sister vociferous; so did the present sight, which drew tears from the gentleman, put an entire stop to those of the lady; who first gave a violent scream, and presently after fell into a fit.

The room was soon full of servants, some of whom, with the lady visitant, were employed in care of the wife; and others, with Mr Allworthy, assisted in carrying

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carrying off the captain to a warm bed; where every method was tried, in order to reſtore him to life.

And glad ſhould we be, could we inform the reader, that both theſe bodies had been attended with equal ſucceſs; for thoſe who undertook the care of the lady, ſucceeded ſo well, that after the fit had continued a decent time, ſhe again revived, to their great ſatisfaction: but as to the captain, all experiments of bleeding, chaffing, dropping, &c. proved ineffectual. Death, that inexorable judge, had paſſed ſentence on him, and refuſed to grant him a reprieve, though two doctors who arrived, and were fee'd at one and the ſame inſtant, were his counſel.

Theſe two doctors, whom, to avoid any malicious applications, we ſhall diſtinguiſh by the names of Dr Y. and Dr Z. having felt his pulſe; to wit, Dr Y. his right arm, and Dr Z. his left, both agreed that he was abſolutely dead; but as to the diſtemper, or cauſe of his death, they differed; Dr Y. holding that he died of an apoplexy, and Dr Z. of an epilepſy.

Hence aroſe a diſpute between the learned men, in which each delivered the reaſons of their ſeveral opinions. Theſe were of ſuch equal force, that they ſerved both to confirm either doctor in his own ſentiments, and made not the leaſt impreſſion on his adverſary.

To ſay the truth, every phyſician, almoſt, hath his favourite diſeaſe, to which he aſcribes all the victories obtained over human nature. The gout, the rheumatiſm, the ſtone, the gravel, and the conſumption, have all their ſeveral patrons in the faculty; and none more than the nervous fever, or the fever on the ſpirits. And here we may account for thoſe diſagreements in opinion, concerning the cauſe of a patient's death, which ſometimes occur between the moſt learned of the college; and which have greatly ſurprized that part of the world who have been ignorant of the fact we have above aſſerted.

The reader may, perhaps, be ſurprized, that inſtead of endeavouring to revive the patient, the learned gentlemen ſhould fall immediately into a diſpute on the occaſion of his death; but, in reality, all ſuch expe-

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experiments had been made before their arrival: for the captain was put into a warm bed, had his veins fearified, his forehead chafed, and all ſorts of ſtrong drops applied to his mouth and noſtrils.

The phyſicians, therefore, finding themſelves anticipated in every thing they ordered, were at a loſs how to apply that portion of time which it is uſual and decent to remain for their fee, and were therefore neceſſitated to find ſome ſubject or other for diſcourſe; and what could more naturally preſent itſelf than that before-mentioned?

Our doctors were about to take their leave, when Mr Allworthy, having given over the captain, and acquieſced in the Divine Will, began to inquire after his ſiſter, whom he deſired them to viſit before their departure.

This lady was now recovered of her fit, and, to uſe the common phraſe, as well as could be expected for one in her condition. The doctors, therefore, all previous ceremonies being complied with, as this was a new patient, attended, according to deſire, and laid hold on each of her hands, as they had before done on thoſe of the corpſe.

The caſe of the lady was in the other extreme from that of her huſband: for, as he was paſt all the aſſiſtance of phyſic, ſo in reality ſhe required none.

There is nothing more unjuſt than the vulgar opinion, by which phyſicians are miſrepreſented as friends to death. On the contrary, I believe, if the number of thoſe who recover by phyſic could be oppoſed to that of the martyrs to it, the former would rather exceed the latter. Nay, ſome are ſo cautious on this head, that to avoid a poſſibility of killing the patient, they abſtain from all methods of curing, and preſcribe nothing but what can neither do good nor harm. I have heard ſome of theſe, with great gravity, deliver it as a maxim, 'That Nature ſhould be 'left to do her own work, while the phyſician ſtands 'by, as it were, to clap her on the back, and encourage her when ſhe doth well.'

So little then did our doctors delight in death, that they diſcharged the corpſe after a ſingle fee; but they were

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were not so disgusted with their living patient; concerning whose case they immediately agreed, and fell to prescribing with great diligence.

Whether, as the lady had, at first, persuaded the physicians to believe her ill, they had now, in return, persuaded her to believe herself so, I will not determine; but she continued a whole month with all the decorations of sickness. During this time she was visited by physicians, attended by nurses, and received constant messages from her acquaintance, to inquire after her health.

At length, the decent time for sickness and immoderate grief being expired, the doctors were discharged, and the lady began to see company, being altered only from what she was before, by that colour of sadness in which she had dressed her person and countenance.

The captain was now interred, and might, perhaps have already made a large progress towards oblivion, had not the friendship of Mr Allworthy taken care to preserve his memory, by the following epitaph, which was written by a man of as great genius as integrity, and one who perfectly well knew the captain.

Here

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Here lies.
In Expectation of a joyful riſing,
The Body of
Captain JOHN BLIFIL.
LONDON
had the Honour of his Birth,
OXFORD
of his Education.
His Parts
were an Honour to his Profeſſion
and to his Country:
His life to his Religion
and human Nature.
He was a dutiful Son,
a tender Huſband,
an affectionate Father,
a moſt kind Brother,
a ſincere Friend,
a devout Chriſtian,
and a good Man.
His inconſolable Widow
hath erected this Stone,
The Monument of
His Virtues,
and her Affection.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK III.

Containing the moſt memorable tranſactions which paſſed in the family of Mr Allworthy, from the time when Tommy Jones arrived at the age of fourteen, till he attained the age of nineteen. In this book the reader may pick up ſome hints concerning the education of children.

CHAP. I.

Containing little or nothing.

THE reader will be pleaſed to remember, that, at the beginning of the ſecond book of this hiſtory, we gave him a hint of our intention to paſs over ſeveral large periods of time, in which nothing happened worthy of being recorded in a chronicle of this kind.

In ſo doing, we do not only conſult our own dignity and eaſe, but the good and advantage of the reader: for beſides, that, by theſe means, we prevent him from throwing away his time, in reading either without pleaſure or emolument, we give him, at all ſuch ſeaſons, an opportunity of employing that wonderful ſagacity of which he is maſter, by filling up theſe vacant ſpaces of time with his own conjectures; for which purpoſe, we have taken care to qualify him in the preceding pages.

For

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For inſtance, what reader but knows that Mr Allworthy felt, at firſt, for the loſs of his friend, thoſe emotions of grief, which, on ſuch occaſions, enter into all men whoſe hearts are not compoſed of flint, or their heads of as ſolid materials? Again, what reader doth not know that philoſophy and religion in time moderated, and at laſt extinguiſhed this grief? The former of theſe teaching the folly and vanity of it, and the latter correcting it as unlawful; and at the ſame time aſſuaging it, by raiſing future hopes and aſſurances, which enable a ſtrong and religious mind to take leave of a friend, on his death-bed, with little leſs indifference than if he was preparing for a long journey; and, indeed, with little leſs hope of ſeeing him again.

Nor can the judicious reader be at a greater loſs on account of Mrs Bridget Blifil, who, he may be aſſured, conducted herſelf through the whole ſeaſon, in which grief is to make its appearance on the outſide of the body, with the ſtricteſt regard to all the rules of cuſtom and decency, ſuiting the alterations of her countenance to the ſeveral alterations of her habit: for as this changed from weeds to black, from black to grey, from grey to white, ſo did her countenance change from diſmal to ſorrowful, from ſorrowful to ſad, and from ſad to ſerious, till the day came in which ſhe was allowed to return to her former ſerenity.

We have mentioned theſe two, as examples only of the taſk which may be impoſed on readers of the loweſt claſs. Much higher and harder exerciſes of judgment and penetration may reaſonably be expected from the upper graduates in criticiſm. Many notable diſcoveries will, I doubt not, be made by ſuch, of the tranſactions which happened in the family of our worthy man, during all the years which we have thought proper to paſs over: for though nothing worthy of a place in this hiſtory occurred within that period; yet did ſeveral incidents happen of equal importance with thoſe reported by the daily and weekly hiſtorians of the age, in reading which, great numbers

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bers of persons consume a considerable part of their time, very little, I am afraid to their emolument. Now, in the conjectures here proposed, some of the most excellent faculties of the mind may be employed to much advantage, since it is a more useful capacity to be able to foretel the actions of men, in any circumstance, from their characters, than to judge of their characters from their actions. The former, I own, requires the greater penetration; but may be accomplished by true sagacity, with no less certainty than the latter.

As we are sensible that much the greatest part of our readers are very eminently possessed of this quality, we have left them a space of twelve years to exert it in; and shall now bring forth our hero, at about fourteen years of age, not questioning that many have been long impatient to be introduced to his acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

The hero of this great history appears with very bad omens. A little tale of so LOW *a kind, that some may think it not worth their notice. A word or two concerning a 'squire, and more relating to a gamekeeper, and a schoolmaster.*

As we determined, when we first sat down to write this history, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the stage in a much more disadvantageous manner than we could wish; and to declare honestly, even at his first appearance, that it was the universal opinion of all Mr Allworthy's family, that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am sorrow to say, there was too much reason for this conjecture. The lad having, from his earliest years, discovered a propensity to many vices, and especially to one, which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate, which we have just now ob-

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ſerved to have been prophetically denounced againſt him. He had been already convicted of three robberies, viz. of robbing an orchard, of ſtealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Maſter Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened, by the diſadvantageous light in which they appeared, when oppoſed to the virtues of Maſter Blifil, his companion: a youth of ſo different a caſt from little Jones, that not only the family, but all the neighbourhood, reſounded his praiſes. He was, indeed a lad of a remarkable diſpoſition; ſober, diſcreet, and pious, beyond his age; qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him; whilſt Tom Jones was univerſally diſliked; and many expreſſed their wonder, that Mr Allworthy would ſuffer ſuch a lad to be educated with his nephew, leſt the morals of the latter ſhould be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time, will ſet the character of theſe two lads more fairly before the diſcerning reader, than is in the power of the longeſt diſſertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, muſt ſerve for the hero of this hiſtory, had only one friend among all the ſervants of the family; for, as to Mrs Wilkins, ſhe had long ſince given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her miſtreſs. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a looſe kind of diſpoſition, and who was thought not to entertain much ſtricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum* than the young gentleman himſelf. And hence, this friendſhip gave occaſion to many ſarcaſtical remarks among the domeſtics, moſt of which were either proverbs before, or, at leaſt, are become ſo now, and, indeed, the wit of them all may be compriſed in that ſhort Latin proverb, '*Noſcitur a ſocio*', which, I think, is thus expreſſed in Engliſh, 'You may know him by 'the company he keeps'.

To ſay the truth, ſome of that atrocious wickedneſs in Jones, of which we have juſt mentioned three examples,

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amples, might, perhaps, be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who, in two or three inſtances, had been what the law calls an acceſſary after the fact. For the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the uſe of the game-keeper and his family. Though, as Jones alone was diſcovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole ſmart, but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot, on the following occaſion.

Contiguous to Mr Allworthy's eſtate, was the manor of one of thoſe gentlemen who are called preſervers of the game. This ſpecies of men, from the great ſeverity with which they revenge the death of a hare, or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the ſame ſuperſtition with the Bannians in India; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preſervation and protection of certain animals, was it not that our Engliſh Bannians, while they preſerve them from other enemies, will moſt unmercifully ſlaughter whole horſe-loads themſelves, ſo that they ſtand clearly acquitted of any ſuch heatheniſh ſuperſtition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by ſome, as I take them to anſwer the order of nature, and the good purpoſes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us, that there are a ſet of human beings,

Fruges conſumere nati.

'Born to conſume the fruits of the earth.' So, I make no manner of doubt but that there are others,

Feras conſumere nati.

'Born to conſume the beaſts of the field,' or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny, but that thoſe ſquires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a-ſhooting with the game-keeper; when, happening to ſpring a covey of partridges,

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tridges, near the border of that manor over which Fortune, to fulfil the wiſe purpoſes of Nature, had planted one of the game-conſumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two ſportſmen, in ſome furze-buſhes, about two or three hundred paces beyond Mr Allworthy's dominions.

Mr Allworthy had given the fellow ſtrict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to treſpaſs on any of his neighbours; no more on thoſe who were leſs rigid in this matter, than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, theſe orders had not been always very ſcrupulouſly kept; but as the diſpoſition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken ſanctuary, was well known, the game-keeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger ſportſman, who was exceſſively eager to purſue the flying game, over-perſuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himſelf keen enough after the ſport, yielded to his perſuaſions, entered the manor, and ſhot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himſelf was at that time on horſeback, at a little diſtance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and diſcovered poor Tom: for the game-keeper had leapt into the thickeſt part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himſelf.

The gentleman having ſearched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, ſwearing he would acquaint Mr Allworthy. He was as good as his word; for he rode immediately to his houſe, and complained of the treſpaſs on his manor, in as high terms, and as bitter language, as if his houſe had been broken open, and the moſt valuable furniture ſtole out of it. He added, that ſome other perſon was in his company, though he could not diſcover him: for that two guns had been diſcharged almoſt in the ſame inſtant. And, ſays he, "we have "found only this partridge, but the Lord knows "what miſchief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was preſently convened before Mr Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alledged

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ledged no other excuſe but what was really true, viz. that the covey was originally ſprung in Mr Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr Allworthy declared he was reſolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumſtance of the two guns, which had been depoſed by the ſquire and both his ſervants; but Tom ſtoutly perſiſted in aſſerting that he was alone: yet, to ſay the truth, he heſitated a little at firſt, which would have confirmed Mr Allworthy's belief, had what the ſquire and his ſervants ſaid, wanted any further confirmation.

The game-keeper being a ſuſpected perſon, was now ſent for, and the queſtion was put to him; but he, relying on the promiſe which Tom had made him, to take all upon himſelf, very reſolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having ſeen him the whole afternoon.

Mr Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than uſual anger in his countenance, and adviſed him to confeſs who was with him, repeating, that he was reſolved to know. The lad, however, ſtill maintained his reſolution, and was diſmiſſed with much wrath by Mr Allworthy, who told him, he ſhould have to the next morning to conſider of it, when he ſhould be queſtioned by another perſon, and in another manner.

Poor Jones ſpent a very melancholy night, and the more ſo, as he was without his uſual companion: for Maſter Bliſil was gone abroad on a viſit with his mother. Fear of the puniſhment he was to ſuffer was on this occaſion his leaſt evil; his chief anxiety being, leſt his conſtancy ſhould fail him, and he ſhould be brought to betray the game-keeper, whoſe ruin he knew muſt now be the conſequence.

Nor did the game-keeper paſs his time much better. He had the ſame apprehenſions with the youth; for whoſe honour he had likewiſe a much tenderer regard than for his ſkin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the reverend Mr Thwackum, the perſon to whom Mr Allworthy had committed the inſtruction of the two boys, he

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had the ſame queſtions put to him by that gentleman, which he had been aſked the evening before, to which he returned the ſame anſwers. The conſequence of this was, ſo ſevere a whipping, that it poſſibly fell little ſhort of the torture with which confeſſions are in ſome countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore his puniſhment with great reſolution; and though his maſter aſked him between every ſtroke, whether he would not confeſs, he was contented to be flay'd rather than betray his friend, or break the promiſe he had made.

The game-keeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr Allworthy himſelf began to be concerned at Tom's ſufferings: for, beſides that Mr Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy ſay what he himſelf pleaſed, had carried his ſeverity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to ſuſpect that the ſquire had been miſtaken; which his extreme eagerneſs and anger ſeemed to make probable; and as for what the ſervants had ſaid in confirmation of their maſter's account, he laid no great ſtreſs upon that. Now, as cruelty and injuſtice were two ideas, of which Mr Allworthy could by no means ſupport the conſciouſneſs a ſingle moment, he ſent for Tom, and after many kind and friendly exhortations, ſaid, 'I am 'convinced, my dear child, that my ſuſpicions have 'wronged you; I am ſorry that you have been ſo ſe'verely puniſhed on this account.'—And at laſt gave him a little horſe to make him amends; again repeating his ſorrow for what had paſt.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any ſeverity could make him. He could more eaſily bear the laſhes of Thwackum, than the generoſity of Allworthy. The tears burſt from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees crying, 'Oh! Sir, you are too good 'for me. Indeed you are. Indeed, I don't deſerve 'it.' And at that very inſtant, from the fulneſs of his heart, had almoſt betrayed the ſecret; but the good genius of the game-keeper ſuggeſted to him what might be the conſequence to the poor fellow, and this conſideration ſealed his lips.

Thwackum

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Thwackum did all he could to diſſuade Allworthy from ſhewing any compaſſion or kindneſs to the boy, ſaying, 'He had perſiſted in an untruth:' and gave ſome hints, that a ſecond whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr Allworthy abſolutely refuſed to conſent to the experiment. He ſaid, the boy had ſuffered enough already, for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, ſeeing that he could have no motive but a miſtaken point of honour for ſo doing.

Honour! cried Thwackum, with ſome warmth, mere ſtubborneſs and obſtinacy! Can honour teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honour exiſt independent of religion?

This diſcourſe happened at table when dinner was juſt ended; and there were preſent Mr Allworthy, Mr Thwackum, and a third gentleman, who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed any farther, we ſhall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

CHAP. III.

The character of Mr Square the philoſopher, and of Mr Thwackum the divine; with a diſpute concerning—.

THE name of this gentleman who had then reſided ſome time at Mr Allworthy's houſe, was Mr Squire. His natural parts were not of the firſt rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a profeſt maſter of all the works of Plato and Ariſtotle. Upon which great models he had principally formed himſelf, ſometimes according to the opinions of the one, and ſometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a profeſt Platoniſt, and in religion he inclined to be an Ariſtotelian.

But though he had, as we have ſaid, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Ariſtotle, in conſidering that great man rather in the quality of a philoſopher or a ſpeculatiſt, than as a legiſlature. This ſentiment he carried

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carried a great way; indeed, so far, as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet upon the least attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking, it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile some contradictions, which might otherwise appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr Thwackum scarce ever met without a disputation; for their tenets were indeed diametrically opposite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature in the same manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind, since the fall, was nothing but a sink of iniquity, till purified and redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their discourses on morality never to mention the word goodness. The favourite phrase of the former, was the natural beauty of virtue; that of the latter was the divine power of grace. The former measured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things; the latter decided all matters by authority; but in doing this, he always used the scriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his Coke upon Littleton, where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this short introduction, the reader will be pleased to remember, that the parson had concluded his speech with a triumphant question, to which he had apprehended no answer, *viz.* Can any honour exist independent on religion?

To this Square answered, that it was impossible to discourse philosophically concerning words, till their meaning was first established; that there were scarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain signification, than the two he had mentioned for that there were almost as many different opinions concerning honour, as concerning religion. 'But,' says he, 'if by 'honour you mean the true natural beauty of virtue, 'I will maintain it may exist independent of any re- 'ligion whatever. Nay, (added he,) you yourself 'will allow it may exist independent of all but one: 'So

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'So will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the maintainers of all the different sects in the world.'

Thwackum replied, this was arguing with the usual malice of all the enemies to the true church. He said, he doubted not but that all the infidels and hereticks in the world would, if they could, confine honour to their own absurd errors, and damnable deceptions; 'but honour,' says he, 'is not therefore manifold, 'because there are many absurd opinions about it; 'nor is religion manifold, because there are various 'sects and heresies in the world. When I mention 'religion, I mean the Christian religion: and not 'only the Christian religion, but the protestant religion; and not only the protestant religion, but the 'church of England. And when I mention honour, 'I mean that mode of divine grace, which is not only 'consistent with, but dependent upon this religion; 'and is consistent with, and dependent upon no other. 'Now to say that the honour I here mean, and which 'was, I thought, all the honour I could be supposed 'to mean, will uphold, much less dictate, an untruth, is to assert an absurdity too shocking to be 'conceived.

'I purposely avoided,' says Square, 'drawing a 'conclusion which I thought evident from what I 'have said; but if you perceived it, I am sure you 'have not attempted to answer it. However, to drop 'the article of religion, I think it is plain, from what 'you have said, that we have different ideas of honour: or why do we not agree in the same terms 'of its explanation? I have asserted, that true honour 'and true virtue are almost synonimous terms, and 'they are both founded on the unalterable rule of 'right, and the eternal fitness of things; to which 'an untruth being absolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain that true honour cannot support an 'untruth. In this, therefore, I think we are agreed; 'but that this honour can be said to be founded on 'religion, to which it is antecedent, if by religion be 'meant any positive law.——

'I agree,' answered Thwackum, with great warmth,

'with

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'with a man who aſſerts honour to be antecedent to 'religion!—Mr Allworthy, did I agree ——?'

He was proceeding, when Mr Allworthy interpoſed, telling them very coldly, they had both miſtaken his meaning; for that he had ſaid nothing of true honour.—It is poſſible, however, he would not have eaſily quieted the diſputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the converſation at preſent.

CHAP. IV.

Containing a neceſſary apology for the Author; and a childiſh incident, which perhaps requires an apology likewiſe.

BEFORE I proceed farther, I ſhall beg leave to obviate ſome miſconſtructions, into which the zeal of ſome few readers may lead them; for I would not willingly give offence to any, eſpecially to men who are warm in the cauſe of virtue or religion.

I hope, therefore, no man will, by the groſſeſt miſunderſtanding, or perverſion of my meaning, miſrepreſent me, as endeavouring to caſt any ridicule on the greateſt perfections of human nature; and which do, indeed, alone purify and enoble the heart of man, and raiſe him above the brute-creation. This, reader, I will venture to ſay, (and by how much the better man you are yourſelf, by ſo much the more will you be inclined to believe me,) that I would rather have buried the ſentiments of theſe two perſons in eternal oblivion, than have done any injury to either of theſe glorious cauſes.

On the contrary, it is with a view to their ſervice that I have taken upon me to record the lives and actions of two of their falſe and pretended champions. A treacherous friend is the moſt dangerous enemy; and I will ſay boldly, that both religion and virtue have received more real diſcredit from hypocrites, than the wittieſt profligates or infidels could ever caſt upon them: nay, farther; as theſe two, in their purity, are rightly called the bands of civil ſociety, and are indeed

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deed the greateſt of bleſſings; ſo when poiſoned and corrupted with fraud, pretence, and affectation, they have become the worſt of civil curſes, and have enabled men to perpetrate the moſt cruel miſchiefs to their own ſpecies.

Indeed, I doubt not but this ridicule will in general be allowed; my chief apprehenſion is, as many true and juſt ſentiments often came from the mouths of theſe perſons, leſt the whole ſhould be taken together, and I ſhould be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now the reader will be pleaſed to conſider, that as neither of theſe men were fools, they could not be ſuppoſed to have holden none but wrong principles, and to have uttered nothing but abſurdities; what injuſtice, therefore, muſt I have done to their characters, had I ſelected only what was bad, and how horribly wretched and maimed muſt their arguments have appeared!

Upon the whole, it is not religion or virtue, but the want of them which is here expoſed. Had not Thwackum too much neglected virtue, and Square religion, in the compoſition of their ſeveral ſyſtems; and had not both utterly diſcarded all natural goodneſs of heart, they had never been repreſented as the objects of deriſion in this hiſtory; in which we will now proceed.

This matter, then, which put an end to the debate mentioned in the laſt chapter, was no other than a quarrel between Maſter Blifil and Tom Jones, the conſequence of which had been a bloody noſe to the former; for though Maſter Blifil, notwithſtanding he was the younger, was in ſize above the other's match, yet Tom was much his ſuperior at the noble art of boxing.

Tom, however, cautiouſly avoided all engagements with that youth; for beſides that Tommy Jones was an inoffenſive lad amidſt all his roguery, and really loved Blifil, Mr Thwackum being always the ſecond of the latter, would have been ſufficient to deter him.

But well ſays a certain author, No man is wiſe at all hours; it is therefore no wonder that a boy is not ſo. A difference ariſing at play between the two lads, Maſter Blifil called Tom a beggarly baſtard. Upon which

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which the latter, who was somewhat passionate in his disposition, immediately caused that phænomenon in the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Master Blifil now, with his blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after from his eyes, appeared before his uncle, and the tremendous Thwackum. In which court an indictment of assault, battery, and wounding, was instantly preferred against Tom; who in his excuse only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that Mr Blifil had omitted.

It is indeed possible, that this circumstance might have escaped his memory; for, in his reply, he positively insisted, that he had made use of no such appellation; adding, 'Heaven forbid such naughty words 'should ever come out of his mouth.'

Tom, though against all form of law, rejoined in affirmance of the words. Upon which Master Blifil said, 'It is no wonder. Those who will tell one fib, 'will hardly stick at another. If I had told my ma-'ster such a wicked fib as you have done, I should be 'ashamed to shew my face.'

'What fib, child?' cries Thwackum, pretty eagerly.

'Why, he told you that nobody was with him a-'shooting when he killed the partridge; but he 'knows, (here he burst into a flood of tears,) yes, he 'knows; for he confessed it to me, that Black George 'the game-keeper was there. Nay, he said,—yes, 'you did,—deny it if you can, that you would not 'have confest the truth, though master had cut you 'to pieces.'

At this the fire flashed from Thwackum's eyes, and he cried out in triumph: 'Oh! oh! this is your 'mistaken notion of honour! This is the boy who 'was not to be whipped again!' But Mr Allworthy, with a more gentle aspect, turned towards the lad, and said, 'Is this true, child! How came you to per-'sist so obstinately in a falsehood?'

Tom said, 'He scorned a lie as much as any one; 'but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he 'did; for he had promised the poor fellow to conceal 'him; which,' he said, 'he thought himself farther

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'obliged to, as the game-keeper had begged him not 'to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at last 'gone himself in compliance with his persuasions.' He said, 'this was the whole truth of the matter, and 'he would take his oath of it;' and concluded with very passionately begging Mr Allworthy, 'to have com-'passion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he 'himself only had been guilty, and the other had been 'very difficultly prevailed on to do what he did. In-'deed, Sir,' said he, 'it could hardly be called a lie 'that I told; for the poor fellow was entirely inno-'cent of the whole matter. I should have gone alone 'after the birds; nay, I did go at first, and he only 'followed me to prevent more mischief. Do, pray, 'Sir, let me be punished; take my little horse away 'again; but pray, Sir, forgive poor George.'

Mr Allworthy hesitated a few moments, and then dismissed the boys, advising them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

CHAP. V.

The opinion of the divine and the philosopher concerning the two boys; with some reasons for their opinions, and other matters.

IT is probable, that by disclosing this secret, which had been communicated in the utmost confidence to him, young Blifil preserved his companion from a good lashing; for the offence of the bloody nose would have been of itself sufficient cause for Thwackum to have proceeded to correction; but now this was totally absorbed in the consideration of the other matter; and with regard to this, Mr Allworthy declared privately, he thought the boy deserved reward rather than punishment; so that Thwackum's hand was with-held by a general pardon.

Thwackum, whose meditations were full of birch, exclaimed against this weak, and, as he said he would venture to call it, wicked lenity. To remit the punishment of such crimes was, he said, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the correction of children, and

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quoted many texts from Solomon, and others; which being to be found in so many other books, shall not be found here. He then applied himself to the vice of lying, on which head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

Square said, he had been endeavouring to reconcile the behaviour of Tom with his idea of perfect virtue; but could not. He owned there was something which at first sight appeared like fortitude in the action; but as fortitude was a virtue, and falsehood a vice, they could by no means agree or unite together. He added, that as this was in some measure to confound virtue and vice, it might be worth Mr Thwackum's consideration, whether a larger castigation might not be laid on, upon that account.

As both these learned men concurred in censuring Jones, so were they no less unanimous in applauding Master Blifil. To bring truth to light, was by the parson asserted to be the duty of every religious man; and by the philosopher this was declared to be highly conformable with the rule of right, and the eternal and unalterable fitness of things.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr Allworthy. He could not be prevailed on to sign the warrant for the execution of Jones. There was something within his own breast with which the invincible fidelity which that youth had preserved, corresponded much better than it had done with the religion of Thwackum, or with the virtue of Square. He therefore strictly ordered the former of these gentlemen to abstain from laying violent hands on Tom for what had past. The pedagogue was obliged to obey these orders; but not without great reluctance, and frequent mutterings, that the boy would be certainly spoiled.

Towards the game-keeper the good man behaved with more severity. He presently summoned that poor fellow before him, and after many bitter remonstrances, paid him his wages, and dismist him from his service; for Mr Allworthy rightly observed, that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falsehood to excuse yourself, and to excuse another. He likewise urged, as the principle motive to his inflexible severity against

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againſt this man, that he had baſely ſuffered Tom Jones to undergo ſo heavy a puniſhment for his ſake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the diſcovery himſelf.

When this ſtory became public, many people differed from Square and Thwackum, in judging the conduct of the two lads on the occaſion. Maſter Blifil was generally called a ſneaking raſcal, a poor-ſpirited wretch, with other epithets of the like kind; whilſt Tom was honoured with the appellations of a brave lad, a jolly dog, and an honeſt fellow. Indeed his behaviour to black George much ingratiated him with all the ſervants; for though that fellow was before univerſally diſliked, yet he was no ſooner turned away, than he was as univerſally pitied; and the friendſhip and gallantry of Tom Jones was celebrated by them all with the higheſt applauſe; and they condemned Maſter Blifil, as openly as they durſt, without incurring the danger of offending his mother. For all this, however, poor Tom ſmarted in the fleſh; for though Thwackum had been inhibited to exerciſe his arm on the foregoing account, yet, as the proverb ſays, It is eaſy to find a ſtick, &c. So it was eaſy to find a rod; and, indeed, the not being able to find one was the only thing which could have kept Thwackum any long time from chaſtiſing poor Jones.

Had the bare delight in the ſport been the only inducement to the pedagogue, it is probable, Maſter Blifil would likewiſe have had his ſhare; but though Mr Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altogether as kind and gentle to this youth, as he was harſh, nay even barbarous to the other. To ſay the truth, Blifil had greatly gained his maſter's affections; partly by the profound reſpect he always ſhewed his perſon, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine; for he had got by heart, and frequently repeated his phraſes, and maintained all his maſter's religious principles with a zeal which was ſurpriſing in one ſo young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy preceptor.

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Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of reſpect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his maſter's approach; but was altogether as unmindful both of his maſter's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtleſs, giddy youth, with little ſobriety in his manners, and leſs in his countenance; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his ſerious behaviour.

Mr Square had the ſame reaſon for his preference of the former lad; for Tom Jones ſhewed no more regard to the learned diſcourſes which this gentleman would ſometimes throw away upon him, than to thoſe of Thwackum. He once ventured to make a jeſt of the rule of right; and at another time ſaid, he believed there was no rule in the world capable of making ſuch a man as his father; (for ſo Mr Allworthy ſuffered himſelf to be called.)

Maſter Blifil, on the contrary, had addreſs enough, at ſixteen to recommend himſelf at one and the ſame time to both theſe oppoſites. With one he was all religion, with the other he was all virtue. And when both were preſent, he was profoundly ſilent, which both interpreted in his favour and in their own.

Nor was Blifil contented with flattering both theſe gentlemen to their faces; he took frequent occaſions of praiſing them behind their backs to Allworthy; before whom, when they two were alone, and his uncle commended any religious or virtuous ſentiment (for many ſuch came conſtantly from him) he ſeldom failed to aſcribe it to the good inſtructions he had received from either Thwackum or Square: for he knew his uncle repeated all ſuch compliments to the perſons for whoſe uſe they were meant; and he found by experience the great impreſſions which they made on the philoſopher, as well as on the divine: for, to ſay the truth, there is no kind of flattery ſo irreſiſtible as this, at ſecond hand.

The young gentleman, moreover, ſoon perceived how extremely grateful all thoſe panegyrics on his inſtructors were to Mr Allworthy himſelf, as they ſo loudly reſounded the praiſe of that ſingular plan of edu

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education which he had laid down: for this worthy man having observed the imperfect institution of our public schools, and the many vices which boys were there liable to learn, had resolved to educate his nephew, as well as the other lad, whom he had in a manner adopted, in his own house; where he thought their morals would escape all that danger of being corrupted, to which they would be unavoidably exposed in any public school or university.

Having therefore determined to commit these boys to the tuition of a private tutor, Mr Thwackum was recommended to him for that office, by a very particular friend, of whose understanding Mr Allworthy had a great opinion, and in whose integrity he placed much confidence. This Thwackum was fellow of a college, where he almost entirely resided; and had a great reputation for learning, religion, and sobriety of manners. And these were doubtless the qualifications by which Mr Allworthy's friend had been induced to recommend him; though indeed this friend had some obligations to Thwackum's family, who were the most considerable persons in a borough which that gentleman represented in parliament.

Thwackum, at his first arrival, was extremely agreeable to Allworthy; and indeed he perfectly answered the character which had been given of him. Upon longer acquaintance, however, and more intimate conversation, this worthy man saw infirmities in the tutor, which he could have wished him to have been without; though as those seemed greatly over-balanced by his good qualities, they did not incline Mr Allworthy to part with him; nor would they indeed have justified such a proceeding: for the reader is greatly mistaken, if he conceives that Thwackum appeared to Mr Allworthy in the same light as he doth to him in this history; and he is as much deceived, if he imagines, that the most intimate acquaintance which he himself could have had with that divine, would have informed him of those things which we, from our inspiration, are enabled to open and discover. Of readers who from such conceits as these condemn the wisdom or penetration of Mr Allworthy, I shall not scruple to

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ſay, that they make a very bad and ungrateful uſe of that knowledge which we have communicated to them.

Theſe apparent errors in the doctrine of Thwackum, ſerved greatly to palliate the contrary errors in that of Square, which our good man no leſs ſaw and condemned. He thought indeed that the different exuberancies of theſe gentlemen would correct their different imperfections; and that from both, eſpecially with his aſſiſtance, the two lads would derive ſufficient precepts of true religion and virtue. If the event happened contrary to his expectations, this poſſibly proceeded from ſome fault in the plan itſelf; which the reader hath my leave to diſcover if he can: for we do not pretend to introduce any infallible characters into this hiſtory; where we hope nothing will be found which hath never yet been ſeen in human nature.

To return therefore; the reader will not, I think, wonder that the different behaviour of the two lads above-commemorated, produced the different effects, of which he hath already ſeen ſome inſtance; and beſides this, there was another reaſon for the conduct of the philoſopher and the pedagogue; but this being matter of great importance, we ſhall reveal it in the next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

Containing a better reaſon ſtill for the before-mentioned opinions.

IT is to be known then, that theſe two learned perſonages, who have lately made a conſiderable figure on the theatre of this hiſtory, had from their firſt arrival at Mr Allworthy's houſe, taken ſo great an affection, the one to his virtue, the other to his religion, that they had meditated the cloſeſt alliance with him.

For this purpoſe they had caſt their eyes on that fair widow, whom, though we have not for ſome time made any mention of her, the reader, we truſt, hath not forgot. Mrs Bliſil was indeed the object to which they both aſpired.

It

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It may seem remarkable, that of four persons whom we have commemorated at Mr Allworthy's house, three of them should fix their inclinations on a lady who was never greatly celebrated for her beauty, and who was, moreover, now a little descended into the vale of years: but in reality, bosom friends, and intimate acquaintance, have a kind of natural propensity to particular females at the house of a friend, viz. to his grand-mother, mother, sister, daughter, aunt, niece, or cousin, when they are rich; and to his wife, sister, daughter, niece, cousin, mistress, or servant-maid, if they should be handsome.

We would not, however, have our reader imagine, that persons of such characters as were supported by Thwackum and Square, would undertake a matter of this kind, which hath been a little censured by some rigid moralists, before they had thoroughly examined it, and considered whether it was, (as Shakespear phrases it) 'Stuff o' th' conscience, or no.' Thwackum was encouraged to the undertaking, by reflecting, that to covet your neighbour's sister is no where forbidden; and he knew it was a rule in the construction of all laws, that '*Expressum facit cessare tacitum.*' The sense of which is, 'When a law-giver sets down 'plainly his whole meaning, we are prevented from 'making him mean what we please ourselves.' As some instances of women, therefore, are mentioned in the divine law, which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods, and that of a sister omitted, he concluded it to be lawful. And as to Square, who was in his person what is called a jolly fellow, or a widow's man, he easily reconciled his choice to the eternal fitness of things.

Now, as both these gentlemen were industrious in taking every opportunity of recommending themselves to the widow, they apprehended one certain method was, by giving her son the constant preference to the other lad; and, as they conceived the kindness and affection which Mr Allworthy shewed the latter, must be highly disagreeable to her, they doubted not but the laying hold on all occasions to degrade and villify him, would be highly pleasing to her; who, as she hated

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hated the boy, must love all those who did him any hurt. In this Thwackum had the advantage; for while Square could only scarify the poor lad's reputation, he could flea his skin; and indeed, he considered every lash he gave him as a compliment paid to his mistress; so that he could, with the utmost propriety, repeat this old flogging line, '*Castigo te non quod odio habeam, sed quod* AMEM. I chastise thee not out of hatred, but out of love.' And this, indeed, he often had in his mouth, or rather, according to the old phrase, never more properly applied, at his fingers ends.

For this reason principally, the two gentlemen concurred, as we have seen above, in their opinion concerning the two lads: this being, indeed, almost the only instance of their concurring on any point: for, beside the difference of their principles, they had both long ago strongly suspected each other's design, and hated one another with no little degree of inveteracy.

This mutual animosity was a good deal increased by their alternate successes: for Mrs Blifil knew what they would be at long before they imagined it; or, indeed, intended she should: for they proceeded with great caution, lest she should be offended, and acquaint Mr Allworthy. But they had no reason for any such fear; she was well enough pleased with a passion, of which she intended none should have any fruits but herself. And the only fruit she designed for herself, were flattery and courtship; for which purpose, she soothed them by turns, and a long time equally. She was, indeed, rather inclined to favour the parson's principles; but Square's person was more agreeable to her eye, for he was a comely man; whereas the pedagogue did in countenance very nearly resemble that gentleman, who, in the Harlot's Progress, is seen correcting the ladies in Bridewell.

Whether Mrs Blifil had been surfeited with the sweets of marriage, or disgusted by its bitters, or from what other cause it proceeded, I will not determine; but she could never be brought to listen to any second proposals. However, she at last conversed with Square with such a degree of intimacy, that malicious tongues began

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began to whiſper things of her, to which, as well for the ſake of the lady, as that they were highly diſagreeable to the rule of right, and the fitneſs of things, we will give no credit, and therefore ſhall not blot our paper with them. The pedagogue, 'tis certain, whipt on, without getting a ſtep nearer to his journey's end.

Indeed he had committed a great error, and that Square diſcovered much ſooner than himſelf. Mrs Blifil (as, perhaps, the reader may have formerly gueſſed) was not over and above pleaſed with the behaviour of her huſband; nay, to be honeſt, ſhe abſolutely hated him, till his death, at laſt, a little reconciled him to her affections. It will not be therefore greatly wondered at, if ſhe had not the moſt violent regard to the offspring ſhe had by him. And, in fact, ſhe had ſo little of this regard, that in his infancy ſhe ſeldom ſaw her ſon, or took any notice of him; and hence ſhe acquieſced, after a little reluctance, in all the favours which Mr Allworthy ſhowered on the foundling; whom the good man called his own boy, and in all things put on an entire equality with Maſter Blifil. This acquieſcence in Mrs Blifil was conſidered by the neighbours, and by the family, as a mark of her condeſcenſion to her brother's humour, and ſhe was imagined by all others, as well as Thwackum and Square, to hate the foundling in her heart; nay, the more civility ſhe ſhewed him, the more they conceived ſhe deteſted him, and the ſurer ſchemes ſhe was laying for his ruin; for as they thought it her intereſt to hate him, it was very difficult for her to perſuade them ſhe did not.

Thwackum was the more confirmed in his opinion, as ſhe had more than once ſlily cauſed him to whip Tom Jones, when Mr Allworthy, who was an enemy to this exerciſe, was abroad; whereas ſhe had never given any ſuch orders concerning young Blifil. And this had likewiſe impoſed upon Square. In reality, though ſhe certainly hated her own ſon; of which, however monſtrous it appears, I am aſſured ſhe is not a ſingular inſtance, ſhe appeared, notwithſtanding all her outward compliance, to be in her heart ſufficiently diſpleaſed with all the favour ſhewn by Mr Allworthy to

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to the foundling. She frequently complained of this behind her brother's back, and very sharply censured him for it, both to Thwackum and Square; nay, she would throw it in the teeth of Allworthy himself, when a little quarrel, or miff, as it is vulgarly called, arose between them.

However, when Tom grew up, and gave tokens of that gallantry of temper which greatly recommends men to women, this disinclination which she had discovered to him when a child, by degrees abated, and at last she so evidently demonstrated her affection to him to be much stronger than what she bore her own son, that it was impossible to mistake her any longer. She was so desirous of often seeing him, and discovered such satisfaction and delight in his company, that before he was eighteen years old he was become a rival to both Square and Thwackum; and what is worse, the whole country began to talk as loudly of her inclination to Tom, as they had before done of that which she had shewn to Square; on which account the philosopher conceived the most implacable hatred for our poor hero.

CHAP. VII.

In which the Author himself makes his appearance on the stage.

THOUGH Mr Allworthy was not of himself hasty to see things in a disadvantageous light, and was a stranger to the public voice, which seldom reaches to a brother or a husband, though it rings in the ears of all the neighbourhood; yet was this affection of Mrs Bliſil to Tom, and the preference which she too visibly gave him to her own son, of the utmost disadvantage to that youth.

For such was the compassion which inhabited Mr Allworthy's mind, that nothing but the steel of justice could ever subdue it. To be unfortunate in any respect was sufficient, if there was no demerit to counterpoise it, to turn the scale of that good man's pity, and to engage his friendship and his benefaction.

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When therefore he plainly saw Master Blifil was absolutely detested (for that he was) by his own mother, he began, on that account only, to look with an eye of compassion upon him; and what the effects of compassion are in good and benevolent minds, I need not here explain to most of my readers.

Henceforward, he saw every appearance of virtue in the youth through the magnifying end, and viewed all his faults with the glass inverted, so that they became scarce perceptible. And this perhaps the amiable temper of Pity may make commendable; but the next step the weakness of human nature alone must excuse: for he no sooner perceived that preference which Mrs Blifil gave to Tom, than that poor youth (however innocent) began to sink in his affections as he rose in hers. This, it is true, would of itself alone never have been able to eradicate Jones from his bosom; but it was greatly injurious to him, and prepared Mr Allworthy's mind for those impressions, which afterwards produced the mighty events that will be contained hereafter in this history; and to which, it must be confest, the unfortunte lad, by his own wantonness, wildness, and want of caution, too much contributed.

In recording some instances of these, we shall, if rightly understood, afford a very useful lesson to those well-disposed youths, who shall hereafter be our readers: for they may here find, that goodness of heart, and openness of temper, though these may give them great comfort within, and administer to an honest pride in their own minds, will by no means, alas! do their business in the world. Prudence and circumspection are necessary even to the best of men. They are indeed as it were a guard to Virtue, without which she can never be safe. It is not enough that your designs, nay that your actions, are intrinsically good, you must take care they shall appear so. If your inside be never so beautiful, you must preserve a fair outside also. This must be constantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it so, that the sagacity and goodness of an Allworthy will not be able to see through it, and to discern the beauties within.

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within. Let this, my young readers, be your conſtant maxim, that no man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence; nor will Virtue herſelf look beautiful, unleſs ſhe be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum. And this precept, my worthy diſciples, if you read with due attention, you will, I hope, find ſufficiently enforced by examples in the following pages.

I aſk pardon for this ſhort appearance, by way of chorus, on the ſtage. It is in reality for my own ſake, that while I am diſcovering the rocks on which innocence and goodneſs often ſplit, I may not be miſunderſtood to recommend the very means to my worthy readers, by which I intend to ſhew them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my actors to ſpeak, I myſelf was obliged to declare.

CHAP. VIII.

A childiſh incident, in which, however, is ſeen a good-natured diſpoſition in Tom Jones.

THE reader may remember, that Mr Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horſe, as a kind of ſmart-money for the puniſhment which he imagined he had ſuffered innocently.

This horſe Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighbouring fair, and ſold him.

At his return, being queſtioned by Thwackum what he had done with the money for which the horſe was ſold, he frankly declared he would not tell him.

'Oho!' ſays Thwackum, 'you will not! then I 'will have it out of your br—h;' that being the place to which he always applied for information on every doubtful occaſion.

Tom was now mounted on the back of a footman, and every thing prepared for execution, when Mr Allworthy entering the room, gave the criminal a reprieve, and took him with him into another apartment; where being alone with Tom, he put the ſame queſtion

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queſtion to him which Thwackum had before aſked him.

Tom anſwered, he could in duty refuſe him nothing; but as for that tyrannical raſcal, he would never make him any other anſwer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped ſoon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Mr Allworthy very ſeverely reprimanded the lad, for his indecent and diſreſpectful expreſſions concerning his maſter; but much more for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loſs of his favour, if he ever heard ſuch another word from his mouth; for he ſaid he would never ſupport or befriend a reprobate. By theſe and the like declarations, he extorted ſome compunction from Tom, in which that youth was not over ſincere: for he really meditated ſome return for all the ſmarting favours he had received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was, however, brought by Mr Allworthy to expreſs a concern for his reſentment againſt Thwackum; and then the good man, after ſome wholeſome admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did, as follows:

'Indeed, my dear Sir, I love and honour you more 'than all the world: I know the great obligations I 'have to you, and ſhould deteſt myſelf, if I thought 'my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the 'little horſe you gave me ſpeak, I am ſure he could 'tell you how fond I was of your preſent; for I had 'more pleaſure in feeding him, than in riding him. 'Indeed, Sir, it went to my heart to part with him; 'nor would I have ſold him upon any other account 'in the world than what I did. You yourſelf, Sir, 'I am convinced, in my caſe, would have done the 'ſame: for none ever ſo ſenſibly felt the misfortunes 'of others. What would you feel, dear Sir, if you 'thought yourſelf the occaſion of them?——Indeed, 'Sir, there never was any miſery like theirs.'———'Like whoſe, child? ſays Allworthy: 'What do 'you mean?' 'Oh, Sir,' anſwered Tom, 'your 'poor game-keeper, with all his large family, ever 'ſince your diſcarding him, have been periſhing with

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'all the miseries of cold and hunger, I could not 'bear to see these poor wretches naked and starving, 'and at the same time know myself to have been the 'occasion of all their sufferings.—I could not bear it, 'Sir, upon my soul, I could not.' [Here the tears run down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded:] 'It was 'to save them from absolute destruction, I parted with 'your dear present, notwithstanding all the value I 'had for it—I sold the horse for them, and they 'have every farthing of the money.'

Mr Allworthy now stood silent for some moments, and before he spoke, the tears started from his eyes. He at length dismissed Tom with a gentle rebuke, advising him for the future to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to use extraordinary means of relieving them himself.

This affair was afterwards the subject of much debate between Thwackum and Square. Thwackum held, that this was flying in Mr Allworthy's face, who had intended to punish the fellow for his disobedience. He said, in some instances, what the world called charity appeared to him to be opposing the will of the Almighty, which had marked some particular persons for destruction; and that this was in like manner acting in opposition to Mr Allworthy; concluding, as usual, with a hearty recommendation of birch.

Square argued strongly, on the other side, in opposition perhaps to Thwackum, or in compliance with Mr Allworthy, who seemed very much to approve what Jones had done. As to what he urged on this occasion, as I am convinced most of my readers will be much abler advocates for poor Jones, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the rule of right, an action which it would have been impossible to deduce from the rule of wrong.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IX.

Containing an incident of a more heinous kind, with the comments of Thwackum and Square.

IT hath been obſerved by ſome man of much greater reputation for wiſdom than myſelf, that misfortunes ſeldom come ſingle. An inſtance of this may, I believe, be ſeen in thoſe gentlemen who have the misfortune to have any of their rogueries detected; for here diſcovery ſeldom ſtops till the whole is come out. Thus it happened to poor Tom; who was no ſooner pardoned for ſelling the horſe, than he was diſcovered to have ſome time before ſold a fine bible which Mr Allworthy gave him, the money ariſing from which ſale he had diſpoſed of in the ſame manner. This bible Maſter Blifil had purchaſed, though he had already ſuch another of his own, partly out of reſpect for the book, and partly out of friendſhip to Tom, being unwilling that the bible ſhould be ſold out of the family at half-price. He therefore diſburſed the ſaid half-price himſelf; for he was a very prudent lad, and ſo careful of his money, that he had laid up almoſt every penny which he had received from Mr Allworthy.

Some people have been noted to be able to read in no book but their own. On the contrary, from the time when Maſter Blifil was firſt poſſeſſed of this bible, he never uſed any other. Nay, he was ſeen reading in it much oftener than he had before been in his own. Now, as he frequently aſked Thwackum to explain difficult paſſages to him, that gentleman unfortunately took notice of Tom's name, which was written in many parts of the book. This brought on an inquiry, which obliged Maſter Blifil to diſcover the whole matter.

Thwackum was reſolved a crime of this kind, which he called ſacrilege, ſhould not go unpuniſhed. He therefore proceeded immediately to caſtigation; and not contented with that, he acquainted Mr Allworthy, at their next meeting, with this monſtrous

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crime, as it appeared to him; and inveighing againſt Tom in the moſt bitter terms, and likening him to the buyers and ſellers who were driven out of the temple.

Square ſaw this matter in a very different light. He ſaid, he could not perceive any higher crime in ſelling one book, than in ſelling another. That to ſell bibles was ſtrictly lawful by all laws both divine and human, and conſequently there was no unfitneſs in it. He told Thwackum that his great concern on this occaſion brought to his mind the ſtory of a very devout woman, who out of pure regard to religion ſtole Tillotſon's ſermons from a lady of her acquaintance.

This ſtory cauſed a vaſt quantity of blood to ruſh into the parſon's face, which of itſelf was none of the paleſt; and he was going to reply with great warmth and anger, had not Mrs Blifil, who was preſent at this debate, interpoſed. That lady declared herſelf abſolutely of Mr Square's ſide. She argued, indeed, very learnedly in ſupport of his opinion; and concluded with ſaying, if Tom had been guilty of any fault, ſhe muſt confeſs her own ſon appeared to be equally culpable; for that ſhe could ſee no difference between the buyer and the ſeller; both of whom were alike to be driven out of the temple.

Mrs Blifil having declared her opinion, put an end to the debate. Square's triumph would almoſt have ſtopt his words, had he needed them; and Thwackum, who, for reaſons before-mentioned, durſt not venture at diſobliging the lady, was almoſt choked with indignation. As to Mr Allworthy, he ſaid, ſince the boy had been already puniſhed, he would not deliver his ſentiments on the occaſion; and whether he was, or was not angry with the lad, I muſt leave to the reader's own conjecture.

Soon after this, an action was brought againſt the game-keeper by 'Squire Weſtern (the gentleman in whoſe manor the Partridge was killed) for depredations of the like kind. This was a moſt unfortunate circumſtance for the fellow, as it not only of itſelf threatened his ruin, but actually prevented Mr Allworthy

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worthy from restoring him to his favour: for as that gentleman was walking out one evening with Master Blifil and young Jones, the latter slily drew him to the habitation of Black George; where the family of that poor wretch, namely his wife and children, were found in all the misery with which cold, hunger, and nakedness, can affect human creatures: for as to the money they had received from Jones, former debts had consumed almost the whole.

Such a scene as this could not fail of affecting the heart of Mr Allworthy. He immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas, with which he bid her clothe her children. The poor woman burst into tears at this goodness, and while she was thanking him, could not refrain from expressing her gratitude to Tom; who had, she said, long preserved both her and hers from starving, 'We have not,' says she, 'had a morsel to eat, nor have these poor children 'had a rag to put on, but what his goodness had be-'stowed on us.' For indeed, besides the horse and the bible, Tom had sacrificed a night-gown, and other things, to the use of this distressed family.

On there return home Tom made use of all his eloquence to display the wretchedness of these people, and the penitence of Black George himself; and in this he succeeded so well, that Mr Allworthy said, he thought the man had suffered enough for what was past; that he would forgive him, and think of some means of providing for him and his family.

Jones was so delighted with this news, that though it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile, in a shower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings; but, like other hasty divulgers of news, he only brought on himself the trouble of contradicting it: for the ill-fortune of Black George made use of the very opportunity of his friend's absence to overturn all again.

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CHAP. X.

In which Maſter Bliſil and Jones appear in different lights.

MASTER Bliſil fell very ſhort of his companion in the amiable quality of mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much higher kind, namely, in juſtice; in which he followed both the precepts and example of Thwackum and Square; for though they would both make frequent uſe of the word mercy, yet it was plain, that in reality Square held it to be inconſiſtent with the rule of right; and Thwackum was for doing juſtice, and leaving mercy to Heaven. The two gentlemen did indeed ſomewhat differ in opinion concerning the objects of this ſublime virtue; by which Thwackum would probably have deſtroyed one half of mankind, and Square the other half.

Maſter Bliſil then, though he had kept ſilence in the preſence of Jones, yet when he had better conſidered the matter, could by no means endure the thoughts of ſuffering his uncle to confer favours on the undeſerving. He therefore reſolved immediately to acquaint him with the fact which we have above ſlightly hinted to the readers. The truth of which was as follows:

The game-keeper, about a year after he was diſmiſſed from Mr Allworthy's ſervice, and before Tom's ſelling the horſe, being in want of bread, either to fill his own mouth, or thoſe of his family, as he paſſed through a field belonging to Mr Weſtern, eſpied a hare ſitting in her form. This hare he had baſely and barbarouſly knocked on the head, againſt the laws of the land, and no leſs againſt the laws of ſportſmen.

The higler to whom the hare was ſold, being unfortunately taken many months after with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the 'ſquire, by becoming evidence againſt ſome poacher. And now Black George was pitched upon by

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by him, as being a perſon already obnoxious to Mr Weſtern, and one of no good fame in the country. He was, beſides, the beſt ſacrifice the higler could make, as he had ſupplied him with no game ſince; and by this means the witneſs had an opportunity of ſcreening his better cuſtomers: for the 'ſquire, being charmed with the power of puniſhing Black George, whom a ſingle tranſgreſſion was ſufficient to ruin, made no further inquiry.

Had this fact been truly laid before Mr Allworthy, it might probably have done the game keeper very little miſchief. But there is no zeal blinder than that which is inſpired with the love of juſtice againſt offenders. Maſter Blifil had forgot the diſtance of the time. He varied likewiſe in the manner of the fact; and, by the haſty addition of the ſingle letter S, he conſiderably altered the ſtory; for he ſaid that George had wired hares. Theſe alterations might probably have been ſet right, had not Maſter Blifil unluckily inſiſted on a promiſe of ſecrecy from Mr Allworthy, before he revealed the matter to him; but, by that means, the poor game-keeper was condemned, without having an opportunity to defend himſelf; for as the fact of killing the hare, and of the action brought, were certainly true, Mr Allworthy had no doubt concerning the reſt.

Short-lived then was the joy of theſe poor people; for Mr Allworthy the next morning declared he had freſh reaſon, without aſſigning it, for his anger, and ſtrictly forbad Tom to mention George any more; though as for his family, he ſaid, he would endeavour to keep them from ſtarving; but as to the fellow himſelf, he would leave him to the laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom could by no means divine what had incenſed Mr Allworthy: for of Maſter Blifil he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion. However, as his friendſhip was to be tired out by no diſappointments, he now determined to try another method of preſerving the poor game-keeper from ruin

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr Weſtern. He had ſo greatly recommended himſelf to that

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that gentleman, by leaping over five barred gates, and by other acts of ſportſmanſhip, that the 'ſquire had declared Tom would certainly make a great man, if he had but ſufficient encouragement. He often wiſhed he had himſelf a ſon with ſuch parts; and one day very ſolemnly aſſerted at a drinking bout, that Tom ſhould hunt a pack of hounds for a thouſand pounds of his money, with any huntſman in the whole country.

By ſuch kind of talents he had ſo ingratiated himſelf with the 'ſquire, that he was a moſt welcome gueſt at his table, and a favourite companion in his ſport: every thing which the 'ſquire held moſt dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horſes, were now as much at the command of Jones as if they had been his own. He reſolved therefore to make uſe of this favour on behalf of his friend Black George, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr Weſtern's family, in the ſame capacity in which he had before ſerved Mr Allworthy.

The reader, if he conſiders that this fellow was already obnoxious to Mr Weſtern, and if he conſiders farther the weighty buſineſs by which that gentleman's diſpleaſure had been incurred, will perhaps condemn this as a fooliſh and deſperate undertaking; but if he ſhould totally condemn young Jones on that account, he will greatly applaud him for ſtrengthening himſelf with all imaginable intereſt on ſo arduous an occaſion.

For this purpoſe then Tom applied to Mr Weſtern's daughter, a young lady of about ſeventeen years of age, whom her father, next to thoſe neceſſary implements of ſport juſt before mentioned, loved and eſteemed above all the world. Now, as ſhe had ſome influence on the 'ſquire, ſo Tom had ſome little influence on her. But this being the intended heroine of this work, a lady with whom we ourſelves are greatly in love, and with whom many of our readers will probably be in love too before we part, it is by no means proper ſhe ſhould make her appearance in the end of a book.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK IV.

Containing the time of a year.

CHAP. I.

Containing four pages of paper.

As truth diſtinguiſhes our writings from thoſe idle romances which are filled with monſters, the productions, not of nature, but of diſtempered brains; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent critic to the ſole uſe of the paſtry-cook: ſo, on the other hand, we would avoid any reſemblance to that kind of hiſtory which a celebrated poet ſeems to think is no leſs calculated for the emolument of the brewer, as the reading it ſhould be always attended with a tankard of good ale,

While—hiſtory with her comrade ale,
Sooths the ſad ſeries of her ſerious tale.

For as this is the liquor of modern hiſtorians, nay, perhaps their muſe, if we may believe the opinion of Butler, who attributes inſpiration to ale, it ought likewiſe to be the potation of their readers, ſince every book ought to be read with the ſame ſpirit, and in the ſame manner, as it is writ. Thus the famous author of Hurlothrumbo, told a learned biſhop, that the

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the reaſon his lordſhip could not taſte the excellence of his piece, was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand; which inſtrument he himſelf had always had in his own, when he compoſed it.

That our work, therefore, might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of theſe hiſtorians, we have taken every occaſion of interſperſing through the whole, ſundry ſimiles, deſcriptions, and other kind of poetical embelliſhments. Theſe are, indeed, deſigned to ſupply the place of the ſaid ale, and to refreſh the mind, whenever thoſe ſlumbers which in a long work are apt to invade the reader as well as the writer, ſhall begin to creep upon him. Without interruptions of this kind, the beſt narrative of plain matter of fact muſt over-power every reader; for nothing but the everlaſting watchfulneſs, which Homer has aſcribed only to Jove himſelf, can be proof againſt a newſpaper of many volumes.

We ſhall leave to the reader to determine with what judgment we have choſen the ſeveral occaſions for inſerting thoſe ornamental parts of our work. Surely it will be allowed, that none could be more proper than the preſent; where we are about to introduce a conſiderable character on the ſcene; no leſs, indeed, than the heroine of this heroic, hiſtorical, proſaic poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the mind of the reader for her reception, by filling it with every pleaſing image, which we can draw from the face of Nature. And for this method we plead many precedents. Firſt, this is an art well known to, and much practiſed by our tragick poets; who ſeldom fail to prepare their audience for the reception of their principal characters.

Thus the hero is always introduced with a flouriſh of drums and trumpets, in order to rouſe a martial ſpirit in the audience and to accommodate their ears to bombaſt and fuſtian, which Mr Lock's blind man would not have groſsly erred in likening to the ſound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, ſoft muſic often conducts them on the ſtage, either to ſooth the audience with the ſoftneſs of the tender paſſions, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle ſlumber

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ber in which they will moſt probably be compoſed by the enſuing ſcene.

And not only the poets, but the maſters of theſe poets, the managers of play-houſes, ſeem to be in this ſecret; for, beſides the aforeſaid kettle-drums, &c. which denote the hero's approach, he is generally uſhered on the ſtage by a large troop of half a dozen ſcene-ſhifters; and how neceſſary theſe are imagined to his appearance, may be concluded from the following theatrical ſtory.

King Pyrrhus was at dinner at an alehouſe bordering on the theatre, when he was ſummoned to go on the ſtage. The hero, being unwilling to quit his ſhoulder of mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himſelf the indignation of Mr Wilks, (his brother manager) for making the audience wait, had bribed theſe his harbingers to be out of the way. While Mr Wilks, therefore, was thundering out, 'Where are 'the carpenters to walk on before King Pyrrhus,' that monarch very quietly eat his mutton, and the audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themſelves with muſic in his abſence.

To be plain, I muſt queſtion whether the politician, who hath generally a good noſe, hath not ſcented out ſomewhat of the utility of this practice. I am convinced that awful magiſtrate my lord-mayor contracts a good deal of that reverence which attends him thro' the year, by the ſeveral pageants which precede his pomp. Nay, I muſt confeſs, that even I myſelf, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with ſhow, have yielded not a little to the impreſſions of much preceding ſtate. When I have ſeen a man ſtrutting in a proceſſion, after others whoſe buſineſs was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher notion of his dignity, than I have felt on ſeeing him in a common ſituation. But there is one inſtance which comes exactly up to my purpoſe. This is the cuſtom of ſending on a baſket-woman, who is to precede the pomp at a coronation, and to ſtrew the ſtage with flowers, before the great perſonages begin their proceſſion. The ancients would certainly have invoked the goddeſs Flora for this purpoſe, and it would have been

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been no difficulty for the prieſts or politicians to have perſuaded the people of the real preſence of the deity, though a plain mortal had perſonated her, and performed her office. But we have no ſuch deſign of impoſing on our reader; and therefore thoſe who object to the heathen theology, may, if they pleaſe, change our goddeſs into the above-mentioned baſket-woman. Our intention, in ſhort, is to introduce our heroine with the utmoſt ſolemnity in our power, with an elevation of ſtile, and all other circumſtances proper to raiſe the veneration of our reader. Indeed we would, for certain cauſes, adviſe thoſe of our male-readers who have any hearts, to read no farther, were we not well aſſured, that how amiable ſoever the picture of our heroine will appear, as it is really a copy from nature, many of our fair country-women will be found worthy to ſatisfy any paſſion, and to anſwer any idea of female-perfection, which our pencil will be able to raiſe.

And now, without any farther preface, we proceed to our next chapter.

CHAP. II.

A ſhort hint of what we can do in the ſublime, and a deſcription of Miſs Sophia Weſtern.

HUSHED be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boiſterous limbs of noiſy Boreas, and the ſharp-pointed noſe of bitter, biting Eurus. Do thou, ſweet Zephyrus, riſing from thy fragrant bed, mount the weſtern ſky, and lead on thoſe delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews, when on the firſt of June, her birth-day, the blooming maid, in looſe attire, gently trips it over the verdant mead, where every flower riſes to do her homage, 'till the whole field become enamelled, and colours contend with ſweets which ſhall raviſh her moſt.

So charming may ſhe now appear; and you the feather'd choriſters of Nature, whoſe ſweeteſt notes not

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even Handel can excel, tune your melodious throats, to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your muſic, and to love it returns. Awaken, therefore, that gentle paſſion in every ſwain: for, lo! adorned with all the charms in which Nature can array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, ſprightlineſs, innocence, modeſty, and tenderneſs, breathing ſweetneſs from her rdſy lips, and darting brightneſs from her ſparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes.

Reader, perhaps thou haſt ſeen the ſtatue of the *Venus de Medicis*. Perhaps too, thou haſt ſeen the gallery of beauties at Hampton-court. Thou may'ſt remember each bright Churchill of the gallaxy, and all the toaſts of the Kit-cat. Or if their reign was before thy times, at leaſt thou haſt ſeen their daughters, the no leſs dazzling beauties of the preſent age; whoſe names, ſhould we here inſert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Now, if thou haſt ſeen all theſe, be not afraid of the rude anſwer which Lord Rocheſter once gave to a man, who had ſeen many things. No. If thou haſt ſeen all theſe without knowing what beauty is, thou haſt no eyes; if without feeling its power, thou haſt no heart.

Yet is it poſſible, my friend, that thou mayeſt have ſeen all theſe, without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia: for ſhe did not exactly reſemble any of them. She was moſt like the picture of lady Ranelagh; and, I have heard, more ſtill to the famous dutcheſs of Mazarine; but moſt of all, ſhe reſembled one whoſe image never can depart from my breaſt, and whom, if thou doſt remember, thou haſt then, my friend, an adequate idea of Sophia.

But leaſt this ſhould not have been thy fortune, we will endeavour with our utmoſt ſkill to deſcribe this paragon, though we are ſenſible that our higheſt abilities are very inadequate to the taſk.

Sophia then, the only daughter of Mr Weſtern, was a middle-ſized woman; but rather inclining to tall. Her ſhape was not only exact, but extremely delicate: and the nice proportion of her arms promiſed the trueſt ſymmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which

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was black, was so luxuriant, that it reached her middle, before she cut it to comply with the modern fashion; and it was now curled so gracefully in her neck, that few could believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part of the face which demanded less commendation than the rest, it might possibly think her forehead might have been higher, without prejudice to her. Her eye-brows were full, even, and arched beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a lustre in them, which all her softness could not extinguish. Her nose was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly answered Sir John Suckling's description in those lines,

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin.
Some bee had stung it newly.

Her cheeks were of the oval kind: and in her right she had a dimple, which the least smile discovered. Her chin had certainly its share in forming the beauty of her face; but it was difficult to say it was either large or small, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lily than of the rose: but when exercise, or modesty, increased her natural colour, no vermillion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr Donne,

——Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought.

Her neck was long and finely turned: and here, if I was not afraid of offending her delicacy, I might justly say, the highest beauties of the famous *Venus de Medicis* were outdone. Here was whiteness which no lilies, ivory, nor alabaster could match. The finest cambric might indeed be supposed from envy to cover that bosom, which was much whiter than itself.—It was indeed,

Niter splendente Pario marmore purius.

A gloss

'a gloss shining beyond the purest brightness of 'Parian marble.'

Such was the outside of Sophia; nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her person; nay, the latter borrowed some charms from the former: for when she smiled, the sweetness of her temper diffused that glory over her countenance, which no regularity of features can give. But as there are no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves, in that perfect intimacy, to which we intend to introduce our reader, with this charming young creature; so it is needless to mention them here; nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.

It may, however, be proper to say, that whatever mental accomplishments she had derived from Nature, they were somewhat improved and cultivated by art: for she had been educated under the care of an aunt, who was a lady of great discretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the world, having lived in her youth about the court, whence she had retired some years since into the country. By her conversation and instructions, Sophia was perfectly well bred, though, perhaps, she wanted a little of that ease in her behaviour, which is to be acquired only by habit, and living within what is called the polite circle. But this, to say the truth, is often too dearly purchased; and though it hath charms so inexpressible, that the French, perhaps, among other qualities, mean to express this, when they declare they know not what it is; yet its absence is well compensated by innocence; nor can good sense, and a natural gentility, ever stand in need of it.

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CHAP. III.

Wherein the history goes back to commemorate a trifling incident that happened some years since; but, which, trifling as it was, had some future consequences.

THE amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when she is introduced into this history. Her father, as hath been said, was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied, in order to engage her interest on the behalf of his friend the game keeper.

But before we proceed to this business, a short recapitulation of some previous matters may be necessary.

Though the different tempers of Mr Allworthy, and of Mr Western, did not admit of a very intimate correspondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the same age, had been frequent play-mates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper suited better with Sophia, than the grave and sober disposition of Master Blifil. And the preference which she gave the former of these, would often appear so plainly, that a lad of a more passionate turn than Master Blifil was, might have shewn some displeasure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly express any such disgust, it would be an ill office in us to pay a visit to the inmost recesses of his mind, as some scandalous people search into the most secret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their closets and cupboards, only to discover their poverty and meanness to the world.

However, as persons who suspect they have given others cause of offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; so Sophia imputed an action of Master Blifil to his anger, which the superior sagacity of Thwackum and Square discerned to have arisen from a much better principle.

Tom

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Tom Jones, when very young, had preſented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the neſt, had nurſed up, and taught to ſing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was ſo extremely fond, that her chief buſineſs was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleaſure to play with it. By theſe means little Tommy, for ſo the bird was called, was become ſo tame, that it would feed out of the hand of its miſtreſs, would perch upon her finger, and lye contented in her boſom, where it ſeemed almoſt ſenſible of its own happineſs; though ſhe always kept a ſmall ſtring about its leg, nor would ever truſt it with the liberty of flying away.

One day when Mr Allworthy and his whole family dined at Mr Weſtern's, Maſter Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and obſerving the extreme fondneſs that ſhe ſhewed for her little bird, deſired her to truſt it for a moment in his hands. Sophia preſently complied with the young gentleman's requeſt, and after ſome previous caution, delivered him her bird; of which he was no ſooner in poſſeſſion, than he ſlipt the ſtring from its leg, and toſſed it into the air.

The fooliſh animal no ſooner perceived itſelf at liberty, than forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at ſome diſtance.

Sophia, ſeeing her bird gone, ſcreamed out ſo loud, that Tom Jones, who was at a little diſtance, immediately ran to her aſſiſtance.

He was no ſooner informed of what had happened, than he curſed Blifil for a pitiful, malicious raſcal, and then immediately ſtripping off his coat, he applied himſelf to climbing the tree to which the bird eſcaped.

Tom had almoſt recovered his little name-ſake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed its object. And as ſhe apprehended the boy's life was in danger, ſhe ſcreamed ten times louder than before; and indeed Maſter Blifil himſelf now ſeconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

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The company, who were ſitting in a room next the garden, were inſtantly alarmed, and came all forth; but juſt as they reached the canal, Tom, (for the water was luckily pretty ſhallow in that part) arrived ſafely on ſhore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who ſtood dropping and ſhivering before him, when Mr Allworthy deſired him to have patience, and turning to Maſter Blifil, ſaid, Pray, child, what is the reaſon of all this diſturbance?

Maſter Blifil anſwered, 'Indeed, uncle, I am very 'ſorry for what I have done; I have been unhappily 'the occaſion of it all. I had Miſs Sophia's bird in 'my hand, and thinking the poor creature languiſhed 'for liberty, I own, I could not forbear giving it 'what it deſired: for I always thought there was 'ſomething very cruel in confining any thing. It 'ſeemed to be againſt the law of nature, by which 'every thing hath a right to liberty; nay, it is even 'unchriſtian; for it is not doing what we would be 'done by: but if I had imagined Miſs Sophia would 'have been ſo much concerned at it, I am ſure I would 'never have done it; nay, if I had known what 'would have happened to the bird itſelf; for when 'Maſter Jones, who climbed up that tree after it, 'fell into the water, the bird took a ſecond flight, 'and preſently a naſty hawk carried it away.'

Poor Sophia, who now firſt heard of her little Tommy's fate; (for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened,) ſhed a ſhower of tears. Theſe Mr Allworthy endeavoured to aſſuage, promiſing her a much finer bird: but ſhe declared ſhe would never have another. Her father chid her for crying ſo for a fooliſh bird; but could not help telling young Blifil, if he was a ſon of his, his backſide ſhould be well flay'd.

Sophia now returned to her chamber, the two young gentlemen were ſent home, and the reſt of the company returned to their bottle; where a converſation enſued on the ſubject of the bird, ſo curious, that we think it deſerves a chapter by itſelf.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.

Containing such very deep and grave matters, that some readers, perhaps, may not relish it.

SQUARE had no sooner lighted his pipe, than addressing himself to Allworthy, he thus began: 'Sir, I cannot help congratulating you on your nephew; who, at an age when few lads have any ideas but of sensible objects, is arrived at a capacity of distinguishing right from wrong. To confine anything seems to me against the law of nature, by which every thing hath a right to liberty. These were his words; and the impression they have made on me is never to be eradicated. Can any man have a higher notion of the rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things? I cannot help promising myself from such a dawn, that the meridian of this youth will be equal to that of either the elder or the younger Brutus.'

Here Thwackum hastily interrupted, and spilling some of his wine, and swallowing the rest with great eagerness, answered, 'From another expression he made use of, I hope he will resemble much better men. The law of nature is a jargon of words, which means nothing. I know not of any such law, nor of any right which can be derived from it. To do as we would be done by, is indeed a Christian motive, as the boy well expressed himself, and I am glad to find my instructions have borne such good fruit.'

'If vanity was a thing fit, (says Square) I might indulge some on the same occasion; for whence only he can have learnt his notions of right and wrong, I think is pretty apparent. If there be no law of nature, there is no right nor wrong.'

'How! (says the parson) do you then banish revelation? Am I talking with a deist or an atheist?'

'Drink about, (says Western) pox of your laws of nature. I don't know what you mean either of you,

'you, by right and wrong. To take away my girl's 'bird was wrong in my opinion; and my neighbour 'Allworthy may do as he pleases; but to encourage 'boys in such practices is to breed them up to the 'gallows.'

Allworthy answered, 'That he was sorry for what 'his nephew had done; but could not consent to pu-'nish him, as he acted rather from a generous than 'unworthy motive.' He said, 'If the boy had stolen 'the bird, none would have been more ready to vote 'for a severe chastisement than himself; but it was 'plain that was not his design:' and, indeed, it was as apparent to him, that he could have no other view but what he had himself avowed. (For as to that malicious purpose which Sophia suspected, it never once entered into the head of Mr Allworthy) He, at length, concluded with again blaming the action as inconsiderate, and which, he said, was pardonable only in a child.

'Square had delivered his opinion so openly, that if he was now silent, he must submit to have his judgment censured. He said, therefore, with some warmth, 'That Mr Allworthy had too much respect to the 'dirty consideration of property. That in passing 'our judgments on great and mighty actions, all pri-'vate regards should be laid aside; for by adhering 'to those narrow rules, the younger Brutus had been 'condemned of ingratitude, and the elder of parri-'cide.'

'And if they had been hanged too for these crimes,' cried Thwackum, 'they would have had no more 'than their deserts. A couple of heathenish villains! 'Heaven be praised, we have no Brutus's now-a-days. 'I wish, Mr Square, you would desist from filling 'the minds of my pupils with such antichristian stuff: 'for the consequence must be, while they are under 'my care, its being well scourged out of them again. 'There is your disciple Tom almost spoiled already. 'I over-heard him the other day disputing with 'Master Blifil, that there was no merit in faith with-'out words. I know that is one of your tenets, and 'I suppose he had it from you.'

'Don't

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'Don't accuse me of spoiling him,' says Square, 'Who taught him to laugh at whatever is virtuous 'and decent, and fit and right in the nature of things? 'He is your own scholar, and I disclaim him. No, 'no, Master Blifil is my boy. Young as he is, that 'lad's notions of moral rectitude, I defy you ever to 'eradicate.'

Thwackum put on a contemptuous sneer at this, and replied, 'Ay, ay, I will venture him with you. 'He is too well grounded for all your philosophical 'cant to hurt. No, no, I have taken care to instill 'such principles into him.'——

'And I have instilled principles into him too,' cries Square. 'What but the sublime idea of virtue could 'inspire a human mind with the generous thought of 'giving liberty? And I repeat to you again, if it was 'a fit thing to be proud, I might claim the honour of 'having infused that idea.'

'And if pride was not forbidden,' said Thwackum, 'I might boast of having taught him that duty which 'he himself assigned as his motive.'

'So, between you both,' says the 'squire, 'the 'young gentleman hath been taught to rob my 'daughter of her bird. I find I must take care of my 'partridge mew. I shall have some virtuous religious 'man or other set all my partridges at liberty.' Then slapping a gentleman of the law, who was present, on the back, he cried out, 'What say you to this, 'Mr Counsellor? Is not this against law?'

The lawyer with great gravity delivered himself as follows:

'If the case be put of a partridge, there can be no 'doubt but an action would lie: for though this be '*Feræ Naturæ*, yet being reclaimed, property vests: 'but being the case of a singing bird, though re-'claimed, as it is a thing of base nature, it must be 'considered as *nullius in bonis*. In this case, there-'fore, I conceive the plaintiff must be nonsuited; and 'I should dissadvise the bringing any such action.'

'Well, (says the squire) if it be *nullus bonus*, let us 'drink about, and talk a little of the state of the na-'tion, or some such discourse that we all understand;

'for

'for I am sure I don't understand a word of this. It 'may be learning and sense for aught I know; but 'you shall never persuade me into it. Pox! you have 'neither of you mentioned a word of that poor lad 'who deserves to be commended; to venture breaking 'his neck to oblige my girl, was a generous-spirited 'action; I have learning enough to see that. D—n 'me, here's Tom's health. I shall love the boy for it 'the longest day I have to live.'

Thus was the debate interrupted; but it would probably have been soon resumed, had not Mr Allworthy presently called for his coach, and carried off the two combatants.

Such was the conclusion of the adventure of the bird, and of the dialogue occasioned by it, which we could not help recounting to our reader, though it happened some years before that stage, or period of time, at which our history is now arrived.

CHAP. V.

Containing matter accommodated to every taste.

PARVA leves capiunt animos, 'Small things affect light minds,' was the sentiment of a great master of the passion of love. And certain it is, that from this day Sophia began to have some little kindness for Tom Jones, and no little aversion for his companion.

Many accidents from time to time improved both these passions in her breast; which, without our recounting, the reader may well conclude, from what we have before hinted of the different tempers of these lads, and how much the one suited with her own inclinations more than the other. To say the truth, Sophia, when very young, discerned that Tom, though an idle, thoughtless, rattling rascal, was no body's enemy but his own; and that Master Blifil, though a prudent, discreet, sober, young gentleman, was, at the same time, strongly attached to the interest only of one single person; and who that single person was, the reader

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reader will be able to divine without any assistance of ours.

These two characters are not always received in the world with the different regard which seems severally due to either; and which one would imagine mankind, from self-interest, should shew towards them. But perhaps there may be a political reason for it: in finding one of a truly benevolent disposition, men may very reasonably suppose, they have found a treasure, and be desirous of keeping it, like all other good things, to themselves. Hence they may imagine, that to trumpet forth the praises of such a person, would, in the vulgar phrase, be crying roast-meat, and calling in partakers of what they intend to apply solely to their own use. If this reason does not satisfy the reader, I know no other means of accounting for the little respect which I have commonly seen paid to a character which really does great honour to human nature, and is productive of the highest good to society. But it was otherwise with Sophia. She honoured Tom Jones, and scorned Master Blifil, almost as soon as she knew the meaning of those two words.

Sophia had been absent upwards of three years with her aunt; during all which time she had seldom seen either of these young gentlemen. She dined, however, once, together with her aunt, at Mr Allworthy's. This was a few days after the adventure of the partridge, before commemorated. Sophia heard the whole story at table, where she said nothing; nor indeed could her aunt get many words from her, as she returned home; but her maid, when undressing her, happening to say, 'Well, Miss, I suppose you 'have seen young Master Blifil to-day.' She answered with much passion, 'I hate the name of Master Blifil, 'as I do whatever is base and treacherous; and I wonder Mr Allworthy would suffer that old barbarous 'schoolmaster to punish a poor boy so cruelly, for 'what was only the effect of his good nature.' She then recounted the story to her maid, and concluded with saying,---'Don't you think he is a boy of a noble 'spirit?'

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This young lady was now returned to her father; who gave her the command of his house, and placed her at the upper end of his table, where Tom, (who for his great love of hunting was become a great favourite of the 'squire) often dined. Young men of open, generous dispositions, are naturally inclined to gallantry, which, if they have good understandings, as was in reality Tom's case, exerts itself in an obliging, complaisant behaviour to all women in general. This greatly distinguished Tom from the boisterous brutality of mere country 'squires on the one hand; and from the solemn, and somewhat sullen deportment of Master Blifil on the other: and he began now, at twenty, to have the name of a pretty fellow, among all the women in the neighbourhood.

Tom behaved to Sophia with no particularity, unless, perhaps, by shewing her a higher respect than he paid to any other. This distinction her beauty, fortune, sense, and amiable carriage, seemed to demand; but as to design upon her person he had none; for which we shall at present suffer the reader to condemn him of stupidity; but perhaps we shall be able indifferently well to account for it hereafter.

Sophia, with the highest degree of innocence and modesty, had a remarkable sprightliness in her temper. This was so greatly increased whenever she was in company with Tom, that, had he not been very young and thoughtless, he must have observed it; or had not Mr Western's thoughts been generally either in the field, the stable, or the dog-kennel, it might have, perhaps, created some jealousy in him: but so far was the good gentleman from entertaining any such suspicions, that he gave Tom every opportunity with his daughter which any lover could have wished. And this Tom innocently improved to better advantage, by following only the dictates of his natural gallantry and good-nature, than he might, perhaps, have done, had he had the deepest designs on the young lady.

But indeed, it can occasion little wonder, that this matter escaped the observation of others, since poor Sophia herself never remarked it, and her heart was irretrievably lost before she suspected it was in danger.

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Matters were in this situation, when Tom one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began, after a short apology, with a very serious face, to acquaint her, that he had a favour to ask of her, which he hoped her goodness would comply with.

Though neither the young man's behaviour, nor indeed his manner of opening this business, were such as could give her any just cause of suspecting he intended to make love to her; yet, whether Nature whispered something into her ear, or from what cause it arose I will not determine: certain it is, some idea of that kind must have intruded itself; for her colour forsook her cheeks, her limbs trembled, and her tongue would have faultered, had Tom stopped for an answer: but he soon relieved her from her perplexity, by proceeding to inform her of his request, which was to solicit her interest on behalf of the game-keeper, whose own ruin, and that of a large family, must be, he said, the consequence of Mr Western's pursuing his action against him.

Sophia presently recovered her confusion, and with a smile full of sweetness, said, 'Is this the mighty 'favour you asked with so much gravity? I will do it 'will all my heart. I really pity the poor fellow, 'and no longer ago than yesterday sent a small matter 'to his wife.' This small matter was one of her gowns, some linen, and ten shillings in money, of which Tom had heard, and it had, in reality, put this solicitation into his head.

Our youth, now emboldened with his success, resolved to push the matter farther; and ventured even to beg her recommendation of him to her father's service; protesting, that he thought him one of the honestest fellows in the country, and extremely well qualified for the place of a game-keeper, which luckily then happened to be vacant.

Sophia answered, 'Well, I will undertake this 'too: but I cannot promise you as much success as 'in the former part, which I assure you I will not 'quit my father without obtaining. However, I will 'do what I can for the poor fellow; for I sincerely 'look upon him and his family as objects of great

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'compaſſion.—And now, Mr Jones, I muſt aſk you 'a favour.'——

'A favour! Madam, (cries Tom) if you knew 'the pleaſure you have given me in the hopes of re-'ceiving a command from you, you would think by 'mentioning it you did confer the greateſt favour on 'me: for by this dear hand I would ſacrifice my life 'to oblige you.'

He then ſnatched her hand, and eagerly kiſſed it, which was the firſt time his lips had ever touched her. The blood, which before had forſaken her cheeks, now made her ſufficient amends, by ruſhing all over her face and neck with ſuch violence, that they became all of a ſcarlet colour. She now firſt felt a ſenſation to which ſhe had been before a ſtranger, and which, when ſhe had leiſure to reflect on it, began to acquaint her with ſome ſecrets, which the reader, if he does not already gueſs them, will know in due time.

Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, (which was not inſtantly) informed him, that the favour ſhe had to deſire of him, was not to lead her father through ſo many dangers in hunting; for that, from what ſhe had heard, ſhe was terribly frightened every time they went out together, and expected ſome day or other to ſee her father brought home with broken limbs. She therefore begged him, for her ſake, to be more cautious; and, as he well knew Mr Weſtern would follow him, not to ride ſo madly, nor to take thoſe dangerous leaps for the future.

Tom promiſed faithfully to obey her commands; and, after thanking her for her kind compliance with his requeſt, took his leave, and departed highly charmed with his ſucceſs.

Poor Sophia was charmed too; but in a very different way. Her ſenſations, however, the reader's heart (if he or ſhe have any) will better repreſent than I can, if I had as many mouths as ever poet wiſhed for, to eat, I ſuppoſe, thoſe many dainties with which he was ſo plentifully provided.

It was Mr Weſtern's cuſtom every afternoon, as ſoon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpſichord: for he was a great lover of muſic, and

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and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have passed for a connoisseur; for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr Handel. He never relished any music but what was light and airy; and indeed his most favourite tunes, were old Sir Simon the king, St George he was for England, Bobbing Joan, and some others.

His daughter, though she was a perfect mistress of music, and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was so devoted to her father's pleasure, that she learnt all those tunes to oblige him. However, she would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own taste, and when he required the repetition of his ballads, would answer with a 'nay, dear Sir;' and would often beg him to suffer her to play something else.

This evening, however, when the gentleman was retired from his bottle, she played all his favourites three times over, without any solicitation. This so pleased the good 'squire, that he started from his couch, gave his daughter a kiss, and swore her hand was greatly improved. She took this opportunity to execute her promise to Tom, in which she succeeded so well, that the 'squire declared, if she would give him t'other bout of old Sir Simon, he would give the gamekeeper his deputation the next morning. Sir Simon was played again and again, till the charms of the music soothed Mr Western to sleep. In the morning Sophia did not fail to remind him of his engagement; and his attorney was immediately sent for, and ordered to stop any further proceedings in the action, and to make out the deputation.

Tom's success in this affair soon began to ring over the country, and various were the censures past upon it. Some greatly applauding it as an act of good nature; others sneering, and saying, 'No wonder 'that one idle fellow should love another.' Young Blifil was greatly enraged at it. He had long hated Black George in the same proportion as Jones delighted in him; not from any offence which he had ever received, but from his great love to religion and virtue; for Black George had the reputation of a loose kind of a fellow. Blifil therefore represented this as

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flying in Mr Allworthy's face; and declared with great concern, that it was impoſſible to find any other motive for doing good to ſuch a wretch.

Thwackum and Square likewiſe ſung to the ſame tune: they were now (eſpecially the latter) become greatly jealous of young Jones with the widow; for he now approached the age of twenty, was really a fine young fellow, and that lady, by her encouragements to him, ſeemed daily more and more to think him ſo.

Allworthy was not, however, moved with their malice. He declared himſelf very well ſatisfied with what Jones had done. He ſaid, the perſeverance and integrity of his friendſhip was highly commendable, and he wiſhed he could ſee more frequent inſtances of that virtue.

But Fortune, who ſeldom greatly reliſhes ſuch ſparks as my friend Tom, perhaps, becauſe they do not pay more ardent addreſſes to her, gave now a very different turn to all his actions, and ſhewed them to Mr Allworthy in a light far leſs agreeable than that gentleman's goodneſs had hitherto ſeen them in.

CHAP. VI.

An apology for the inſenſibility of Mr Jones, to all the charms of the lovely Sophia; in which poſſibly we may, in a conſiderable degree, lower his character in the eſtimation of thoſe men of wit and gallantry, who approve the heroes in moſt of our modern comedies.

THERE are two ſorts of people, who, I am afraid, have already conceived ſome contempt for my hero, on account of his behaviour to Sophia. The former of theſe will blame his prudence in neglecting an opportunity to poſſeſs himſelf of Mr Weſtern's fortune; and the latter will no leſs deſpiſe him for his backwardneſs to ſo fine a girl, who ſeemed ready to fly into his arms, if he would open them to receive her.

Now, though I ſhall not, perhaps, be able abſolutely to acquit him of either of theſe charges; (for want

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want of prudence admits of no excuſe; and what I ſhall produce againſt the latter charge, will, I apprehend, be ſcarce ſatisfactory;) yet, as evidence may ſometimes be offered in mitigation, I ſhall ſet forth the plain matter of fact, and leave the whole to the reader's determination.

Mr Jones had ſomewhat about him, which, though I think writers are not thoroughly agreed in its name, doth certainly inhabit ſome human breaſt; whoſe uſe is not ſo properly to diſtinguiſh right from wrong, as to prompt and incite them to the former, and to reſtrain and with-hold them from the latter.

This ſomewhat may be indeed reſembled to the famous trunk-maker in the play-houſe: for whenever the perſon who is poſſeſſed of it, doth what is right, no raviſhed or friendly ſpectator is ſo eager, or ſo loud in his applauſe; on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no critic is ſo apt to hiſs and explode him.

To give a higher idea of the principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the preſent age; it may be conſidered as ſitting on its throne in the mind, like the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of this kingdom in his court; where it preſides, governs, directs, judges, acquits and condemns according to merit and juſtice; with a knowledge which nothing eſcapes, a penetration which nothing can deceive, and an integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active principle may perhaps be ſaid to conſtitute the moſt eſſential barrier between us, and our neighbours the brutes; for if there be ſome in the human ſhape, who are not under any ſuch dominion, I chuſe rather to conſider them as deſerters from us to our neighbours; among whom they will have the fate of deſerters, and not be placed in the firſt rank.

Our hero, whether he derived it from Thwackum or Square I will not determine, was very ſtrongly under the guidance of this principle; for though he did not always act rightly, yet he never did otherwiſe, without feeling and ſuffering for it. It was this which taught him, that to repay the civilities and little friendſhips of hoſpitality by robbing the houſe where you have received them, is to be the baſeſt and

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meaneſt of thieves. He did not think the baſeneſs of this offence leſſened by the height of the injury committed; on the contrary, if to ſteal another's plate deſerved death and infamy, it ſeemed to him difficult to aſſign a puniſhment adequate to the robbing a man of his whole fortune, and of his child into the bargain.

This principle therefore prevented him from any thought of making his fortune by ſuch means; (for this, as I have ſaid, is an active principle, and doth not content itſelf with knowledge or belief only.) Had he been greatly enamoured of Sophia, he poſſibly might have thought otherwiſe; but give me leave to ſay, there is great difference between running away with a man's daughter from the motive of love, and doing the ſame thing from the motive of theft.

Now though this young gentleman was not inſenſible of the charms of Sophia; though he greatly liked her beauty, and eſteemed all her other qualifications, ſhe had made, however, no deep impreſſion on his heart: for which, as it renders him liable to the charge of ſtupidity, or at leaſt of want of taſte, we ſhall now proceed to account.

The truth then is, his heart was in the poſſeſſion of another woman. Here I queſtion not, but the reader will be ſurpriſed at our long taciturnity as to this matter; and quite at a loſs to divine who this woman was; ſince we have hitherto not dropt a hint of any one likely to be a rival to Sophia; for as to Mrs Bliſil, though we have been obliged to mention ſome ſuſpicions of her affection for Tom, we have not hitherto given the leaſt latitude for imagining that he had any for her; and, indeed, I am ſorry to ſay it, but the youth of both ſexes are too apt to be deficient in their gratitude, for that regard with which perſons more advanced in years are ſometimes ſo kind to honour them.

That the reader may be no longer in ſuſpence, he will be pleaſed to remember, that we have often mentioned the family of George Seagrim, (commonly called Black George, the Game-keeper) which conſiſted at preſent of a wife and five children.

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The second of these children was a daughter, whose name was Molly, and who was esteemed one of the handsomest girls in the whole country.

Congreve well says, there is in true beauty something which vulgar souls cannot admire; so can no dirt or rags hide this something from those souls which are not of the vulgar stamp.

The beauty of this girl made, however, no impression on Tom, till she grew towards the age of sixteen, when Tom, who was near three years older, began first to cast the eyes of affection upon her. And this affection he had fixed on the girl long before he could bring himself to attempt the possession of her person: for though his constitution urged him greatly to this, his principles no less forcibly restrained him. To debauch a young woman, however low her condition was, appeared to him a very heinous crime; and the good-will he bore the father, with the compassion he had for his family, very strongly corroborated all such sober reflections; so that he once resolved to get the better of his inclinations, and he actually abstained three whole months without ever going to Seagrim's house, or seeing his daughter.

Now, though Molly was, as we have said, generally thought a very fine girl, and in reality she was so, yet her beauty was not of the most amiable kind. It had indeed very little of feminine in it, and would have become a man at least as well as a woman; for, to say the truth, youth and florid health had a very considerable share in the composition.

Nor was her mind more effeminate than her person. As this was tall and robust, so was that bold and forward. So little had she of modesty, that Jones had more regard for her virtue than she herself. And as most probably she liked Tom as well as he liked her; so when she perceived his backwardness, she herself grew proportionably forward; and when she saw he had entirely deserted the house, she found means of throwing herself in his way, and behaved in such a manner, that the youth must have had very much, or very little of the hero, if her endeavours had proved unsuccessful. In a word, she soon triumphed over

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over all the virtuous reſolutions of Jones: for though ſhe behaved at laſt with all decent reluctance, yet I rather chuſe to attribute the triumph to her; ſince, in fact, it was her deſign which ſucceeded.

In the conduct of this matter, I ſay, Molly ſo well played her part, that Jones attributed the conqueſt entirely to himſelf, and conſidered the young woman as one who had yielded to the violent attacks of his paſſion. He likewiſe imputed her yielding to the ungovernable force of her love towards him; and this the reader will allow to have been a very natural and probable ſuppoſition, as we have more than once mentioned the uncommon comelineſs of his perſon: and indeed he was one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world.

As there are ſome minds whoſe affections, like Maſter Blifil's, are ſolely placed on one ſingle perſon, whoſe intereſt and indulgence alone they conſider on every occaſion; regarding the good and ill of all others as merely indifferent, any farther than as they contribute to the pleaſure or advantage of that perſon: ſo there is a different temper of mind which borrows a degree of virtue even from ſelf-love. Such can never receive any kind of ſatisfaction from another, without loving the creature to whom that ſatisfaction is owing, and without making its well-being in ſome ſort neceſſary to their own eaſe.

Of this latter ſpecies was our hero. He conſidered this poor girl as one whoſe happineſs or miſery he had cauſed to be dependent on himſelf. Her beauty was ſtill the object of deſire, though greater beauty, or a freſher object, might have been more ſo; but the little abatement which fruition had occaſioned to this, was highly over-balanced by the conſiderations of the affection which ſhe viſibly bore him, and of the ſituation into which he had brought her. The former of theſe created gratitude, the latter compaſſion; and both together, with his deſire for her perſon, raiſed in him a paſſion, which might, without any great violence to the word, be called love; though, perhaps, it was at firſt not very judiciouſly placed.

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This then was the true reaſon of that inſenſibility which he had ſhewn to the charms of Sophia, and that behaviour in her, which might have been reaſonably enough interpreted as an encouragement to his addreſſes: for as he could not think of abandoning his Molly, poor and deſtitute as ſhe was, ſo no more could he entertain a notion of betraying ſuch a creature as Sophia. And ſurely, had he given the leaſt encouragement to any paſſion for that young lady, he muſt have been abſolutely guilty of one or other of thoſe crimes; either of which would, in my opinion, have very juſtly ſubjected him to that fate, which, at his firſt introduction into this hiſtory, I mentioned to have been generally predicted as his certain deſtiny.

CHAP. VII.

Being the ſhorteſt chapter in this book.

HER mother firſt perceived the alteration in the ſhape of Molly; and in order to hide it from her neighbours, ſhe fooliſhly clothed her in that ſack which Sophia had ſent her. Though indeed that young lady had little apprehenſion, that the poor woman would have been weak enough to let any of her daughters wear it in that form.

Molly was charmed with the firſt opportunity ſhe ever had of ſhewing her beauty to advantage; for though ſhe could very well bear to contemplate herſelf in the glaſs, even when dreſt in rags; and though ſhe had in that dreſs conquered the heart of Jones, and perhaps of ſome others; yet ſhe thought the addition of finery would much improve her charms, and extend her conqueſts.

Molly, therefore, having dreſſed herſelf out in this ſack, with a new laced cap, and ſome other ornaments which Tom had given her, repairs to church with her fan in her hand the very next Sunday. The great are deceived, if they imagine they have appropriated ambition and vanity to themſelves. Theſe noble qualities flouriſh as notably in a country-church, and church-

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church-yard, as in the drawing-room, or in the closet. Schemes have indeed been laid in the vestry, which would hardly disgrace the conclave. Here is a ministry, and here is an opposition. Here are plots and circumventions, parties and factions, equal to those which are to be found in courts.

Nor are the women here less practised in the highest feminine arts than their fair superiors in quality and fortune. Here are prudes and coquettes. Here are dressing and ogling, falsehood, envy, malice, scandal; in short, every thing which is common to the most splendid assembly, or politest circle. Let those of high life, therefore, no longer despise the ignorance of their inferiors; nor the vulgar any longer rail at the vices of their betters.

Molly had seated herself some time, before she was known by her neighbours. And then a whisper ran through the whole congregation, 'Who is she?' but when she was discovered, such sneering, giggling, tittering, and laughing, ensued among the women, that Mr Allworthy was obliged to exert his authority to preserve any decency among them.

CHAP. VIII.

A battle sung by the muse in the Homerican stile, and which none but the classical reader can taste.

MR Western had an estate in this parish; and as his house stood at little greater distance from this church than from his own, he very often came to divine service here; and both he and the charming Sophia happened to be present at this time.

Sophia was much pleased with the beauty of the girl, whom she pitied for her simplicity, in having dressed herself in that manner, as she saw the envy which it had occasioned among her equals. She no sooner came home, than she sent for the game-keeper, and ordered him to bring his daughter to her; saying, she would provide for her in the family, and might possibly place the girl about her own person, when her own maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor

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Poor Seagrim was thunderſtruck at this; for he was no ſtranger to the fault in the ſhape of his daughter. He anſwered in a ſtammering voice, 'That he 'was afraid Molly would be too auckward to wait on 'her ladyſhip, as ſhe had never been at ſervice.' 'No matter for that,' ſays Sophia, 'ſhe will ſoon 'improve. I am pleaſed with the girl, and am re-'ſolved to try her.'

Black George now repaired to his wife, on whoſe prudent counſel he depended to extricate him out of this dilemma; but when he came thither, he found his houſe in ſome confuſion. So great envy had this ſack occaſioned, that when Mr Allworthy and the other gentry were gone from church, the rage, which had hitherto been confined, burſt into an uproar; and, having vented itſelf at firſt in opprobrious words, laughs, hiſſes, and geſtures, betook itſelf at laſt to certain miſſile weapons; which though, from their plaſtic nature they threatened neither the loſs of life nor limb, were however ſufficiently dreadful to a well-dreſſed lady. Molly had too much ſpirit to bear this treatment tamely. Having therefore—but hold, as we are diffident of our own abilities, let us here invite a ſuperior power to our aſſiſtance.

Ye muſes then, whoever ye are, who love to ſing battles, and principally thou, who whilom didſt recouut the ſlaughter in thoſe fields where Hudibras and Trulla fought, if thou wert not ſtarved with thy friend Butler, aſſiſt me on this great occaſion. All things are not in the power of all.

As a vaſt herd of cows in a rich farmer's yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their calves at a diſtance, lamenting the robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow: ſo roared forth the Somerſetſhire mob an hallaloo, made up of almoſt as many ſquawls, ſcreams, and other different ſounds, as there were perſons, or indeed paſſions, among them: ſome were inſpired by rage, others alarmed by fear, and others had nothing in their heads but the love of fun; but chiefly Envy, the ſiſter of Satan, and his conſtant companion, ruſhed among the crowd, and blew up the fury of the women; who no ſooner came

up

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up to Molly, than they pelted her with dirt and rubbiſh.

Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make a handſome retreat, faced about; and laying hold of ragged Beſs, who advanced in the front of the enemy, ſhe at one blow felled her to the ground. The whole army of the enemy (though near a hundred in number) ſeeing the fate of their general, gave back many paces, and retired behind a new-dug grave; for the church-yard was the field of battle, where there was to be a funeral that very evening. Molly purſued her victory, and catching up a ſkull which lay on the ſide of the grave, diſcharged it with ſuch fury, that having hit a taylor on the head, the two ſkulls ſent equally forth a hollow ſound at their meeting, and the taylor took preſently meaſure of his length on the ground, where the ſkulls lay ſide by ſide, and it was doubtful which was the more valuable of the two. Molly then taking a thigh-bone in her hand, fell in among the flying ranks, and dealing her blows with great liberality on either ſide, overthrew the carcaſe of many a mighty hero and heroine.

Recount, O muſe, the names of thoſe who fell on this fatal day. Firſt, Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder head the direful bone. Him the pleaſant banks of ſweetly winding Stour had nouriſhed, where he firſt learnt the vocal art, with which, wandering up and down at wakes and fairs he cheered the rural nymphs and ſwains, when upon the green they interweav'd the ſprightly dance; while he himſelf ſtood fiddling and jumping to his own muſic. How little now avails his fiddle? He thumps the verdant floor with his carcaſe. Next old Echepole, the ſow-gelder, received a blow in his forehead from our Amazonian heroine, and immediately fell to the ground. He was a ſwinging fat fellow, and fell with almoſt as much noiſe as a houſe. His tobacco-box dropt at the ſame time from his pocket, which Molly took up as lawful ſpoils. Then Kate of the mill tumbled unfortunately over a tomb-ſtone, which catching hold of her ungartered ſtocking, inverted the order of nature, and gave her heels the ſuperiority to her head.

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Betty Pippin, with young Roger her lover, fell both to the ground; where, O perverſe Fate! ſhe ſalutes the earth, and he the ſky. Tom Freckle, the ſmith's ſon, was the next victim to her rage. He was an ingenious workman, and made excellent pattins; nay, the very pattin with which he was knocked down was his own workmanſhip. Had he been at that time ſinging pſalms in the church, he would have avoided a broken head. Miſs Crow, the daughter of a farmer; John Giddiſh, himſelf a farmer; Nan Slouch; Eſther Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Miſſes Potter, whoſe father keeps the ſign of the Red-Lion, Betty Chambermaid, Jack Oſtler, and many others of inferior note, lay rolling among the graves.

Not that the ſtrenuous arm of Molly reached all theſe; for many of them in their flight overthrew each other.

But now Fortune, fearing ſhe had acted out of character, and had inclined too long to the ſame ſide, eſpecially as it was the right ſide, haſtily turned about; for now goody Brown,—whom Zekiel Brown careſſed in his arms; nor he alone, but half the pariſh beſides; ſo famous was ſhe in the fields of Venus, nor indeed leſs in thoſe of Mars. The trophies of both theſe her huſband always bore about on his head and face; for if ever human head did by its horns diſplay the amorous glories of a wife, Zekiel's did; nor did his well-ſcratched face leſs denote her talents (or rather talons) of a different kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the ſhameful flight of her party. She ſtopt ſhort, and calling aloud to all who fled, ſpoke as follows: 'Ye Somerſetſhire men, 'or rather ye Somerſetſhire women, are ye not aſham-'ed thus to fly from a ſingle woman? but if no other 'will oppoſe her, I myſelf and Joan Top here will 'have the honour of the victory.' Having thus ſaid, ſhe flew at Molly Seagrim, and eaſily wrenched the thigh-bone from her hand, at the ſame time clawing off her cap from her head. Then laying hold of the hair of Molly, with her left hand, ſhe attacked her ſo furiouſly in the face with the right, that the blood

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ſoon began to trickle from her noſe. Molly was not idle this while. She ſoon removed the clout from the head of goody Brown, and then faſtening on her hair with one hand, with the other ſhe cauſed another bloody ſtream to iſſue forth from the noſtrils of the enemy.

When each of the combatants had borne off ſufficient ſpoils of hair from the head of her antagoniſt, the next rage was againſt the garments. In this attack they exerted ſo much violence, that, in a very few minutes, they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the women, that the ſeat of fiſty-cuff-war is not the ſame with them as among men; but though they may ſeem a little to deviate from their ſex, when they go forth to battle, yet I have obſerved, they never ſo far forget, as to aſſail the boſoms of each other; where a few blows would be fatal to moſt of them. This, I know, ſome derive from their being of a more bloody inclination than the males. On which account they apply to the noſe, as to the part whence blood may moſt eaſily be drawn; but this ſeems a far-fetched, as well as ill-natured ſuppoſition.

Goody Brown had great advantage of Molly in this particular; for the former had indeed no breaſts, her boſom (if it may be ſo called) as well in colour as in many other properties, exactly reſembling an ancient piece of parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a conſiderable while, without doing her any great damage.

Molly, beſide her preſent unhappy condition, was differently formed in thoſe parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the envy of Brown to give her a fatal blow, had not the lucky arrival of Tom Jones at this inſtant put an immediate end to the bloody ſcene.

This accident was luckily owing to Mr Square; for he, Maſter Bliſil, and Jones, had mounted their horſes, after church, to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile, when Square, changing his mind, (not idly, but for a reaſon which we ſhall unfold as ſoon as we have leiſure) deſired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at

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at first purposed. This motion being complied with, brought them of necessity back again to the church-yard.

Master Blifil, who rode first, seeing such a mob assembled, and two women in the posture in which we left the combatants, stopt his horse to inquire what was the matter. A country fellow, scratching his head, answered him; 'I don't know measter un't 'I; and please your honour, here hath been a vight, 'I think, between goody Brown and Moll Seagrim.' 'Who, who!' cries Tom; but without waiting for an answer, having discovered the features of his Molly through all the discomposure in which they now were, he hastily alighted, turned his horse loose, and leaping over the wall ran to her. She now first bursting into tears, told him how barbarously she had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the sex of goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it, in his rage; for, in reality she had no feminine appearance, but a petticoat, which he might not observe, he gave her a lash or two with his horse-whip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accused by Moll, he dealt his blows so profusely on all sides, that unless I would again invoke the muse, (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as she hath so lately been violently sweated) it would be impossible for me to recount the horse-whipping of that day.

Having scoured the whole coast of the enemy, as well as any of Homer's heroes ever did, or as Don Quixote, or any knight-errant in the world could have done, he returned to Molly, whom he found in a condition, which must give both me and my reader pain, was it to be described here. Tom raved like a madman, beat his breast, tore his hair, stamped on the ground, and vowed the utmost vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his coat, and buttoned it round her, put his hat upon her head, wiped the blood from her face as well as he could with his handkerchief, and called out to the servant to ride as fast as possible for a side-saddle, or a pillion, that he might carry her safe home.

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Master Blifil objected to the sending away the servant, as they had only one with them; but as Square seconded the order of Jones, he was obliged to comply.

The servant returned in a very short time with the pillion, and Molly having collected her rags as well as she could, was placed behind him. In which manner she was carried home, Square, Blifil, and Jones attending.

Here Jones having received his coat, given her a fly kiss, and whispered her that he would return in the evening, quitted his Molly, and rode on after his companions.

CHAP. IX.

Containing matter of no very peaceable colour.

MOLLY had no sooner apparelled herself in her accustomed rags, than her sisters began to fall violently upon her: particularly her eldest sister, who told her she was well-enough served, 'How had she 'the assurance to wear a gown which young Madam 'Western had given to mother! if one of us was 'to wear it, I think,' says she, 'I myself have the 'best right; but I warrant you think it belongs to 'your beauty. I suppose you think yourself more 'handsomer than any of us.' 'Hand her down the 'bit of glass from over the cupboard,' cries another; 'I'd wash the blood from my face before I talked of 'my beauty.' 'You'd better have minded what the 'parson says,' cries the eldest, 'and not a harkened 'after men yoke.' 'Indeed, child, and so she had,' says the mother sobbing, 'she hath brought a dis-'grace upon us all. She's the vurst of the vamily 'that ever was a whore.' 'You need not upbraid 'me with that, mother, cries Molly; 'you your-'self was brought to-bed of sister there, within a week 'after you was married.' 'Yes, hussy,' answered the enraged mother, 'so I was, and what was the 'mighty matter of that? I was made an honest wo-'man then; and if you was to be made an honest 'woman,

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'woman, I ſhould not be angry; but you muſt have 'to doing with a gentleman, you naſty ſlut; you 'will have a baſtard, huſſy, you will; and that I de-'fy any one to ſay of me.'

In this ſituation Black George found his family, when he came home for the purpoſe before-mentioned. As his wife and three daughters were all of them talking together, and moſt of them crying, it was ſome time before he could get an opportunity of being heard; but as ſoon as ſuch an interval occurred, he acquainted the company with what Sophia had ſaid to him.

Goody Seagrim then began to revile her daughter afreſh. 'Here,' ſays ſhe, 'you have brought us into 'a fine quandary indeed. What will Madam ſay to 'that big belly? Oh that ever I ſhould live to ſee 'this day!'

Molly anſwered with great ſpirit, 'And what is this 'mighty place which you have got for me, father?' (for he had not well underſtood the phraſe uſed by Sophia of being about her perſon.) 'I ſuppoſe it is 'to be under the cook; but I ſhan't waſh diſhes for 'any body. My gentleman will provide better for 'me. See what he hath given me this afternoon: 'he hath promiſed I ſhall never want, mother; and 'you ſhan't want money neither, if you will hold 'your tongue, and know when you are well.' And ſo ſaying, ſhe pulled out ſeveral guineas, and gave her mother one of them.

The good woman no ſooner felt the gold within her palm, than her temper began (ſuch is the efficacy of that panacea) to be mollified. 'Why, huſband, ſays ſhe, 'would any but ſuch a blockhead as you 'not have inquired what place this was before he 'had accepted it? Perhaps, as Molly ſays, it may be 'in the kitchen; and truly I don't care my daughter 'ſhould be a ſcullion wench: for poor as I am, I 'am a gentlewoman. And thof I was obliged, as 'my father, who was a clergyman, died worſe than 'nothing, and ſo could not give me a ſhilling of 'potion, to undervalue myſelf, by marrying a poor 'man; yet I would have you to know, I have a ſpirit

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'above all them things. Marry come up! it would 'better become Madam Weſtern to look at home, 'and remember who her own grand-father was. Some 'of my family, for ought I know, might ride in their 'coaches, when the grand fathers of ſome yoke walk-'ed a-voot. I warrant ſhe fancies ſhe did a mighty 'matter, when ſhe ſent us that old gownd; ſome of 'my family would not have picked up ſuch rags in 'the ſtreet; but poor people are always trampled 'upon.—The pariſh need not have been in ſuch a 'fluſter with Molly.——You might have told them, 'child, your grandmother wore better things new 'out of the ſhop.'

'Well, but conſider,' cried George, 'What anſwer 'ſhall I make to Madam?' 'I don't know what an-'ſwer,' ſays ſhe. 'You are always bringing your 'family into one quandary or other. Do you remem-'ber when you ſhot the partridge, the occaſion of all 'our misfortunes? Did not I adviſe you never to go 'into 'ſquire Weſtern's manor? Did not I tell you 'many a good year ago what would come of it? But 'you would have your own headſtrong ways; yes, 'you would, you villain.'——

Black George was, in the main, a peaceable kind of fellow, and nothing choleric, nor raſh; yet did he bear about him ſomething of what the ancients called the iraſcible, and which his wife, if ſhe had been endowed with much wiſdom, would have feared. He had long experienced, that when the ſtorm grew very high, arguments were but wind, which ſerved rather to increaſe than to abate it. He was therefore ſeldom unprovided with a ſmall ſwitch, a remedy of wonderful force, as he had often eſſayed, and which the word villain ſerved as a hint for his applying.

No ſooner, therefore, had this ſymptom appeared, than he had immediate recourſe to the ſaid remedy, which though, as it is uſual in all very efficacious medicines, it at firſt ſeemed to heighten and inflame the diſeaſe, ſoon produced a total calm, and reſtored the patient to perfect eaſe and tranquillity.

This is, however, a kind of horſe-medicine, which requires a very robuſt conſtitution to digeſt, and is therefore

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therefore proper only for the vulgar, unleſs in one ſingle inſtance, viz. where ſuperiority of birth breaks out; in which caſe, we ſhould not think it very improperly applied by any huſband whatever, if the application was not in itſelf ſo baſe, that, like certain applications of the phyſical kind, which need not be mentioned, it ſo much degrades and contaminates the hand employed in it, that no gentleman ſhould endure the thought of any thing ſo low and deteſtable.

The whole family were ſoon reduced to a ſtate of perfect quiet; for the virtue of this medicine, like that of electricity, is often communicated through one perſon to many others, who are not touched by the inſtrument. To ſay the truth, as they both operate by friction, it may be doubted whether there is not ſomething analogous between them, of which Mr Freke would do well to inquire, before he publiſhes the next edition of his book.

A council was now called, in which, after many debates, Molly ſtill perſiſting that ſhe would not go to ſervice, it was at length reſolved, that goody Seagrim herſelf ſhould wait on Miſs Weſtern, and endeavour to procure the place for her eldeſt daughter, who declared great readineſs to accept it: but Fortune, who ſeems to have been an enemy of this little family, afterwards put a ſtop to her promotion.

CHAP. X.

A ſtory told by Mr Supple, the curate. The penetration of 'ſquire Weſtern. His great love for his daughter, and the return to it made by her.

THE next morning Tom Jones hunted with Mr Weſtern, and was at his return invited by that gentleman to dinner.

The lovely Sophia ſhone forth that day with more gaiety and ſprightlineſs than uſual. Her battery was certainly levelled at our hero; though, I believe, ſhe herſelf ſcarce yet knew her own intention; but if ſhe

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ſhe had any deſign of charming him, ſhe now ſucceeded.

Mr Supple, the curate of Mr Allworthy's pariſh, made one of the company. He was a good-natured worthy man; but chiefly remarkable for his great taciturnity at table, though his mouth was never ſhut at it. In ſhort, he had one of the beſt appetites in the world. However, the cloth was no ſooner taken away, than he always made ſufficient amends for his ſilence: for he was a very hearty fellow; and his converſation was often entertaining, never offenſive.

At his firſt arrival, which was immediately before the entrance of the roaſt-beef, he had given an intimation that he had brought ſome news with him, and was beginning to tell, that he came that moment from Mr Allworthy's, when the ſight of the roaſt-beef ſtruck him dumb, permitting him only to ſay grace, and to declare, he muſt pay his reſpect to the baronet: for ſo he called the ſirloin.

When dinner was over, being reminded by Sophia of his news, he began as follows: I believe, lady, 'your ladyſhip obſerved a young woman at church 'yeſterday at even-ſong, who was dreſt in one of 'your outlandiſh-garments; I think I have ſeen your 'ladyſhip in ſuch a one. However, in the country, 'ſuch dreſſes are

'*Rara avis in terris, nigroque ſimillima Cygno.*

'That is, Madam, as much as to ſay,

'A rare bird upon the earth, and very like a black 'ſwan.

'The verſe is in Juvenal: but to return to what I 'was relating. I was ſaying ſuch garments are rare 'ſights in the country; and perchance too, it was 'thought the more rare, reſpect being had to the per'ſon who wore it, who, they tell me, is the daugh'ter of Black George, your worſhip's game-keeper, 'whoſe ſufferings I ſhould have opined, might have 'taught him more wit, than to dreſs forth his wenches 'in

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'in ſuch gaudy apparel. She created ſo much con-
'fuſion in the congregation, that if 'ſquire Allworthy
'had not ſilenced it, it would have interrupted the
'ſervice; for I was once about to ſtop in the middle
'of the firſt leſſon. Howbeit, nevertheleſs, after
'prayer was over, and I was departed home, this oc-
'caſioned a battle in the church-yard, where, amongſt
'other miſchief, the head of a travelling fidler was
'very much broken. This morning the fidler came
'to 'ſquire Allworthy for a warrant, and the wench
'was brought before him. The 'ſquire was inclined
'to have compounded matters; when, lo! on a ſud-
'den, the wench appeared (I aſk your Ladyſhip's
'pardon) to be, as it were, at the eve of bringing
'forth a baſtard. The 'ſquire demanded of her who
'was the father? But ſhe pertinaciouſly refuſed to
'make any reſponſe. So that he was about to make
'her mittimus to Bridewell, when I departed.'

'And is a wench having a baſtard all your news,
'doctor?' cries Weſtern, 'I thought it might have
'been ſome public matter, ſomething about the na-
'tion.'

'I am afraid it is too common, indeed,' anſwered the parſon, 'but I thought the whole ſtory all to-
'gether deſerved commemorating. As to national
'matters, your worſhip knows them beſt. My con-
'cerns extend no farther than my own pariſh.'

'Why, ay,' ſays the 'ſquire, 'I believe I do know
'a little of that matter, as you ſay; but, come,
'Tommy, drink about, the bottle ſtands with you.'

Tom begged to be excuſed, for that he had par-ticular buſineſs; and getting up from table, eſcaped the clutches of the 'ſquire, who was riſing to ſtop him, and went off with very little ceremony.

The 'ſquire gave him a good curſe at his departure; and then turning to the parſon, he cried out, 'I ſmoke
'it, I ſmoke it. Tom is certainly the veather of this
'baſtard. Zooks, parſon, you remember how he re-
'commended the veather o' her to me.——D—n un,
'what a ſly b—ch 'tis. Ay, ay, as ſure as twopence
'Tom is the veather of the baſtard.'

I ſhould

'I ſhould be very ſorry for that,' ſays the parſon.
'Why ſorry,' cries the 'ſquire, 'Where is the
'mighty matter o't? What, I ſuppoſe, doſt pretend
'that thee haſt never got a baſtard? Pox! more good
'luck's thine: for I warrant haſt a done *therefore*
'many's the good time and often.' 'Your worſhip
'is pleaſed to be jocular,' anſwered the parſon, 'but
'I do not only animadvert on the ſinfulneſs of the
'action, though that ſurely is to be greatly depre-
'cated; but I fear his unrighteouſneſs may injure
'him with Mr Allworthy. And truly I muſt ſay,
'though he hath the character of being a little wild,
'I never ſaw any harm in the young man; nor can
'I ſay I have heard any, ſave what your worſhip now
'mentions. I wiſh, indeed, he was a little more re-
'gular in his reſponſes at church; but altogether he
'ſeems

'*Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris.*

'That is a claſſical line, young lady, and being
'rendered into Engliſh is, "A lad of an ingenuous
"countenance, and of an ingenuous modeſty:" for
'this was a virtue in great repute both among the
'Latins and Greeks. I muſt ſay the young gentle-
'man (for ſo I think I may call him, notwithſtand-
'ing his birth) appears to me a very modeſt civil lad,
'and I ſhould be ſorry that he ſhould do himſelf any
'injury in 'ſquire Allworthy's opinion.'

'Poogh!' ſays the 'ſquire, 'Injury with Allwor-
'thy! Why, Allworthy loves a wench himſelf. Doth
'not all the country know whoſe ſon Tom is? You
'muſt talk to another perſon in that manner. I re-
'member Allworthy at college.'

'I thought,' ſaid the parſon, 'he had never been
'at the univerſity.'

'Yes, yes, he was,' ſays the 'ſquire, 'and many
'a wench have we two had together. As arrant a
'whoremaſter as any within five miles o'un. No,
'no. It will do'n no harm with he, aſſure yourſelf;
'nor with any body elſe. Aſk Sophy there—You
'have

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'have not the worſe opinion of a young fellow for 'getting a baſtard, have you, girl? No, no, the wo-'men will like un the better for't.'

This was a cruel queſtion to poor Sophia. She had obſerved Tom's colour change at the parſon's ſtory; and that, with his haſty and abrupt departure, gave her ſufficient reaſon to think her father's ſuſpicion not groundleſs. Her heart, now, at once, diſcovered the great ſecret to her, which it had been ſo long diſcloſing by little and little; and ſhe found herſelf highly intereſted in this matter. In ſuch a ſituation, her father's malapert queſtion ruſhing ſuddenly upon her, produced ſome ſymptoms which might have alarmed a ſuſpicious heart; but to do the 'ſquire juſtice, that was not his fault. When ſhe roſe therefore from her chair, and told him, a hint from him was always ſufficient to make her withdraw, he ſuffered her to leave the room, and then with great gravity of countenance remarked, 'That it was better to ſee a daughter over-'modeſt, than over-forward:' a ſentiment which was highly applauded by the parſon.

There now enſued between the 'ſquire and the parſon, a moſt excellent political diſcourſe, framed out of news-papers, and political pamphlets; in which they made a libation of four bottles of wine to the good of their country; and then, the 'ſquire being faſt aſleep, the parſon lighted his pipe, mounted his horſe, and rode home.

When the 'ſquire had finiſhed his half-hour's nap, he ſummoned his daughter to her harpſichord; but ſhe begged to be excuſed that evening, on account of a violent head-ach. This remiſſion was preſently granted: for indeed ſhe ſeldom had occaſion to aſk him twice, as he loved her with ſuch ardent affection, that by gratifying her, he commonly conveyed the higheſt gratification to himſelf. She was really what he frequently called her, his little darling, and ſhe well deſerved to be ſo; for ſhe returned all his affection in the moſt ample manner. She had preſerved the moſt inviolable duty to him in all things; and this her love made not only eaſy, but ſo delightful, that when

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when one of her companions laughed at her, for placing so much merit in such scrupulous obedience, as that young lady called it, Sophia answered, 'You 'mistake me, Madam, if you think I value myself 'upon this account: for besides that I am barely 'discharging my duty, I am likewise pleasing myself. 'I can truly say, I have no delight equal to that of 'contributing to my father's happiness: and if I va-'lue myself, my dear, it is on having this power, and 'not on executing it.'

This was a satisfaction, however, which poor Sophia was incapable of tasting this evening. She therefore not only desired to be excused from her attendance at the harpsichord, but likewise begged that he would suffer her to absent herself from supper. To this request likewise the 'squire agreed, though not without some reluctance; for he scarce ever permitted her to be out of his sight, unless when he was engaged with his horses, dogs, or bottle. Nevertheless, he yielded to the desire of his daughter, though the poor man was at the same time, obliged to avoid his own company, (if I may so express myself) by sending for a neighbouring farmer to sit with him.

CHAP. XI.

The narrow escape of Molly Seagrim, with some observations, for which we have been forced to dive pretty deep into nature.

TOM JONES had ridden one of Mr Western's horses that morning in the chace; so that having no horse of his own in the 'squire's stable, he was obliged to go home on foot: this he did so expeditiously, that he ran upwards of three miles within the half hour.

Just as he arrived at Mr Allworthy's outward gate, he met the constable and company, with Molly in their possession, whom they were conducting to that house where the inferior sort of people may learn one good lesson, viz. respect and deference to their superiors; since it must shew them the wide distinction

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Fortune intends between thoſe perſons who are to be corrected for their faults, and thoſe who are not; which leſſon, if they do not learn, I am afraid, they very rarely learn any other good leſſon, or improve their morals, at the houſe of correction.

A lawyer may, perhaps, think Mr Allworthy exceeded his authority a little in this inſtance. And, to ſay the truth, I queſtion, as here was no regular information before him, whether his conduct was ſtrictly regular. However, as his intention was truly upright, he ought to be excuſed in *Foro Conſcientiæ*; ſince ſo many arbitrary acts are daily committed by magiſtrates, who have not this excuſe to plead for themſelves.

Tom was no ſooner informed by the conſtable whither they were proceeding, (indeed he pretty well gueſſed it of himſelf,) than he caught Molly in his arms, and embracing her tenderly before them all, ſwore he would murder the firſt man who offered to lay hold of her. He bid her dry her eyes, and be comforted; for wherever ſhe went he would accompany her. Then turning to the conſtable, who ſtood trembling with his hat off, he deſired him, in a very mild voice, to return with him for a moment only to his father, (ſo he now called Allworthy) for he durſt, he ſaid, be aſſured, that when he had alledged what he had to ſay in her favour, the girl would be diſcharged.

The conſtable, who, I make no doubt, would have ſurrendered his priſoner, had Tom demanded her, very readily conſented to this requeſt. So back they all went into Mr Allworthy's hall; where Tom deſired them to ſtay till his return, and then went himſelf in purſuit of the good man. As ſoon as he was found, Tom threw himſelf at his feet, and having begged a patient hearing, confeſſed himſelf to be the father of the child, of which Molly was then big. He intreated him to have compaſſion on the poor girl, and to conſider, if there was any guilt in the caſe, it lay principally at his door.

'If there is any guilt in the caſe!' anſwered Allworthy warmly, 'Are you then ſo profligate and

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'abandoned a libertine, to doubt whether the breaking the laws of God and man, the corrupting and ruining a poor girl be guilt? I own, indeed, it doth lye principally upon you, and so heavy it is, that you ought to expect it should crush you.'

'Whatever may be my fate,' says Tom, 'let me succeed in my intercessions for the poor girl. I confess I have corrupted her; but whether she shall be ruined, depends on you. For Heaven's sake, Sir, revoke your warrant, and do not send her to a place which must unavoidably prove her destruction.'

Allworthy bid him immediately call a servant. Tom answered, there was no occasion; for he had luckily met them at the gate, and relying upon his goodness, had brought them all back into his hall, where they now waited his final resolution, which, upon his knees, he besought him might be in favour of the girl; that she might be permitted to go home to her parents, and not be exposed to a greater degree of shame and scorn than must necessarily fall upon her. 'I know,' said he, 'that is too much. I know I am the wicked occasion of it. I will endeavour to make amends, if possible; and if you shall have hereafter the goodness to forgive me, I hope I shall deserve it.'

Allworthy hesitated some time, and at last said, 'Well, I will discharge my mittimus.——You may send the constable to me.' He was instantly called, discharged, and so was the girl.

It will be believed that Mr Allworthy failed not to read Tom a very severe lecture on this occasion; but it is unnecessary to insert it here, as we have faithfully transcribed what he said to Jenny Jones in the first book, most of which may be applied to the men, equally with the women. So sensible an effect had these reproofs on the young man, who was no hardened sinner, that he retired to his own room, where he passed the evening alone, in much melancholy contemplation.

Allworthy was sufficiently offended by this transgression of Jones; for, notwithstanding the assertions of Mr Western, it is certain, this worthy man had never

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never indulged himself in any loose pleasures with women, and greatly condemned the vice of incontinence in others. Indeed, there is much reason to imagine, that there was not the least truth in what Mr Western affirmed, especially as he laid the scene of those impurities at the university, where Mr Allworthy had never been: In fact, the good 'squire was a little too apt to indulge that kind of pleasantry which is generally called rhodomontade; but which may, with as much propriety, be expressed by a much shorter word; and, perhaps, we too often supply the use of this little monosyllable by others; since very much of what frequently passes in the world for wit and humour, should, in the strictest purity of language, receive that short appellation, which, in conformity to the well-bred laws of custom, I here suppress.

But whatever detestation Mr Allworthy had to this or to any other vice, he was not so blinded by it, but that he could discern any virtue in the guilty person, as clearly, indeed, as if there had been no mixture of vice in the same character. While he was angry therefore with the incontinence of Jones, he was no less pleased with the honour and honesty of his self-accusation. He began now to form in his mind the same opinion of this young fellow, which, we hope, our reader may have conceived. And in balancing his faults with his perfections, the latter seemed rather to preponderate.

It was to no purpose, therefore, that Thwackum, who was immediately charged by Mr Blifil with the story, unbended all his rancour against poor Tom; Allworthy gave a patient hearing to their invectives, and then answered coldly; 'that young men of 'Tom's complexion were too generally addicted to 'this vice; but he believed That youth was sincerely 'affected with what he had said to him on the occa'sion, and he hoped he would not transgress again.' So that, as the days of whipping were at an end, the tutor had no other vent but his own mouth for his gall; the usual poor resource of impotent revenge.

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But Square, who was a leſs violent, was a much more artful man: and as he hated Jones more, perhaps, than Thwackum himſelf did, ſo he contrived to do him more miſchief in the mind of Mr Allworthy.

The reader muſt remember the ſeveral little incidents of the partridge, the horſe, and the bible, which were recounted in the ſecond book. By all which Jones had rather improved than injured the affection which Mr Allworthy was inclined to entertain for him. The ſame, I believe, muſt have happened to him with every other perſon who hath any idea of friendſhip, generoſity, and greatneſs of ſpirit; that is to ſay, who hath any traces of goodneſs in his mind.

Square himſelf was not unacquainted with the true impreſſion which thoſe ſeveral inſtances of goodneſs had made on the excellent heart of Allworthy; for the philoſopher very well knew what virtue was, tho' he was not always, perhaps, ſteady in its purſuit: but as for Thwackum, from what reaſon I will not determine, no ſuch thoughts ever entered into his head: he ſaw Jones in a bad light, and he imagined Allworthy ſaw him in the ſame, but that he was reſolved, from pride and ſtubbornneſs of ſpirit, not to give up the boy whom he had once cheriſhed; ſince, by ſo doing, he muſt tacitly acknowledge, that his former opinion of him had been wrong.

Square therefore embraced this opportunity of injuring Jones in the tendereſt part, by giving a very bad turn to all theſe before-mentioned occurrences. 'I am ſorry, Sir,' ſaid he, 'to own I have been deceived as well as yourſelf. I could not, I confeſs, help being pleaſed with what I aſcribed to the motive of friendſhip, though it was carried to an exceſs, and all exceſs is faulty and vicious: but in this I made allowance for youth. Little did I ſuſpect that the ſacrifice of truth, which we both imagined to have been made to friendſhip, was, in reality, a proſtitution of it to a depraved and debauched appetite. You now plainly ſee whence all the ſeeming generoſity of this young man to the family of the game-keeper proceeded. He ſupported the father,

'in

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'in order to corrupt the daughter, and preserved the 'family from ſtarving, to bring one of them to ſhame 'and ruin. This is friendſhip! this is generoſity! 'As Sir Richard Steele ſays, "Gluttons, who give "high prices for delicacies, are very worthy to be "called generous." In ſhort, I am reſolved, from 'this inſtance, never to give way to the weakneſs of 'human nature more, nor to think any thing virtue 'which doth not exactly quadrate with the unerring 'rule of right.'

The goodneſs of Allworthy had prevented thoſe conſiderations from occuring to himſelf; yet were they too plauſible to be abſolutely and haſtily rejected, when laid before his eyes by another. Indeed what Square had ſaid ſunk very deeply into his mind, and the uneaſineſs which it there created, was very viſible to the other; though the good man would not acknowledge this, but made a very ſlight anſwer, and forcibly drove off the diſcourſe to ſome other ſubject. It was well, perhaps, for poor Tom, that no ſuch ſuggeſtions had been made before he was pardoned; for they certainly ſtamped in the mind of Allworthy the firſt bad impreſſion concerning Jones.

CHAP. XII.

Containing much clearer matters; but which flowed from the ſame fountain with thoſe in the preceding chapter.

THE reader will be pleaſed, I believe, to return with me to Sophia. She paſſed the night, after we ſaw her laſt, in no very agreeable manner. Sleep befriended her but little, and dreams leſs. In the morning, when Mrs Honour her maid attended her, at the uſual hour, ſhe was found already up and dreſt.

Perſons who live two or three miles diſtance in the country are conſidered as next door-neighbours, and tranſactions at the one houſe fly with incredible celerity to the other. Mrs Honour, therefore, had heard the whole ſtory of Molly's ſhame; which ſhe, being of a very communicative temper, had no ſooner entered

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tered the apartment of her miſtreſs, than ſhe began to relate in the following manner:

'La, Ma'am, what doth your la'ſhip think? the 'girl that your la'ſhip ſaw at church on Sunday, 'whom you thought ſo handſome; though you 'would not have thought her ſo handſome neither, 'if you had ſeen her nearer; but to be ſure ſhe hath 'been carried before the juſtice for being big with 'child. She ſeemed to me to look like a confident 'ſlut; and to be ſure ſhe hath laid the child to young 'Mr Jones. And all the pariſh ſays, Mr Allworthy 'is ſo angry with young Mr Jones, that he won't ſee 'him. To be ſure, one can't help pitying the poor 'young man, and yet he doth not deſerve much pity 'neither, for demeaning himſelf with ſuch kind of 'trumpery. Yet he is ſo pretty a gentleman, I ſhould 'be ſorrow to have him turned out of doors. I dares 'to ſwear the wench was as willing as he; for ſhe 'was always a forward kind of body. And when 'wenches are ſo coming, young men are not ſo much 'to be blamed neither, for to be ſure they do no more 'than what is natural. Indeed it is beneath them to 'meddle with ſuch dirty draggle-tails; and whatever 'happens to them, it is good enough for them. And 'yet to be ſure the vile baggages are moſt in fault. 'I wiſhes, with all my heart, they were well to be 'whipped at the cart's tail; for it is pity they ſhould 'be the ruin of a pretty young gentleman; and no-'body can deny but that Mr Jones is one of the moſt 'handſomeſt young men that ever——

She was running on thus, when Sophia with a more peeviſh voice than ſhe had ever ſpoken to her in before, cried, 'Prithee why doſt thou trouble me with all 'this ſtuff? What concern have I in what Mr Jones 'doth? I ſuppoſe you are all alike. And you ſeem 'to me to be angry it was not your own caſe.'

'I, Ma'am!' anſwered Mrs Honour, 'I am ſor-'ry your ladyſhip ſhould have ſuch an opinion of 'me. I am ſure no-body can ſay any ſuch thing of 'me. All the young fellows in the world may go to 'the devil for me. Becauſe I ſaid he was a handſome 'man! Every body ſays it as well as I.—To be ſure,

'I never

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'I never thought as it was any harm to say a young 'man was handsome: but to be sure I shall never 'think him so any more now; for handsome is that 'handsome does. A beggar wench!'——

'Stop thy torrent of impertinence,' cries Sophia, 'and see whether my father wants me at breakfast.'

Mrs Honour then flung out of the room, muttering much to herself,——of which——'Marry come 'up, I assure you,' was all that could be plainly distinguished.

Whether Mrs Honour really deserved that suspicion, of which her mistress gave her a hint, is a matter which we cannot indulge our reader's curiosity by resolving. We will however make him amends in disclosing what passed in the mind of Sophia.

The reader will be pleased to recollect, that a secret affection for Mr Jones had insensibly stolen into the bosom of this young lady. That it had there grown to a pretty great height before she herself had discovered it. When she first began to perceive its symptoms, the sensations were so sweet and pleasing, that she had not resolution sufficient to check or repel them; and thus she went on cherishing a passion, of which she never once considered the consequences.

This incident relating to Molly first opened her eyes. She now first perceived the weakness of which she had been guilty; and though it caused the utmost perturbation in her mind, yet it had the effect of other nauseous physic, and for the time expelled her distemper. Its operation indeed was most wonderfully quick; and in the short interval, while her maid was absent, so entirely removed all symptoms, that when Mrs Honour returned with a summons from her father, she was become perfectly easy, and had brought herself to a thorough indifference for Mr Jones.

The diseases of the mind do, in almost every particular, imitate those of the body. For which reason we hope, that learned faculty, for whom we have so profound a respect, will pardon us the violent hands we have been necessitated to lay on several words and phrases,

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phraſes, which of right belong to them, and without which our deſcriptions muſt have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one circumſtance in which the diſtempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to thoſe which are called bodily, than that aptneſs which both have to a relapſe. This is plain, in the violent diſeaſes of ambition and avarice. I have known ambition, when cured at court by frequent diſappointments, (which are the only phyſic for it,) to break out again in a conteſt for foreman of the grand jury at an aſſizes; and have heard of a man who had ſo far conquered avarice, as to give away many a ſixpence, that comforted himſelf at laſt on his death-bed, by making a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his enſuing funeral, with an undertaker who had married his only child.

In the affair of love, which, out of ſtrict conformity with the ſtoic philoſophy, we ſhall here treat as a diſeaſe, this proneneſs to relapſe is no leſs conſpicuous. Thus it happened to poor Sophia; upon whom, the very next time ſhe ſaw young Jones, all the former ſymptoms returned, and from that time cold and hot fits alternately ſeized her heart.

The ſituation of this young lady was now very different from what it had ever been before. That paſſion, which had formerly been ſo exquiſitely delicious, became now a ſcorpion in her boſom. She reſiſted it therefore with her utmoſt force, and ſummoned every argument her reaſon (which was ſurpriſingly ſtrong for her age) could ſuggeſt, to ſubdue and expel it. In this ſhe ſo far ſucceeded, that ſhe began to hope from time and abſence a perfect cure. She reſolved therefore to avoid Tom Jones as much as poſſible; for which purpoſe ſhe began to conceive a deſign of viſiting her aunt, to which ſhe made no doubt of obtaining her father's conſent.

But Fortune, who had other deſigns in her head, put an immediate ſtop to any ſuch proceeding, by introducing an accident, which will be related in the next chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIII.

A dreadful accident which befel Sophia. The gallant behaviour of Jones, and the more dreadful consequence of that behaviour to the young lady; with a short digression in favour of the female sex.

MR Western grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia, insomuch that his beloved dogs themselves almost gave place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himself to abandon these, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by insisting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, readily complied with his desires, though she had not the least delight in a sport, which was of too rough and masculine a nature to suit with her disposition. She had, however, another motive, beside her obedience, to accompany the old gentleman in the chace; for by her presence she hoped in some measure to restrain his impetuosity, and to prevent him from so frequently exposing his neck to the utmost hazard.

The strongest objection was that which would have formerly been an inducement to her, namely, the frequent meeting with young Jones, whom she had determined to avoid; but as the end of the hunting season now approached, she hoped, by a short absence with her aunt, to reason herself entirely out of her unfortunate passion; and had not any doubt of being able to meet him in the field the subsequent season without the least danger.

On the second day of her hunting, as she was returning from the chace, and was arrived within a little distance from Mr Western's house, her horse, whose mettlesome spirit required a better rider, fell suddenly to prancing and capering in such a manner, that she was in the most imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones, who was at a little distance behind, saw this, and immediately galloped up to her assistance. As soon as he came up, he leapt from his own horse, and

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and caught hold of hers by the bridle. The unruly beaſt preſently reared himſelf on end on his hind legs, and threw his lovely burthen from his back, and Jones caught her in his arms.

She was ſo affected with the fright, that ſhe was not immediately able to ſatisfy Jones, who was very ſolicitous to know whether ſhe had received any hurt. She ſoon after, however, recovered her ſpirits, aſſured him ſhe was ſafe, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones anſwered, 'If I have 'preſerved you, Madam, I am ſufficiently repaid; 'for I promiſe you, I would have ſecured you from 'the leaſt harm, at the expence of a much greater 'misfortune to myſelf, than I have ſuffered on this 'occaſion.'

'What misfortune,' replies Sophia eagerly, 'I 'hope you have come to no miſchief?'

'Be not concerned, Madam,' anſwered Jones, 'Heaven be praiſed you have eſcaped ſo well, conſi-'dering the danger you was in. If I have broke my 'arm, I conſider it as a trifle, in compariſon of what 'I feared upon your account.'

Sophia then ſcreamed out, 'Broke your arm! 'Heaven forbid.'

'I am afraid I have, Madam,' ſays Jones, 'but I 'beg you will ſuffer me firſt to take care of you. I 'have a right hand yet at your ſervice, to help you 'into the next field, whence we have but a very little 'walk to your father's houſe.'

Sophia ſeeing his left arm dangling by his ſide, while he was uſing the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the truth. She now grew much paler than her fears for herſelf had made her before. All her limbs were ſeized with a trembling, inſomuch that Jones could ſcarce ſupport her; and as her thoughts were in no leſs agitation, ſhe could not re-frain from giving Jones a look ſo full of tenderneſs, that it almoſt argued a ſtronger ſenſation in her mind, than even gratitude and pity united can raiſe in the gentleſt female boſom, without the aſſiſtance of a third more powerful paſſion.

Mr.

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Mr Weſtern, who was advanced at ſome diſtance when this accident happened, was now returned, as were the reſt of the horſemen. Sophia immediately acquainted them with what had befallen Jones, and begged them to take care of him. Upon which, Weſtern, who had been much alarmed by meeting his daughter's horſe without its rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out, 'I am glad 'it is no worſe, if Tom hath broken his arm, we will 'get a joiner to mend un again.'

The 'ſquire alighted from his horſe, and proceeded to his houſe on foot, with his daughter and Jones. An impartial ſpectator, who had met them on the way, would, on viewing their ſeveral countenances, have concluded Sophia alone to have been the object of compaſſion: for as to Jones, he exulted in having probably ſaved the life of the young lady, at the price only of a broken bone; and Mr Weſtern, though he was not unconcerned at the accident which had befallen Jones, was, however, delighted in a much higher degree with the fortunate eſcape of his daughter.

The generoſity of Sophia's temper conſtrued this behaviour of Jones into great bravery; and it made a deep impreſſion on her heart: for certain it is, that there is no one quality which ſo generally recommends men to women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the ſex; 'which is,' ſays Mr Oſborne, 'ſo great, that 'a woman is the moſt cowardly of all the creatures 'God ever made.' A ſentiment more remarkable for its bluntneſs than for its truth. Ariſtotle, in his politics, doth them, I believe, more juſtice, when he ſays, 'The modeſty and fortitude of men differ from 'thoſe virtues in women: for the fortitude which 'becomes a woman, would be cowardice in a man; 'and the modeſty which becomes a man, would be 'pertneſs in a woman.' Nor is there, perhaps, more of truth in the opinion of thoſe who derive the partiality which women are inclined to ſhew to the brave, from this exceſs of their fear. Mr Bayle, (I think, in his article of Helen) imputes this, and with greater

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probability, to their violent love of glory; for the truth of which, we have the authority of him, who, of all others saw farthest into human nature; and who introduces the heroine of his Odyssey, the great pattern of matrimonial love and constancy, assigning the glory of her husband as the only source of her affection towards him *.

However this be, certain it is that the accident operated very strongly on Sophia; and, indeed, after much inquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe, that at this very time, the charming Sophia made no less impression on the heart of Jones; to say truth, he had for some time become sensible of the irresistible power of her charms.

CHAP. XIV.

The arrival of a surgeon. His operations, and a long dialogue between Sophia and her maid.

WHEN they arrrived in Mr Western's hall, Sophia, who had totter'd along with much difficulty, sunk down in a chair; but by the assistance of hartshorn and water, she was prevented from fainting away, and had pretty well recovered her spirits, when the surgeon, who was sent for to Jones, appeared. Mr Western, who imputed these symptoms in his daughter to her fall, advised her to be presently blooded by way of prevention. In this opinion he was seconded by the surgeon, who gave so many reasons for bleeding, and quoted so many cases where persons had miscarried for want of it, that the 'squire became very importunate, and indeed insisted peremptorily that his daughter should be blooded.

Sophia soon yielded to the commands of her father, though entirely contrary to her own inclinations: for she suspected, I believe, less danger from the fright, than either the 'squire or the surgeon.

* The English reader will not find this in the poem, for the sentiment is entirely left out in the translation.

She

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She then ſtretched out her beautiful arm, and the operator began to prepare for his work.

While the ſervants were buſied in providing materials, the ſurgeon, who imputed the backwardneſs which had appeared in Sophia to her fears, began to comfort her with aſſurances that there was not the leaſt danger; for no accident, he ſaid, could ever happen in bleeding, but from the monſtrous ignorance of pretenders to ſurgery, which he pretty plainly inſinuated was not at preſent to be apprehended. Sophia declared ſhe was not under the leaſt apprehenſion; adding, if you open an artery, I promiſe you I'll forgive you. 'Will you?' cries Weſtern; 'D—n me, if I will; if he does thee the leaſt miſ-'chief, d—n me, if I don't ha' the heart's blood 'o'un out.' The ſurgeon aſſented to bleed her upon theſe conditions, and then proceeded to his operation, which he performed with as much dexterity as he had promiſed; and with as much quickneſs: for he took but little blood from her, ſaying, it was much ſafer to bleed again and again, than to take away too much at once.

Sophia, when her arm was bound up, retired: for ſhe was not willing (nor was it, perhaps, ſtrictly decent) to be preſent at the operation on Jones. Indeed one objection which ſhe had to bleeding (though ſhe did not make it) was the delay which it would occaſion to ſetting the broken bone. For Weſtern, when Sophia was concerned, had no conſideration but for her; and as for Jones himſelf, he 'ſat like 'Patience on a monument ſmiling at Grief.' To ſay the truth, when he ſaw the blood ſpringing from the lovely arm of Sophia, he ſcarce thought of what had happened to himſelf.

The ſurgeon now ordered his patient to be ſtript to his ſhirt, and then entirely baring the arm, he began to ſtretch and examine it, in ſuch a manner, that the tortures he put him to, cauſed Jones to make ſeveral wry faces; which the ſurgeon obſerving, greatly wondered at, crying, 'What is the 'matter, Sir? I am ſure it is impoſſible I ſhould 'hurt you.' And then holding forth the broken

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arm, he began a long and very learned lecture of anatomy, in which ſimple and double fractures were moſt accurately conſidered; and the ſeveral ways in which Jones might have broken his arm, were diſcuſſed, with proper annotations, ſhewing how many of theſe would have been better, and how many worſe than the preſent caſe.

Having at length finiſhed his laboured harangue, with which the audience, though it had greatly raiſed their attention and admiration, were not much edified, as they really underſtood not a ſingle ſyllable of all he had ſaid, he proceeded to buſineſs, which he was more expeditious in finiſhing, than he had been in beginning.

Jones was then ordered into a bed, which Mr Weſtern compelled him to accept at his own houſe, and ſentence of water-gruel was paſſed upon him.

Among the good company which had attended in the hall during the bone-ſetting, Mrs Honour was one; who being ſummoned to her miſtreſs as ſoon as it was over, and aſked by her how the young gentleman did, preſently launched into extravagant praiſes on the magnimity, as ſhe called it, of his behaviour, which, ſhe ſaid 'was ſo charming in ſo pretty 'a creature.' She then burſt forth into much warmer encomiums on the beauty of his perſon; enumerating many particulars, and ending with the whiteneſs of his ſkin.

This diſcourſe had an effect on Sophia's countenance, which would not, perhaps, have eſcaped the obſervance of the ſagacious waiting-woman, had ſhe once looked her miſtreſs in the face, all the time ſhe was ſpeaking; but as a looking-glaſs, which was moſt commodiouſly placed oppoſite to her, gave her an opportunity of ſurveying thoſe features, in which, of all others, ſhe took moſt delight, ſo ſhe had not once removed her eyes from that amiable object during her whole ſpeech.

Mrs Honour was ſo entirely wrapped up in the ſubject on which ſhe exerciſed her tongue, and the object before her eyes, that ſhe gave her miſtreſs time to conquer her confuſion; which having done, ſhe

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she smiled on her maid, and told her, 'she was cer-
'tainly in love with this young fellow.' 'I in love,'
'Madam!' answers she, 'upon my word, Ma'am,
'I assure you, Ma'am, upon my soul, Ma'am, I am
'not.' 'Why, if you was,' cries her mistress, 'I
'see no reason that you should be ashamed of it;
'for he is certainly a pretty fellow.'---'Yes, Ma'am,'
answered the other, 'that he is, the most hand-
'somest man I ever saw in my life. Yes, to be sure
'that he is, and, as your ladyship says, I don't know
'why I should be ashamed of loving him, though
'he is my betters. To be sure gentle folks are but
'flesh and blood no more than us servants. Besides,
'as for Mr Jones, thof 'squire Allworthy hath
'made a gentleman of him, he was not so good as
'myself by birth: for thof I am a poor body, I am
'an honest person's child, and my father and mo-
'ther were married, which is more than some people
'can say, as high as they hold their heads. Marry,
'come up! I assure you, my dirty cousin! thof his
'skin be so white, and to be sure, it is the most
'whitest that ever was seen, I am a Christian as well
'as he, and no-body can say that I am base-born,
'my grand-father was a clergyman*, and would
'have been very angry, I believe, to have thought
'any of his family should have taken up with Molly
'Seagrim's dirty leavings.'

Perhaps Sophia might have suffered her maid to run on in this manner, from wanting sufficient spirits to stop her tongue, which the reader may probably conjecture was no very easy task: for, certainly there were some passages in her speech, which were far from being agreeable to the lady. However, she now checked the torrent, as there seemed no end of its flowing. 'I wonder,' says she, 'at your assu-
'rance, in daring to talk thus of one of my father's
'friends. As to the wench, I order you never to

* This is the second person of low condition whom we have recorded in this history, to have sprung from the clergy. It is to be hoped such instances will, in future ages, when some provision is made for the families of the inferior clergy, appear stranger than they can be thought at present.

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'mention her name to me. And, with regard to the 'young gentleman's birth, thoſe who can ſay no-'thing more to his diſadvantage, may as well be 'ſilent on that head, as I deſire you will be for the 'future.'

'I am ſorry I have offended your ladyſhip,' anſwered Mrs Honour, 'I am ſure I hate Molly Seagrim as much as your ladyſhip can, and as for 'abuſing 'ſquire Jones, I can call all the ſervants in 'the houſe to witneſs, that whenever any talk hath 'been about baſtards, I have always taken his part: 'for which of you, ſays I to the footman, would 'not be a baſtard, if he could, to be made a gentle-'man of? and, ſays I, I am ſure he is a very fine 'gentleman; and he hath one of the whiteſt hands 'in the world: for to be ſure ſo he hath; and, 'ſays I, one of the ſweeteſt temperedeſt, beſt natur-'edeſt man in the world he is; and, ſays I, all the 'ſervants and neighbours all round the country 'loves him. And, to be ſure, I could tell your la-'dyſhip ſomething, but that I am afraid it would 'offend you.'——'What could you tell me, Ho-'nour?' ſays Sophia. 'Nay, Ma'am, to be ſure you 'meant nothing by it, therefore I would not have 'your ladyſhip be offended.'——'Prithee tell me,' ſays Sophia.——'I will know it this inſtant.'. 'Why, 'Ma'am,' anſwered Mrs Honour, 'he came into 'the room, one day laſt week when I was at work, 'and there lay your ladyſhip's muff on a chair, and 'to be ſure he put his hands into it, that very muff 'your ladyſhip gave me but yeſterday: La, ſays I, 'Mr Jones, you will ſtretch my lady's muff and 'ſpoil it; but he ſtill kept his hands in it, and then 'he kiſſed it——to be ſure, I hardly ever ſaw ſuch a 'kiſs in my life as he gave it.'——'I ſuppoſe he 'did not know it was mine,' replied Sophia. 'Your 'ladyſhip ſhall hear, Ma'am. He kiſſed it again 'and again, and ſaid it was the prettieſt muff in the 'world. La! Sir, ſays I, you have ſeen it a hun-'dred times.'——'Yes, Mrs Honour,' cry'd he; 'but who can ſee any thing beautiful in the pre-'ſence of your lady but herſelf? nay, that's not all

'neither,

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'neither, but I hope your ladyſhip wont be offend'
'ed, for to be ſure he meant nothing: one day as
'your ladyſhip was playing on the harpſichord to my
'maſter, Mr Jones was ſitting in the next room, and
'methought he looked melancholy. La! ſays I,
'Mr Jones, what's the matter! a penny for your
'thoughts, ſays I.' 'Why, huſſy,' ſays he, ſtarting
up from a dream, 'what can I be thinking of, when
'that angel your miſtreſs is playing?' and then
'ſqueezing me by the hand—'Oh! Mrs Honour,'
ſays he, 'how happy will that man be!' and then
'he ſighed; upon my troth, his breath is as ſweet
'as a noſegay—but to be ſure he meant no harm by
'it. So I hope your ladyſhip will not mention a
'word; for he gave me a crown never to mention it,
'and made me ſwear upon a book, but I believe, in-
'deed, it was not the bible'

Till ſomething of a more beautiful red than ver-
milion be found out, I ſhall ſay nothing of Sophia's
colour on this occaſion. 'Honour,' ſays ſhe, 'I—
'if you will not mention this any more to me,—nor
'to any body elſe, I will not betray you—I mean, I
'will not be angry; but I am afraid of your tongue.
'Why, my girl, will you give it ſuch liberties?'
'Nay, Ma'am,' anſwered ſhe, 'to be ſure, I would
'ſooner cut out my tongue than offend your lady-
'ſhip—to be ſure, I ſhall never mention a word that
'your ladyſhip would not have me.' '—Why, I
'would not have you mention this any more,' ſaid
Sophia, 'for it may come to my father's ears, and
'he would be angry with Mr Jones, though I really
'believe, as you ſay, he meant nothing. I ſhould be
'very angry myſelf if I imagined'—'Nay, Ma'am,'
ſays Honour, 'I proteſt, I believe he meant nothing.
'I thought he talked as if he was out of his ſenſes;
'nay, he ſaid he believed he was beſide himſelf when
'he had ſpoken the words. Ay, Sir, ſays I, I be-
'lieve ſo too.' 'Yes,' ſays he, 'Honour,'—but I
'aſk your ladyſhip's pardon; I could tear my tongue
'out for offending you.' Go on,' ſays Sophia,
'you may mention any thing you have not told me
'before.' 'Yes, Honour,' ſays he, (this was ſome

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'time afterwards when he gave me the crown) 'I am 'neither ſuch a coxcomb, or ſuch a villain as to think 'of her in any other delight, but as my goddeſs; as 'ſuch I will always worſhip and adore her while I 'have breath.' This was all, Ma'am, I will be 'ſworn, to the beſt of my remembrance; I was in a 'paſſion with him myſelf, till I found he meant no 'harm.' 'Indeed, Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'I believe 'you have a real affection for me; I was provoked 'the other day when I gave you warning; but if 'you have a deſire to ſtay with me, you ſhall.' 'To 'be ſure, Ma'am,' anſwered Mrs Honour, 'I ſhall 'never deſire to part with your ladyſhip. To be ſure 'I almoſt cried my eyes out when you gave me 'warning. It would be very ungrateful in me, to 'deſire to leave your ladyſhip; becauſe as why, I 'ſhould never get ſo good a place again. I am ſure 'I would live and die with your ladyſhip——for, as 'poor Mr Jones ſaid, happy is the man——

Here the dinner-bell interrupted a converſation which had wrought ſuch an effect on Sophia, that ſhe was, perhaps, more obliged to her bleeding in the morning, than ſhe, at the time, had apprehended ſhe ſhould be. As to the preſent ſituation of her mind, I ſhall adhere to a rule of Horace, by not attempting to deſcribe it, from deſpair of ſucceſs. Moſt of my readers will ſuggeſt it eaſily to themſelves; and the few who cannot, would not underſtand the picture, or at leaſt would deny it to be natural, if ever ſo well drawn.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK V.

Containing a portion of time, somewhat longer than half a year.

CHAP. I.

Of THE SERIOUS *in writing, and for what purpose it is introduced.*

PEradventure there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader less pleasure in the perusing, than those which have given the author the greatest pains in composing. Among these, probably, may be reckoned those initial essays which we have prefixed to the historical matter contained in every book; and which we have determined to be essentially necessary to this kind of writing, of which we have set ourselves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourselves strictly bound to assign any reason; it being abundantly sufficient that we have laid it down as a rule necessary to be observed in all prosaic-comic-epic-writing. Who ever demanded the reasons of that nice unity of time or place which is now established to be so essential to dramatic poetry? What critic hath been ever asked, why a play may not contain two days as well as one? Or why the audience (provided they travel, like electors, without any expence) may not be

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be wafted fifty miles as well as five? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an antient critic hath ſet to the drama, which he will have contain neither more nor leſs than five acts? Or hath any one living attempted to explain, what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word Low; by which they have happily ſucceeded in baniſhing all humour from the ſtage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room? Upon all theſe occaſions, the world ſeems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz. *cuicunque in arte ſua perito credendum eſt*; for it ſeems, perhaps, difficult to conceive that any one ſhould have had enough of impudence, to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or ſcience without the leaſt foundation. In ſuch caſes, therefore, we are apt to conclude, there are ſound and good reaſons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to ſee ſo far.

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaiſance, the critics have been emboldened to aſſume a dictatorial power, and have ſo far ſucceeded, that they are now become the maſters, and have the aſſurance to give laws to thoſe authors from whoſe predeceſſors they originally received them.

The critic, rightly conſidered, is no more than the clerk, whoſe office it is to tranſcribe the rules and laws laid down by thoſe great judges, whoſe vaſt ſtrength of genius hath placed them in the light of legiſlators, in the ſeveral ſciences over which they preſided. This office was all which the critics of old aſpired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a ſentence, without ſupporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in proceſs of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power, and aſſume the dignity of his maſter. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the legiſlator, and thoſe very peremptorily gave laws, whoſe buſineſs it was, at firſt, only to tranſcribe them.

Hence

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Hence arose an obvious, and, perhaps, an unavoidable error: for these critics being men of shallow capacities, very easily mistook mere form for substance. They acted as a judge would, who should adhere to the lifeless letter of law, and reject the spirit. Little circumstances, which were, perhaps, accidental in a great author, were by these critics considered to constitute his chief merit, and transmitted as essentials to be observed by all his successors. To these encroachments, Time and Ignorance, the two great supporters of imposture, gave authority; and thus, many rules for good writing have been established, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature; and which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the same manner as it would have restrained the dancing-master, had the many excellent treatises on that art laid it down as an essential rule, that every man must dance in chains.

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for posterity, founded only on the authority of *ipse dixit*; for which, to say the truth, we have not the profoundest veneration, we shall here wave the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader the reasons which have induced us to intersperse these several digressive essays in the course of this work.

And here we shall of necessity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which, if it hath been discovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought on by any antient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contrast, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may probably have a large share in constituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial: for what demonstrates the beauty and excellence of any thing, but its reverse? Thus the beauty of day, and that of summer, is set off by the horrors of night and winter. And, I believe, if it was possible for a man to have seen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But

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But to avoid too ſerious an air: can it be doubted, but that the fineſt woman in the world would loſe all benefit of her charms, in the eye of a man who had never ſeen one of another caſt? The ladies themſelves ſeem ſo ſenſible of this, that they are all induſtrious to procure foils; nay, they will become foils to themſelves: for I have obſerved (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as poſſible in the morning, in order to ſet off that beauty which they intend to ſhew you in the evening.

Moſt artiſts have this ſecret in practice, tho' ſome, perhaps, have not much ſtudied the theory. The jeweller knows, that the fineſt brilliant requires a foil: and the painter, by the contraſt of his figures, often acquires great applauſe.

A great genius among us will illuſtrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general head of common artiſts, as he hath a title to be placed among thoſe

Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes.

Who by invented arts have life improv'd.

I mean here the inventor of that moſt exquiſite entertainment, called the Engliſh Pantomime.

This entertainment conſiſted of two parts, which the inventor diſtinguiſhed by the names of the ſerious and the comic. The ſerious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worſt and dulleſt company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a ſecret known to few) were actually intended ſo to be, in order to contraſt the comic part of the entertainment, and to diſplay the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil uſe of ſuch perſonages; but the contrivance was, nevertheleſs, ingenious enough, and had its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if inſtead of ſerious and comic, we ſupply the words duller and dulleſt; for the comic was certainly duller than any thing before ſhewn on the

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the ſtage, and could be ſet off only by that ſuperlative degree of dulneſs, which compoſed the ſerious. So intolerably ſerious, indeed, were theſe gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the Engliſh gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more ſarious diſpoſition) was always welcome on the ſtage, as he relieved the audience from worſe company.

Judicious writers have always practiſed this art of contraſt with great ſucceſs. I have been ſurpriſed that Horace ſhould cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himſelf in the very next line,

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,
Verùm opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.

I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to ſleep,
Yet ſlumbers on long works have right to creep.

For we are not here to underſtand, as, perhaps, ſome have, that an author actually falls aſleep while he is writing. It is true that readers are too apt to be ſo overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himſelf is too well entertained to be ſubject to the leaſt drowſineſs. He is, as Mr Pope obſerves,

Sleepleſs himſelf to give his readers ſleep.

To ſay the truth, theſe ſoporific parts are ſo many ſcenes of Serious artfully interwoven, in order to contraſt and ſet off the reſt; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public, that whenever he was dull, they might be aſſured there was a deſign in it.

In this light then, or rather in this darkneſs, I would have the reader to conſider theſe initial eſſays. And after this warning, if he ſhall be of opinion, that he can find enough of ſerious in other parts of this hiſtory, he may paſs over theſe, in which we profeſs to be laborioufly dull, and begin the following books at the ſecond chapter.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

In which Mr Jones receives many friendly visits during his confinement; with some fine touches of the passion of love, scarce visible to the naked eye.

TOM JONES had many visitors during his confinement, though some, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr Allworthy saw him almost every day; but though he pitied Tom's sufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occasioned them; yet he thought this was a favourable opportunity to bring him to a sober sense of his indiscreet conduct; and that wholesome advice for that purpose could never be applied at a more proper season than at the present; when the mind was softened by pain and sickness, and alarmed by danger; and when its attention was unembarrassed with those turbulent passions, which engage us in the pursuit of pleasure.

At all seasons, therefore, when the good man was alone with the youth, especially when the latter was totally at ease, he took occasion to remind him of his former miscarriages, but in the mildest and tenderest manner, and only in order to introduce the caution, which he prescribed for his future behaviour; 'on 'which alone,' he assured him, 'would depend his 'own felicity, and the kindness which he might yet 'promise himself to receive at the hands of his fa'ther by adoption, unless he should hereafter forfeit 'his good opinion: for as to what had past,' he said, 'it should be all forgiven and forgotten. He there'fore advised him to make a good use of this acci'dent, that so in the end it might prove a visitation 'for his own good.'

Thwackum was likewise pretty assiduous in his visits; and he too considered a sick-bed to be a convenient scene for lectures. His stile, however, was more severe than Mr Allworthy's: he told his pupil, 'that he ought to look on his broken limb as a judg'ment from Heaven on his sins. That it would be-

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'come him to be daily on his knees, pouring forth 'thanksgivings that he had broken his arm only, and 'not his neck; which latter,' he said, 'was very 'probably reserved for some future occasion, and 'that, perhaps, not very remote. For his part,' he said, 'he had often wondered some judgment 'had not overtaken him before; but it might be 'perceived by this, that divine punishments, though 'slow, are always sure.' Hence likewise he advised him 'to foresee, with equal certainty, the greater 'evils which were yet behind, and which were as 'sure as this of overtaking him in his state of re-'probacy. These are,' said he, 'to be averted only 'by such a thorough and sincere repentance, as is not 'to be expected or hoped for, from one so abandoned 'in his youth, and whose mind, I am afraid, is total-'ly corrupted. It is my duty, however, to exhort 'you to this repentance, though I too well know all 'exhortations will be vain and fruitless. But *liber-'avi animam meam*, I can accuse my own conscience 'of no neglect; though it is, at the same time, with 'the utmost concern, I see you travelling on to cer-'tain misery in this world, and to as certain damna-'tion in the next.'

Square talked in a very different strain; he said, 'Such accidents as a broken bone were below the 'consideration of a wise man. That it was abun-'dantly sufficient to reconcile the mind to any of these 'mischances, to reflect that they are liable to befal 'the wisest of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the 'good of the whole.' He said, 'it was a mere abuse 'of words, to call those things evils, in which there 'was no moral unfitness: that pain, which was the 'worst consequence of such accidents, was the most 'contemptible thing in the world;' with more of the like sentences, extracted out of the second book of Tully's Tusculan questions, and from the great Lord Shaftsbury. In prononucing these he was one day so eager, that he unfortunately bit his tongue; and in such a manner, that it not only put an end to his discourse, but created much emotion in him, and caused him to mutter an oath or two; but what was

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worſt of all, this accident gave Thwackum, who was preſent, and who held all ſuch doctrine to be heatheniſh and atheiſtical, an opportunity to clap a judgment on his back. Now this was done with ſo malicious a ſneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may ſo ſay) the temper of the philoſopher, which the bite of his tongue had ſomewhat ruffled; and as he was diſabled from venting his wrath at his lips, he had poſſibly found a more violent method of revenging himſelf, had not the ſurgeon, who was then luckily in the room, contrary to his own intereſt, interpoſed, and preſerved the peace.

Mr Blifil viſited his friend Jones but ſeldom, and never alone. This worthy young man, however, profeſſed much regard for him, and as great concern at his misfortune: but cautiouſly avoided any intimacy, leſt, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the ſobriety of his own character: for which purpoſe, he had conſtantly in his mouth that proverb in which Solomon ſpeaks againſt evil communication. Not that he was ſo bitter as Thwackum; for he always expreſſed ſome hopes of Tom's reformation; 'which,' he ſaid, 'the unparallelled goodneſs ſhewn 'by his uncle on this occaſion, muſt certainly effect 'in one not abſolutely abandoned;' but concluded, 'if Mr Jones ever offends hereafter, I ſhall not be 'able to ſay a ſyllable in his favour.'

As to 'ſquire Weſtern, he was ſeldom out of the ſick-room; unleſs when he was engaged either in the field, or over his bottle. Nay, he would ſometimes retire hither to take his beer, and it was not without difficulty, that he was prevented from forcing Jones to take his beer too: for no quack ever held his noſtrum to be a more general panacea than he did this; which, he ſaid, had more virtue in it than was in all the phyſic in an apothecary's ſhop. He was, however, by much intreaty, prevailed on to forbear the application of this medicine; but from ſerenading his patient every hunting-morning with the horn under his window, it was impoſſible to with-hold him; nor did he ever lay aſide that hallow, with which he entered into all companies, when he viſited Jones, without any

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regard to the ſick perſon's being at that time either awake or aſleep.

This boiſterous behaviour, as it meant no harm, ſo happily it effected none, and was abundantly compenſated to Jones, as ſoon as he was able to ſet up, by the company of Sophia, whom the 'ſquire then brought to viſit him; nor was it, indeed, long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpſichord, where ſhe would kindly condeſcend, for hours together, to charm him with the moſt delicious muſic, unleſs when the 'ſquire thought proper to interrupt her, by inſiſting on old Sir Simon, or ſome other of his favourite pieces.

Notwithſtanding the niceſt guard which Sophia endeavoured to ſet on her behaviour, ſhe could not avoid letting ſome appearances now and then ſlip forth: for love may again be likened to a diſeaſe in this, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another. What her lips therefore concealed, her eyes, her bluſhes, and many little involuntary actions, betrayed.

One day when Sophia was playing on the harpſichord, and Jones was attending, the 'ſquire came into the room, crying, 'There, Tom, I have had 'a battle for thee below ſtairs with the thick parſon 'Thwackum.—He hath been a-telling Allworthy, 'before my face, that the broken bone was a judg-'ment upon thee. D—n it, ſays I, how can that be? 'Did not he come by it in defence of a young woman? 'a judgment indeed! pox, if he never doth any thing 'worſe, he will go to heaven ſooner than all the 'parſons in the country. He hath more reaſon to 'glory in it, than to be aſhamed of it.' 'Indeed, 'Sir,' ſays Jones, 'I have no reaſon for either; but 'if it preſerved Miſs Weſtern, I ſhall always think it 'the happieſt accident of my life.'—'And to gu,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'to zet Allworthy againſt thee vor 'it.—D—n 'un, if the parſon had unt had his pet-'ticuoats on, I ſhould have lent un a flick: for I 'love thee dearly, my boy, and d—n me if there is 'any thing in my power which I won't do for thee. 'Sha't take thy choice of all the horſes in my ſtable

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'to-morrow morning, except only the Chevalier and 'Miſs Slouch.' Jones thanked him, but declined accepting the offer.—'Nay,' added the 'ſquire, 'ſha't 'ha the ſorrel mare that Sophy rode. She coſt me 'fifty guineas, and comes ſix years old this graſs.' 'If ſhe had coſt me a thouſand,' cries Jones paſſion-'ately, 'I would have given her to the dogs.' 'Pooh! pooh!' anſwered Weſtern, 'What, becauſe 'ſhe broke thy arm. Shouldſt forget and forgive. 'I thought hadſt been more a man than to bear 'malice againſt a dumb creature.'—Here Sophia interpoſed, and put an end to the converſation, by deſiring her father's leave to play to him; a requeſt which he never refuſed.

The countenance of Sophia had undergone more than one change during the foregoing ſpeeches: and probably ſhe imputed the paſſionate reſentment, which Jones had expreſſed againſt the mare, to a different motive from that from which her father had derived it. Her ſpirits were at this time in a viſible flutter; and ſhe played ſo intolerably ill, that had not Weſtern ſoon fallen aſleep, he muſt have remarked it. Jones, however, who was ſufficiently awake, and was not without an ear, any more than without eyes, made ſome obſervations; which being joined to all which the reader may remember to have paſſed formerly, gave him pretty ſtrong aſſurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender boſom of Sophia. An opinion which many young gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confeſs the truth, he had rather too much diffidence in himſelf, and was not forward enough in ſeeing the advances of a young lady; a misfortune which can be cured only by that early town-education, which is at preſent ſo generally in faſhion.

When theſe thoughts had fully taken poſſeſſion of Jones, they occaſioned a perturbation in his mind, which, in a conſtitution leſs pure and firm than his, might have been, at ſuch a ſeaſon, attended with very dangerous conſequences. He was truly ſenſible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her perſon,

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perſon, no leſs admired her accompliſhments, and tenderly loved her goodneſs. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of poſſeſſing her, nor had ever given the leaſt voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much ſtronger paſſion for her than he himſelf was acquainted with. His heart now brought forth the full ſecret, at the ſame time that it aſſured him the adorable object returned his affection.

CHAP. III.

Which all who have no heart, will think to contain much ado about nothing.

THE reader will perhaps imagine, the ſenſations which now aroſe in Jones to have been ſo ſweet and delicious, that they would rather tend to produce a chearful ſerenity in the mind, than any of thoſe dangerous effects which we have mentioned; but in fact, ſenſations of this kind, however delicious, are at their firſt recognition, of a very tumultuous nature, and have very little of the opiate in them. They were, moreover, in the preſent caſe, embittered with certain circumſtances, which being mixed with ſweeter ingredients, tended altogether to compoſe a draught that might be termed bitter-ſweet; than which, as nothing can be more diſagreeable to the palate, ſo nothing, in the metaphorical ſenſe, can be ſo injurious to the mind.

For firſt, though he had ſufficient foundation to flatter himſelf in what he had obſerved in Sophia, he was not yet free from doubt of miſconſtruing compaſſion, or, at beſt, eſteem, into a warmer regard. He was far from a ſanguine aſſurance that Sophia had any ſuch affection towards him, as might promiſe his inclinations that harveſt, which, if they were encouraged and nurſed, they would finally grow up to require. Beſides, if he could hope to find no bar to his happineſs from the daughter, he thought himſelf certain of meeting an effectual bar in the father; who, though he was a country 'ſquire in his

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diverſions, was perfectly a man of the world in what-ever regarded his fortune; had the moſt violent affection for his only daughter, and had often ſignified in his cups, the pleaſure he propoſed in ſeeing her married to one of the richeſt men in the county. Jones was not ſo vain and ſenſeleſs a coxcomb as to expect, from any regard which Weſtern had profeſſed for him; that he would ever be induced to lay aſide theſe views of advancing his daughter. He well knew, that fortune is generally the principal, if not the ſole conſideration, which operates on the beſt of parents in theſe matters: for friendſhip makes us warmly eſpouſe the intereſt of others; but it is very cold to the gratification of their paſſions. Indeed, to feel the happineſs which may reſult from this, it is neceſſary we ſhould poſſeſs the paſſion ourſelves. As he had therefore no hopes of obtaining her father's conſent; ſo he thought to endeavour to ſucceed without it, and by ſuch means to fruſtrate the great point of Mr Weſtern's life, was to make a very ill uſe of his hoſpitality, and a very ungrateful return to the many little favours received (however roughly) at his hands. If he ſaw ſuch a conſequence with horror and diſdain, how much more was he ſhocked with what regarded Mr Allworthy; to whom, as he had more than filial obligations, ſo had he for him more than filial piety? He knew the nature of that good man to be ſo averſe to any baſeneſs or treachery, that the leaſt attempt of ſuch a kind would make the ſight of the guilty perſon for ever odious to his eyes, and his name a deteſtable ſound in his ears. The appearance of ſuch unſurmountable difficulties was ſufficient to have inſpired him with deſpair, however ardent his wiſhes had been; but even theſe were controuled by compaſſion for another woman. The idea of lovely Molly now intruded itſelf before him. He had ſworn eternal conſtancy in her arms, and ſhe had as often vowed never to outlive his deſerting her. He now ſaw her in all the moſt ſhocking poſtures of death: nay, he conſidered all the miſeries of proſtitution to which ſhe would be liable, and of which he would be doubly the occaſion;

sion; first by seducing, and then by deserting her; for he well knew the hatred which all her neighbours, and even her own sisters, bore her, and how ready they would all be to tear her to pieces. Indeed he had exposed her to more envy than shame, or rather to the latter by means of the former: for many women abused her for being a whore, while they envied her her lover and her finery, and would have been themselves glad to have purchased these at the same rate. The ruin, therefore, of the poor girl must, he foresaw, unavoidably attend his deserting her; and this thought stung him to the soul. Poverty and distress seemed to him to give none a right of aggravating those misfortunes. The meanness of her condition did not represent her misery as of little consequence in his eyes, nor did it appear to justify, or even to palliate, his guilt, in bringing that misery upon her. But why do I mention justification? His own heart would not suffer him to destroy a human creature, who, he thought loved him, and had to that love sacrificed her innocence. His own good heart pleaded her cause; not as a cold venal advocate; but as one interested in the event, and which must itself deeply share in all the agonies its owner brought on another.

When this powerful advocate had sufficiently raised the pity of Jones, by painting poor Molly in all the circumstances of wretchedness; it artfully called in the assistance of another passion, and represented the girl in all the amiable colours of youth, health, and beauty; as one greatly the object of desire, and much more so, at least to a good mind, from being, at the same time, the object of compassion.

Amidst these thoughts, poor Jones passed a long sleepless night, and in the morning the result of the whole was to abide by Molly, and to think no more of Sophia.

In this virtuous resolution he continued all the next day till the evening, cherishing the idea of Molly, and driving Sophia from his thoughts; but in the fatal evening, a very trifling accident let all his passions

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passions again on float, and worked so total a change in his mind, that we think it decent to communicate it in a fresh chapter.

CHAP. IV.

A little chapter, in which is contained a little incident.

AMONG other visitants, who paid their compliments to the young gentleman in his confinement, Mrs Honour was one. The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on some expressions which have formerly dropt from her, may conceive that she herself had a very particular affection for Mr Jones; but, in reality, it was no such thing. Tom was a handsome young fellow; and for that species of men Mrs Honour had some regard; but this was perfectly indiscriminate: for having been crossed in the love which she bore a certain nobleman's footman, who had basely deserted her after a promise of marriage, she had so securely kept together the broken remains of her heart, that no man had ever since been able to possess himself of any single fragment. She viewed all handsome men with that equal regard and benevolence, which a sober and virtuous mind bears to all the good.—She might, indeed, be called a lover of men, as Socrates was a lover of mankind, preferring one to another for corporeal, as he for mental qualifications; but never carrying this preference so far as to cause any perturbation in the philosophical serenity of her temper.

The day after Mr Jones had that conflict with himself, which we have seen in the preceding chapter, Mrs Honour came into his room, and finding him alone, began in the following manner: 'La, 'Sir, where do you think I have been? I warrants 'you, you would not guess in fifty years; but if you 'did guess, to be sure, I must not tell you neither.' 'Nay, if it be something which you must not tell 'me,' said Jones, 'I shall have the curiosity to in'quire, and I know you will not be so barbarous to 'refuse me.' 'I don't know,' cries she, 'why I 'should

'should refuse you neither, for that matter; for to 'be sure you won't mention it any more. And for 'that matter, if you knew where I have been, un-'less you knew what I have been about, it would 'not signify much. Nay, I don't see why it should 'be kept a secret, for my part; for to be sure she is 'the best lady in the world.' Upon this, Jones began to beg earnestly to be let into this secret, and faithfully promised not to divulge it. She then proceeded thus: 'Why, you must know, Sir, my young 'lady sent me to inquire after Molly Seagrim, and 'to see whither the wench wanted any thing; to be 'sure I did not care to go, methinks; but servants 'must do what they are ordered---How could you 'undervalue yourself so, Mr Jones?---So my lady 'bid me go, and carry her some linen, and other 'things.—She is too good. If such forward sluts 'were sent to Bridewell, it would be better for them. 'I told my lady, says I, Madam, your la'ship is en-'couraging idleness—— ' 'And was my Sophia so 'good?' says Jones.—— 'My Sophia! I assure you, 'marry come up;' answered Honour. 'And yet if 'you knew all,——indeed, if I was as Mr Jones, I 'should look a little higher than such trumpery as 'Molly Seagrim.' 'What do you mean by these 'words,' replied Jones, 'If I knew all?' 'I mean 'what I mean,' says Honour. 'Don't you remem-'ber putting your hands in my lady's muff once? I 'vow I could almost find in my heart to tell, if I 'was certain my lady would never come to the hea-'ring on't.'—Jones then made several solemn protest-ations. And Honour proceeded—'then, to be sure, 'my lady gave me that muff; and afterwards, upon 'hearing what you had done—' 'Then you told 'her what I had done!' interrupted Jones. 'If I 'did, Sir,' answered she, 'you need not be angry 'with me. Many's the man would have given his 'head to have had my lady told, if they had known '—for, to be sure, the biggest lord in the land 'might be proud——but, I protest, I have a great 'mind not to tell you.' Jones fell to intreaties, and

and ſoon prevailed on her to go on thus: 'You 'muſt know then, Sir, that my lady had given this 'muff to me; but about a day or two after I had 'told her the ſtory, ſhe quarrels with her new muff, 'and to be ſure it is the prettieſt that ever was ſeen. 'Honour, ſays ſhe,—this is an odious muff; it is too 'big for me---I can't wear it---till I can get another, 'you muſt let me have my old one again, and you 'may have this in the room on't---for ſhe's a good 'lady, and ſcorns to give a thing and take a thing, 'I promiſe you that. So to be ſure I fetched it her 'back again, and, I believe, ſhe hath worn it upon 'her arm almoſt ever ſince, and I warrants hath given 'it many a kiſs when no body hath ſeen her.'

Here the converſation was interrupted by Mr Weſtern himſelf, who came to ſummon Jones to the harpſichord; whither the poor young fellow went all pale and trembling. This Weſtern obſerved, but on ſeeing Mrs Honour, imputed it to a wrong cauſe; and having given Jones a hearty curſe between jeſt and earneſt, he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up the game in his warren.

Sophia looked this evening with more than uſual beauty, and we may believe it was no ſmall addition to her charms, in the eye of Mr Jones, that ſhe now happened to have on her right arm this very muff.

She was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, when the muff fell over her fingers, and put her out. This ſo diſconcerted the 'ſquire, that he ſnatched the muff from her, and with a hearty curſe threw it into the fire. Sophia inſtantly ſtarted up, and with the utmoſt eagerneſs recovered it from the flames.

Though this incident will probably appear of little conſequence to many of our readers; yet, trifling as it was, it had ſo violent an effect on poor Jones, that we thought it our duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little circumſtances too often omitted by injudicious hiſtorians, from which events of the utmoſt importance ariſe. The world may indeed be conſidered as a vaſt machine, in which the great wheels are originally ſet in motion by thoſe which are very minute,

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minute and almoſt imperceptible to any but the ſtrongeſt eyes.

Thus, not all the charms of the incomparable Sophia; not all the dazzling brightneſs, and languiſhing ſoftneſs of her eye, the harmony of her voice, and of her perſon; not another wit, good-humour, greatneſs of mind, or ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, had been able ſo abſolutely to conquer and enſlave the heart of poor Jones, as this little incident of the muff. Thus the poet ſweetly ſings of Troy,

——Captique dolis lachrymiſque coacti
Quos neque Tydides, nec Lariſſæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille Carinæ.

What Diomede, or Thetis' greater ſon,
A thouſand ſhips, nor ten years ſiege had done,
Falſe tears, and fawning words, the city won.

The citadel of Jones was now taken by ſurprize. All thoſe conſiderations of honour and prudence, which our hero had lately with ſo much military wiſdom placed as guards over the avenues of his heart, ran away from their poſts, and the god of Love marched in in triumph.

CHAP. V.

A very long chapter, containing a very great incident.

BUT though this victorious deity eaſily expelled his avowed enemies from the heart of Jones, he found it more difficult to ſupplant the garriſon which he himſelf had placed there. To lay aſide all allegory, the concern for what muſt become of poor Molly, greatly diſturbed and perplexed the mind of the worthy youth. The ſuperior merit of Sophia totally eclipſed, or rather extinguiſhed, all the beauties of the poor girl; but compaſſion inſtead of contempt ſucceeded to love. He was convinced the girl had placed all her affections, and all her proſpect of future happineſs in him only. For this he had, he knew, given ſufficient

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ficient occaſion, by the utmoſt profuſion of tenderneſs towards her: a tenderneſs which he had taken every means to perſuade her he would always maintain. She, on her ſide, had aſſured him of her firm belief in his promiſe, and had with the most ſolemn vows declared, that on his fulfilling or breaking theſe promiſes, it depended, whether ſhe ſhould be the happieſt or moſt miſerable of woman-kind. And to be the author of this highest degree of miſery to a human being, was a thought on which he could not bear to ruminate a ſingle moment. He conſidered this poor girl as having ſacrificed to him every thing in her little power; having been at her own expence the object of his pleaſure; as ſighing and languiſhing for him even at that very inſtant. Shall then, ſays he, my recovery, for which ſhe hath ſo ardently wiſhed; ſhall my preſence, which ſhe hath ſo eagerly expected, inſtead of giving her that joy with which ſhe hath flattered herſelf, caſt her at once down into miſery and deſpair? Can I be ſuch a villain? Here, when the genius of poor Molly ſeemed triumphant, the love of Sophia towards him, which now appeared no longer dubious, ruſhed upon his mind, and bore away every obſtacle before it.

At length it occured to him, that he might poſſibly be able to make Molly amends another way; namely, by giving her a ſum of money. This, nevertheleſs, he almoſt deſpaired of her accepting, when he recollected the frequent and vehement aſſurances he had received from her, that the world put in balance with him would make her no amends for his loſs. However, her extreme poverty, and chiefly her egregious vanity, (ſomewhat of which hath been already hinted to the reader,) gave him ſome little hope, that notwithſtanding all her avowed tenderneſs, ſhe might in time be brought to content herſelf with a fortune ſuperior to her expectation, and which might indulge her vanity, by ſetting her above all her equals. He reſolved, therefore, to take the firſt opportunity of making a propoſal of this kind.

One day accordingly, when his arm was ſo well recovered, that he could walk eaſily with it ſlung in a

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ſaſh, he ſtole forth, at a ſeaſon when the 'ſquire was engaged in his field exerciſes, and viſited his fair one. Her mother and ſiſters, whom he found taking their tea, informed him firſt that Molly was not at home; but afterwards, the eldeſt ſiſter acquainted him, with a malicious ſmile, that ſhe was above ſtairs a-bed. Tom had no objection to this ſituation of his miſtreſs, and immediately aſcended the ladder which led towards her bed-chamber; but when he came to the top, he, to his great ſurprize, found the door faſt; nor could he for ſome time obtain any anſwer from within; for Molly, as ſhe herſelf afterwards informed him, was faſt aſleep.

The extremes of grief and joy have been remarkable to produce very ſimilar effects; and when either of theſe ruſhes on us by ſurpriſe, it is apt to create ſuch a total perturbation and confuſion, that we are often thereby deprived of the uſe of all our faculties. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the unexpected ſight of Mr Jones ſhould ſo ſtrongly operate on the mind of Molly, and ſhould overwhelm her with ſuch confuſion, that for ſome minutes ſhe was unable to expreſs the great raptures, with which the reader will ſuppoſe ſhe was affected on this occaſion. As for Jones, he was ſo entirely poſſeſſed, and as it were enchanted by the preſence of his beloved object, that he for a while forgot Sophia, and conſequently the principal purpoſe of his viſit.

This, however, ſoon recurred to his memory; and after the firſt tranſports of their meeting were over, he found means by degrees to introduce a diſcourſe on the fatal conſequences which muſt attend their amour, if Mr Allworthy, who had ſtrictly forbidden him ever ſeeing her more, ſhould diſcover that he ſtill carried on this commerce. Such a diſcovery, which his enemies gave him reaſon to think would be unavoidable, muſt, he ſaid, end in his ruin, and conſequently in hers. Since therefore, their hard fates had determined that they muſt ſeparate, he adviſed her to bear it with reſolution, and ſwore he would never omit any opportunity, through the courſe of his life, of ſhewing her the ſincerity of his affec-

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tion, by providing for her in a manner beyond her utmoſt expectation, or even beyond her wiſhes, if ever that ſhould be in his power; concluding at laſt, that ſhe might ſoon find ſome man who would marry her, and who would make her much happier than ſhe could be by leading a diſreputable life with him.

Molly remained a few moments in ſilence, and then burſting into a flood of tears, ſhe began to upbraid him in the following words: 'And this is your 'love for me, to forſake me in this manner, now 'you have ruined me? How often, when I have told 'you that all men are falſe and perjury alike, and 'grow tired of us as ſoon as ever they have had 'their wicked wills of us, how often have you ſworn 'you would never forſake me? And can you be ſuch 'a perjury man after all? What ſignifies all the riches 'in the world to me without you, now you have 'gained my heart, ſo you have——you have——? 'Why do you mention another man to me? I can 'never love any other man as long as I live. All 'other men are nothing to me. If the greateſt 'ſquire 'in all the country would come a ſuiting to me to-'morrow, I would not give my company to him. 'No, I ſhall always hate and deſpiſe the whole ſex 'for your ſake.'

She was proceeding thus, when an accident put a ſtop to her tongue, before it had run out half its career. The room, or rather garret, in which Molly lay, being up one pair of ſtairs, that is to ſay, at the top of the houſe, was of a ſloping figure, reſembling the great Delta of the Greeks. The Engliſh reader may, perhaps, form a better idea of it, by being told, that it was impoſſible to ſtand upright any where but in the middle. Now, as this room wanted the conveniency of a cloſet, Molly had, to ſupply that defect, nailed up an old rug againſt the rafters of the houſe, which enclоſed a little hole where her beſt apparel, ſuch as the remains of that ſack which we have formerly mentioned, ſome caps, and other things with which ſhe had lately provided herſelf, were hung up and ſecured from the duſt.

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This incloſed place exactly fronted the foot of the bed, to which, indeed, the rug hung ſo near, that it ſerved, in a manner, to ſupply the want of curtains. Now, whether Molly, in the agonies of her rage, puſhed this rug with her feet; or, Jones might touch it; or whether the pin or nail gave way of its own accord, I am not certain; but as Molly pronounced thoſe laſt words, which are recorded above, the wicked rug got looſe from its faſtening, and diſcovered every thing hid behind it; where, among other female utenſils, appeared —— (with ſhame I write it, and with ſorrow will it be read) —— the philoſopher Square, in a poſture (for the place would not near admit his ſtanding upright) as ridiculous as can poſſibly be conceived.

The poſture, indeed, in which he ſtood, was not greatly unlike that of a ſoldier who is tied neck and heels; or rather reſembling the attitude in which we often ſee fellows in the public ſtreets of London, who are not ſuffering but deſerving puniſhment by ſo ſtanding. He had a night-cap belonging to Molly on his head, and his two large eyes, the moment the rug fell, ſtared directly at Jones; ſo that when the idea of philoſophy was added to the figure now diſcovered, it would have been very difficult for any ſpectator to have refrained from immoderate laughter.

I queſtion not but the ſurprize of the reader will be here equal to that of Jones; as the ſuſpicions which muſt ariſe from the appearance of this wiſe and grave man in ſuch a place, may ſeem ſo inconſiſtent with that character, which he hath, doubtleſs, maintained hitherto, in the opinion of every one.

But, to confeſs the truth, this inconſiſtency is rather imaginary than real. Philoſophers are compoſed of fleſh and blood, as well as other human creatures; and however ſublimated and refined the theory of theſe may be, a little practical frailty is as incident to them as to other mortals. It is indeed in theory only, and not in practice, as we have before ninted, that conſiſts the difference: for though ſuch great beings think much better and more wiſely, they always act exactly like other men. They know very well how to ſubdue

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all appetites and paſſions, and to deſpiſe both pain and pleaſure; and this knowledge affords much delightful contemplation, and is eaſily acquired; but the practice would be vexatious and troubleſome; and therefore the ſame wiſdom which teaches them to know this, teaches them to avoid carrying it into execution.

Mr Square happened to be at church, on that Sunday, when, as the reader may be pleaſed to remember, the appearance of Molly in her ſack had cauſed all that diſturbance. Here he firſt obſerved her, and was ſo pleaſed with her beauty, that he prevailed with the young gentlemen to change their intended ride that evening, that he might paſs by the habitation of Molly, and, by that means, might obtain a ſecond chance of ſeeing her. This reaſon, however, as he did not at that time mention to any, ſo neither did we think proper to communicate it then to the reader.

Among other particulars which conſtituted the unfitneſs of things in Mr Square's opinion, danger and difficulty were two. The difficulty, therefore, which he apprehended there might be in corrupting this young wench, and the danger which would accrue to his character on the diſcovery, were ſuch ſtrong diſſuaſives, that it is probable, he at firſt intended to have contented himſelf with the pleaſing ideas which the ſight of beauty furniſhes us with. Theſe the graveſt men, after a full meal of ſerious meditation, often allow themſelves by way of deſert: for which purpoſe, certain books and pictures find their way into the moſt private receſſes of their ſtudy, and a certain liquoriſh part of natural philoſophy is often the principal ſubject of their converſation.

But when the philoſopher heard, a day or two afterwards, that the fortreſs of virtue had already been ſubdued, he began to give a larger ſcope to his deſires. His appetite was not of that ſqueamiſh kind which cannot feed on a dainty becauſe another hath taſted it. In ſhort, he liked the girl the better for the want of that chaſtity, which, if ſhe had poſſeſſed it, muſt

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must have been a bar to his pleasures; he pursued, and obtained her.

The reader will be mistaken, if he thinks Molly gave Square the preference to her younger lover: on the contrary, had she been confined to the choice of one only, Tom Jones would, undoubtedly, have been, of the two, the victorious person. Nor was it solely the consideration that two are better than one (tho' this had its proper weight) to which Mr Square owed his success; the absence of Jones during his confinement was an unlucky circumstance; and in that interval, some well chosen presents from the philosopher so softened and unguarded the girl's heart, that a favourable opportunity became irresistible, and Square triumphed over the poor remains of virtue which subsisted in the bosom of Molly.

It was now about a fortnight since this conquest, when Jones paid the above-mentioned visit to his mistress, at a time when she and Square were in bed together. This was the true reason why the mother denied her, as we have seen; for as the old woman shared in the profits arising from the iniquity of her daughter, she encouraged and protected her in it to the utmost of her power; but such was the envy and hatred which the eldest sister bore towards Molly, that notwithstanding she had some part of the booty, she would willingly have parted with this to ruin her sister and spoil her trade. Hence she had acquainted Jones with her being above stairs in bed, in hopes that he might have caught her in Square's arms. This, however, Molly found means to prevent, as the door was fastened; which gave her an opportunity of conveying her lover behind that rug or blanket where he now was unhappily discovered.

Square no sooner made his appearance than Molly flung herself back in her bed, cried out she was undone, and abandoned herself to despair. This poor girl, who was yet but a novice in her business, had not arrived to that perfection of assurance which helps off a town lady in any extremity; and either prompts her with an excuse, or else inspires her to brazen out the matter with her husband; who from

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love of quiet, or out of fear of his reputation, and ſometimes, perhaps, from fear of the gallant, who, like one Mr Conſtant in the play, wears a ſword, is glad to ſhut his eyes, and contented to put his horns in his pocket. Molly, on the contrary, was ſilenced by this evidence, and very fairly gave up a cauſe which ſhe had hitherto maintained with ſo many tears, and with ſuch ſolemn and vehement proteſtations of the pureſt love and conſtancy.

As to the gentleman behind the arras, he was not in much leſs conſternation. He ſtood for a while motionleſs, and ſeemed equally at a loſs what to ſay, or whither to direct his eyes. Jones, though perhaps the moſt aſtoniſhed of the three, firſt found his tongue, and being immediately recovered from thoſe uneaſy ſenſations, which Molly by her upbraidings had occaſioned, he burſt into a loud laughter, and then ſaluting Mr Square, advanced to take him by the hand, and to relieve him from his place of confinement.

Square, being now arrived in the middle of the room, in which part only he could ſtand upright, looked at Jones with a very grave countenance, and ſaid to him, 'Well, Sir, I ſee you enjoy this mighty 'diſcovery, and I dare ſwear taſte great delight in 'the thoughts of expoſing me; but if you will conſider the matter fairly, you will find you are yourſelf only to blame. I am not guilty of corrupting 'innocence, I have done nothing for which that 'part of the world which judges of matters by the 'rule of right, will condemn me. Fitneſs is go'verned by the nature of things, and not by cu'ſtoms, forms, or municipal laws. Nothing is indeed 'unfit, which is not unnatural.' 'Well reaſoned, 'old boy,' anſwered Jones; 'but why doſt thou 'think that I ſhould deſire to expoſe thee? I pro'miſe thee, I was never better pleaſed with thee in 'my life; and unleſs thou haſt a mind to diſcover it 'thyſelf, this affair may remain a profound ſecret for 'me.' 'Nay, Mr Jones,' replied Square, 'I would 'not be thought to undervalve reputation. Good 'fame is a ſpecies of the KALON, and it is by no 'means

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'means fitting to neglect it. Besides, to murder 'one's own reputation is a kind of suicide, a detest-'able and odious vice. If you think proper, therefore, 'to conceal any infirmity of mine; (for such I may 'have, since no man is perfectly perfect;) I promise 'you I will not betray myself. Things may be fitting 'to be done, which are not fitting to be boasted of; 'for by the perverse judgment of the world, that 'often becomes the subject of censures, which is, 'in truth, not only innocent but laudable.' 'Right!' cries Jones, 'what can be more innocent than the 'indulgence of a natural appetite? or what more 'laudable than the propagation of our species?' 'To be serious with you,' answered Square, 'I 'profess they always appeared so to me.' 'And 'yet,' said Jones, 'you was of a different opinion, 'when my affair with this girl was first discovered.' 'Why, I must confess,' says Square, 'as the mat-'ter was misrepresented to me by that parson 'Thwackum, I might condemn the corruption of 'innocence: it was that, Sir, it was that—— and 'that——: for you must know, Mr Jones, in the 'consideration of fitness, very minute circumstances, 'Sir, very minute circumstances cause great altera-'tion.'—— 'Well,' cries Jones, 'be that as it will, 'it shall be your own fault, as I have promised you, 'if you ever hear any more of this adventure. Be-'have kindly to the girl, and I will never open my 'lips concerning the matter to any one. And, Molly, 'do you be faithful to your friend, and I will not on-'ly forgive your infidelity to me, but will do you all 'the service I can.' So saying, he took a hasty leave, and slipping down the ladder retired with much expedition.

Square was rejoiced to find this adventure was likely to have no worse conclusion: and as for Molly, being recovered from her confusion, she began at first to upbraid Square with having been the occasion of her loss of Jones; but that gentleman soon found the means of mitigating her anger, partly by caresses, and partly by a small nostrum from his purse, of wonderful and approved efficacy in purging off the ill humours

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humours of the mind, and in restoring it to a good temper.

She then poured forth a vast profusion of tenderness towards her new lover; turned all she had said to Jones, and Jones himself, into ridicule, and vowed, though he once had the possession of her person, that none but Square had ever been master of her heart.

CHAP. VI.

By comparing which with the former, the reader may possibly correct some abuse which he hath formerly been guilty of in the application of the word LOVE.

THE infidelity of Molly, which Jones had now discovered, would, perhaps, have vindicated a much greater degree of resentment than he expressed on the occasion; and if he had abandoned her directly from that moment, very few, I believe, would have blamed him.

Certain, however, it is, that he saw her in the light of compassion: and though his love to her was not of that kind which could give him any great uneasiness at her inconstancy; yet he was not a little shocked on reflecting that he had himself originally corrupted her innocence; for to this corruption he imputed all the vice, into which she appeared now so likely to plunge herself.

This consideration gave him no little uneasiness, till Betty, the elder sister, was so kind some time afterwards entirely to cure him, by a hint, that one Will Barnes, and not himself, had been the first seducer of Molly; and that the little child, which he had hitherto so certainly concluded to be his own, might very probably have an equal title, at least, to claim Barnes for its father.

Jones eagerly pursued this scent when he had first received it; and in a very short time was sufficiently assured that the girl had told him truth, not only by the confession of the fellow, but, at last by that of Molly herself.

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This Will Barnes was a country gallant, and had acquired as many trophies of this kind as any enſign or attorney's clerk in the kingdom. He had, indeed, reduced ſeveral women to a ſtate of utter profligacy, had broke the hearts of ſome, and had the honour of occaſioning the violent death of one poor girl, who had either drowned herſelf, or, what was rather more probable, had been drowned by him.

Among other of his conqueſts, this fellow had triumphed over the heart of Betty Seagrim. He had made love to her long before Molly was grown to be a fit object of that paſtime; but had afterwards deſerted her, and applied to her ſiſter, with whom he had almoſt immediate ſucceſs. Now Will had, in reality, the ſole poſſeſſion of Molly's affection, while Jones and Square were almoſt equally ſacrifices to her intereſt, and to her pride.

Hence had grown that implacable hatred which we have before ſeen raging in the mind of Betty; though we did not think it neceſſary to aſſign this cauſe ſooner, as envy itſelf alone was adequate to all the effects we have mentioned.

Jones was become perfectly eaſy by poſſeſſion of this ſecret with regard to Molly; but as to Sophia, he was far from being in a ſtate of tranquillity; nay, indeed, he was under the moſt violent perturbation: his heart was now, if I may uſe the metaphor, entirely evacuated, and Sophia took abſolute poſſeſſion of it. He loved her with an unbounded paſſion, and plainly ſaw the tender ſentiments ſhe had for him; yet could not this aſſurance leſſen his deſpair of obtaining the conſent of her father, nor the horrors which attended his purſuit of her by any baſe or treacherous method.

The injury which he muſt thus do to Mr Weſtern, and the concern which would accrue to Mr Allworthy, were circumſtances that tormented him all day, and haunted him on his pillow at night. His life was a conſtant ſtruggle between honour and inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his mind. He often reſolved, in the abſence of Sophia, to leave her father's houſe, and to ſee her no more;

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more; and as often, in her preſence, forgot all thoſe reſolutions, and determined to purſue her at the hazard of his life, and at the forfeiture of what was much dearer to him.

This conflict began ſoon to produce very ſtrong and viſible effects: for he loſt all his uſual ſprightlineſs and gaiety of temper, and became not only melancholy when alone, but dejected and abſent in company; nay, if ever he put on a forced mirth, to comply with Mr Weſtern's humour, the conſtraint appeared ſo plain, that he ſeemed to have been giving the ſtrongeſt evidence of what he endeavoured to conceal by ſuch oſtentation.

It may, perhaps, be a queſtion, whether the art which he uſed to conceal his paſſion, or the means which honeſt nature employed to reveal it, betrayed him moſt: for while art made him more than ever reſerved to Sophia, and forbad him to addreſs any of his diſcourſe to her; nay, to avoid meeting her eyes, with the utmoſt caution; nature was no leſs buſy in counterplotting him. Hence, at the approach of the young lady, he grew pale; and if this was ſudden, ſtarted. If his eyes accidentally met hers, the blood ruſhed into his cheeks, and his countenance became all over ſcarlet. If common civility ever obliged him to ſpeak to her, as to drink her health at table, his tongue was ſure to faulter. If he touched her, his hand, nay, his whole frame trembled. And if any diſcourſe tended, however remotely, to raiſe the idea of love, an involuntary ſigh ſeldom failed to ſteal from his boſom. Moſt of which accidents nature was wonderfully induſtrious to throw daily in his way.

All theſe ſymptoms eſcaped the notice of the 'ſquire; but not ſo of Sophia. She ſoon perceived theſe agitations of mind in Jones, and was at no loſs to diſcover the cauſe; for indeed ſhe recognized it in her own breaſt. And this recognition is, I ſuppoſe, that ſympathy which hath been ſo often noted in lovers, and which will ſufficiently account for her being ſo much quicker-ſighted than her father.

But, to ſay the truth, there is a more ſimple and plain method of accounting for that prodigious ſuperiority

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ority of penetration which we muſt obſerve in ſome men over the reſt of the human ſpecies, and one which will ſerve not only in the caſe of lovers, but of all others. From whence is it that the knave is generally ſo quick-ſighted to thoſe ſymptoms and operations of knavery which often dupe an honeſt man of a much better underſtanding? There ſurely is no general ſympathy among knaves, nor have they, like free-maſons, any common ſign of communication. In reality, it is only becauſe they have the ſame thing in their heads, and their thoughts are turned the ſame way. Thus, that Sophia ſaw, and that Weſtern did not ſee the plain ſymptoms of love in Jones, can be no wonder, when we conſider that the idea of love never entered into the head of the father, whereas the daughter, at preſent, thought of nothing elſe.

When Sophia was well ſatisfied of the violent paſſion which tormented poor Jones, and no leſs certain that ſhe herſelf was its object, ſhe had not the leaſt difficulty in diſcovering the true cauſe of his preſent behaviour. This highly endeared him to her, and raiſed in her mind two of the beſt affections which any lover can wiſh to raiſe in a miſtreſs. Theſe were eſteem and pity; for ſure the moſt outrageouſly rigid among her ſex will excuſe her pitying a man, whom ſhe ſaw miſerable on her own account; nor can they blame her for eſteeming one who viſibly, from the moſt honourable motives, endeavoured to ſmother a flame in his own boſom, which, like the famous Spartan theft, was preying upon and conſuming his very vitals. Thus his backwardneſs, his ſhunning her, his coldneſs and his ſilence, were the forwardeſt, the moſt diligent, the warmeſt, and moſt eloquent advocates; and wrought ſo violently on her ſenſible and tender heart, that ſhe ſoon felt for him all thoſe gentle ſenſations which are conſiſtent with a virtuous and elevated female mind;—in ſhort, all which eſteem, gratitude, and pity, can inſpire in ſuch, towards an agreeable man;---indeed, all which the niceſt delicacy can allow. ---In a word,---ſhe was in love with him to diſtraction.

One day this young couple accidentally met in the garden, at the end of two walks, which were both

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bounded by that canal in which Jones had formerly riſqued drowning to retrieve the little bird that Sophia had there loſt.

This place had been of late much frequented by Sophia. Here ſhe uſed to ruminate, with a mixture of pain and pleaſure, on an incident, which, however trifling in itſelf, had poſſibly ſown the firſt ſeeds of that affection which was now arrived to ſuch maturity in her heart.

Here then this young couple met. They were almoſt cloſe together before either of them knew any thing of the other's approach. A by-ſtander would have diſcovered ſufficient marks of confuſion in the countenance of each; but they felt too much themſelves to make any obſervation. As ſoon as Jones had a little recovered his firſt ſurprize, he accoſted the young lady with ſome of the ordinary forms of ſalutation, which ſhe in the ſame manner returned, and their converſation began, as uſual, on the delicious beauty of the morning. Hence they paſt to the beauty of the place, on which Jones launched forth very high encomiums. When they came to the tree whence he had formerly tumbled into the canal, Sophia could not help reminding him of that accident, and ſaid, 'I fancy, Mr Jones, you have ſome little ſhuddering 'when you ſee that water.' 'I aſſure you, Madam,' anſwered Jones, 'the concern you felt at the loſs of 'your little bird, will always appear to me the higheſt 'circumſtance in that adventure. Poor little Tommy! 'there is the branch he ſtood upon. How could the 'little wretch have the folly to fly away from that 'ſtate of happineſs in which I had the honour to place 'him? His fate was a juſt puniſhment for his ingratitude.' 'Upon my word, Mr Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'your 'gallantry very narrowly eſcaped as ſevere a fate. 'Sure the remembrance muſt affect you.' 'Indeed, 'Madam,' anſwered he, 'if I have any reaſon to 'reflect with ſorrow on it, it is, perhaps, that the 'water had not been a little deeper, by which I might 'have eſcaped many bitter heart-achs, that fortune 'ſeems to have in ſtore for me.' 'Fie, Mr Jones,' replied Sophia,' 'I am ſure you cannot be in earneſt 'now.

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'now. This affected contempt of life is only an excess of your complaisance to me. You would endeavour to lessen the obligation of having twice ventured it for my sake. Beware the third time.'---She spoke these last words with a smile and a softness inexpressible. Jones answered with a sigh, 'He feared 'it was already too late for caution;'---and then looking tenderly and stedfastly on her, he cry'd, 'Oh! 'Miss Western---Can you desire me to live? Can you 'wish me so ill?'——Sophia looking down on the ground, answered with some hesitation, 'Indeed, Mr 'Jones, I do not wish you ill.'---'Oh! I know too 'well that heavenly temper,' cries Jones, 'that di'vine goodness which is beyond every other charm.' 'Nay, now,' answered she, 'I understand you not.--- 'I can stay no longer.'---'I---I would not be under'stood,' cries he, 'nay, I can't be understood. I 'know not what I say. Meeting you here so unex'pectedly,---I have been unguarded——for Heaven's 'sake pardon me, if I have said any thing to offend 'you---I did not mean it---indeed, I would rather 'have died---nay, the very thought would kill me.' 'You surprize me,' answered she,---'How can you 'possibly think you have offended me?' 'Fear, Ma'dam,' say he, 'easily runs into madness; and there 'is no degree of fear like that which I feel of offend'ing you. How can I speak then? Nay don't look 'angryly at me, one frown will destroy me.---I mean 'nothing.--Blame my eyes, or blame those beauties. '---What am I saying? Pardon me if I have said too 'much. My heart overflowed. I have struggled with 'my love to the utmost, and have endeavoured to con'ceal a fever which preys upon my vitals, and will, I 'hope, soon make it impossible for me ever to offend 'you more.'

Mr Jones now fell a trembling as if he had been shaken with the fit of an ague. Sophia, who was in a situation not very different from his, answered in these words: 'Mr Jones, I will not affect to misunder'stand you; indeed I understand you too well; but 'for Heaven's sake, if you have any affection for me,

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'let me make the beſt of my way into the houſe. I 'wiſh I may be able to ſupport myſelf thither.'

Jones, who was hardly able to ſupport himſelf, offered her his arm, which ſhe condeſcended to accept, but begged he would not mention a word more to her of this nature at preſent. He promiſed he would not, inſiſting only on her forgiveneſs of what love, without the leave of his will, had forced from him: this, ſhe told him, he knew how to obtain, by his future behaviour; and thus this young pair tottered and trembled along, the lover not once daring to ſqueeze the hand of his miſtreſs, though it was lock'd in his.

Sophia immediately retired to her chamber, where Mrs Honour and the hartſhorn were ſummoned to her aſſiſtance. As to poor Jones, the only relief to his diſtempered mind was an unwelcome piece of news, which, as it opens a ſcene of a different nature from thoſe in which the reader hath lately been converſant, will be communicated to him in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mr Allworthy appears on a ſick-bed.

MR Weſtern was become ſo fond of Jones, that he was unwilling to part with him, though his arm had been long ſince cured; and Jones, either from the love of ſport, or from ſome other reaſon, was eaſily perſuaded to continue at his houſe, which he did ſometimes for a fortnight together, without paying a ſingle viſit at Mr Allworthy's; nay, without ever hearing from thence.

Mr Allworthy had been for ſome days indiſpoſed with a cold, which had been attended with a little fever. This he had, however, neglected, as it was uſual with him to do all manner of diſorders which did not confine him to his bed, or prevent his ſeveral faculties from performing their ordinary functions. A conduct which we would by no means be thought to approve or recommend to imitation: for ſurely the gentlemen of the Æſculapian art are in the right in adviſing, that the moment the diſeaſe is entered at one door, the phyſician

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physician should be introduced at the other; what else is meant by that old adage, *Venienti occurrite morbo?* "Oppose a distemper at its first approach." Thus the doctor and the disease meet in fair and equal conflict; whereas, by giving time to the latter, we often suffer him to fortify and entrench himself, like a French army; so that the learned gentleman finds it very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to come at the enemy. Nay, sometimes by gaining time, the disease applies to the French military politics, and corrupts nature over to his side, and then all the powers of physic must arrive too late. Agreeable to these observations was, I remember, the complaint of the great doctor Misaubin, who used very pathetically to lament the late applications which were made to his skill: saying, Bygar, me believe my patients take me 'for de undertaker; for dey never send for me till 'de physicion have kill dem.'

Mr Allworthy's distemper, by means of this neglect, gained such ground, that when the increase of his fever obliged him to send for assistance, the doctor at his first arrival shook his head, wished he had been sent for sooner, and intimated that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr Allworthy, who had settled all his affairs in this world, and was as well prepared as it is possible for human nature to be for the other, received this information with the utmost calmness and unconcern. He could, indeed, whenever he laid himself down to rest, say with Cato in the tragical poem,

——————"Let guilt or fear
"Disturb man's rest. Cato knows neither of them;
"Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die."

In reality he could say this with ten times more reason and confidence than Cato, or any other proud fellow among the ancient or modern heroes: for he was not only devoid of fear; but might be considered as a faithful labourer, when at the end of harvest he is summoned to receive his reward at the hand of a bountiful master.

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The good man gave immediate orders for all his family to be ſummoned round him. None of theſe were then abroad, but Mrs Blifil, who had been ſome time in London, and Mr Jones, whom the reader had juſt parted from at Mr Weſtern's, and who received this ſummons juſt as Sophia had left him.

The news of Mr Allworthy's danger (for the ſervant told him he was dying) drove all thoughts of love out of his head. He hurried inſtantly into the chariot which was ſent for him, and ordered the coachman to drive with all imaginable haſte; nor did the idea of Sophia, I believe, once occur to him on the way.

And now, the whole family, namely, Mr Blifil, Mr Jones, Mr Thwackum, Mr Square, and ſome of the ſervants (for ſuch were Mr Allworthy's orders) being all aſſembled round his bed, the good man ſat up in it, and was beginning to ſpeak, when Blifil fell to blubbering; and began to expreſs very loud and bitter lamentations. Upon this Mr Allworthy ſhook him by the hand, and ſaid, 'Do not ſorrow thus, my 'dear nephew, at the moſt ordinary of all human 'occurrences. When misfortunes befal our friends we 'are juſtly grieved: for thoſe are accidents which 'might often have been avoided, and which may ſeem 'to render the lot of one man more peculiarly un-'happy than that of others; but death is certainly 'unavoidable, and is that common lot, in which 'alone the fortunes of all men agree; nor is the time 'when this happens to us very material. If the wiſeſt 'of men hath compared life to a ſpan, ſurely we may 'be allowed to conſider it as a day. It is my fate to 'leave it in the evening; but thoſe who are taken away 'earlier, have only loſt a few hours, at the beſt little 'worth lamenting, and much oftner hours of labour 'and fatigue, of pain and ſorrow. One of the Ro-'man poets, I remember, likens our leaving life to 'our departure from a feaſt. A thought which hath 'often occurred to me, when I have ſeen men ſtrug-'gling to protract an entertainment, and to enjoy the 'company of their friends a few moments longer. 'Alas! how ſhort is the moſt protracted of ſuch en-'joyments! how immaterial the difference between him

'who

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'who retires the ſooneſt, and him who ſtays the lateſt!
'This is ſeeing life in the beſt view, and this unwil-
'lingneſs to quit our friends is the moſt amiable mo-
'tive, from which we can derive the fear of death;
'and yet the longeſt enjoyment which we can hope
'for of this kind, is of ſo trivial a duration, that it is
'to a wiſe man truly contemptible. Few men, I own,
'think in this manner: for, indeed, few men think
'of death till they are in its jaws. However gigan-
'tic and terrible an object this may appear when it
'approaches them, they are nevertheleſs incapable of
'ſeeing it at any diſtance; nay, though they have
'been ever ſo much alarmed and frightned when they
'have apprehended themſelves in danger of dying,
'they were no ſooner cleared from this apprehenſion
'than even the fears of it are eraſed from their minds.
'But, alas! he who eſcapes from death is not par-
'doned, he is only reprieved, and reprieved to a ſhort
'day.

'Grieve, therefore, no more, my dear child, on
'this occaſion; an event which may happen every
'hour, which every element, nay almoſt every particle
'of matter that ſurrounds us is capable of producing,
'and which muſt and will moſt unavoidably reach us
'all at laſt, ought neither to occaſion our ſurprize,
'nor our lamentation.

'My phyſician having acquainted me (which I take
'very kindly of him,) that I am in danger of leaving
'you all very ſhortly, I have determined to ſay a few
'words to you at this our parting, before my diſtem-
'per, which I find grows very faſt upon me, puts it
'out of my power.

'But I ſhall waſte my ſtrength too much.—I in-
'tended to ſpeak concerning my will, which though
'I have ſettled long ago, I think proper to mention
'ſuch heads of it as concern any of you, that I may
'have the comfort of perceiving you are all ſatisfied
'with the proviſion I have there made for you.

'Nephew Blifil, I leave you the heir to my whole
'eſtate, except only 500 l. a-year, which is to revert
'to you after the death of your mother, and except
'one other eſtate of 500 l. a-year, and the ſum of

'6000 l. which I have bestowed in the following 'manner:

'The estate of 500 l. a-year I have given to you, 'Mr Jones. And as I know the inconvenience which 'attends the want of ready money, I have added '1000 l. in specie. In this I know not whether I have 'exceeded or fallen short of your expectation. Per'haps you will think I have given you too little, and 'the world will be as ready to condemn me for giv'ing you too much; but the latter censure I despise, 'and as to the former, unless you should entertain 'that common error, which I have often heard in my 'life pleaded as an excuse for a total want of charity; 'namely, that instead of raising gratitude by volun'tary acts of bounty, we are apt to raise demands, 'which of all others are the most boundless and most 'difficult to satisfy.—Pardon me the bare mention of 'this, I will not suspect any such thing.'

Jones flung himself at his benefactor's feet, and taking eagerly hold of his hand, assured him, his goodness to him, both now, and at all other times, had so infinitely exceeded not only his merit, but his hopes, that no words could express his sense of it. 'And I 'assure you, Sir,' said he, 'your present generosity 'hath left me no other concern than for the present 'melancholy occasion.—Oh, my friend! my father!' Here his words choaked him, and he turned away to hide a tear which was starting from his eyes.

Allworthy then gently squeezed his hand, and proceeded thus: 'I am convinced, my child, that you 'have much goodness, generosity, and honour in your 'temper; if you will add prudence and religion to 'these, you must be happy: for the three former 'qualities, I admit, make you worthy of happiness, 'but they are the latter only which will put you in 'possession of it.

'One thousand pounds I have given to you, Mr 'Thwackum; a sum, I am convinced, which greatly 'exceeds your desires, as well as your wants. How'ever, you will receive it as a memorial of my friend'ship; and whatever superfluities may redound to 'you,

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'you, that piety which you so rigidly maintain, will 'instruct you how to dispose of them.

'A like sum, Mr Square, I have bequeathed to 'you. This, I hope, will enable you to pursue your 'profession with better success than hitherto. I have 'often observed with concern, that distress is more apt 'to excite contempt than commiseration, especially 'among men of business, with whom poverty is un-'derstood to indicate want of ability. But the little 'I have been able to leave you, will extricate you 'from those difficulties with which you have formerly 'struggled; and then I doubt not but you will meet 'with sufficient prosperity to supply what a man of 'your philosophical temper will require.

'I find myself growing faint, so I shall refer you to 'my will for my disposition of the residue. My ser-'vants will there find some tokens to remember me 'by; and there are a few charities which, I trust, my 'executors will see faithfully performed. Bless you 'all. I am setting out a little before you.'———

Here a footman came hastily into the room, and said there was an attorney from Salisbury, who had a particular message, which he said he must communicate to Mr Allworthy himself: that he seemed in a violent hurry, and protested he had so much business to do, that if he could cut himself into four quarters, all would not be sufficient.

'Go, child,' said Allworthy to Blifil, 'see what the 'gentleman wants. I am not able to do any business 'now, nor can he have any with me, in which you 'are not at present more concerned than myself. Be-'sides, I really am—I am incapable of seeing any one 'at present, or of any longer attention.' He then saluted them again, but added, he should be now glad to compose himself a little, finding that he had too much exhausted his spirits in discourse.

Some of the company shed tears at their parting; and even the philosopher Square wiped his eyes, "albeit "unused to the melting mood." As to Mrs Wilkins, she dropt her pearls "as fast as the Arabian trees their "medicinal gums;" for this was a ceremonial which that gentlewoman never omitted on a proper occasion.

After

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After this Mr Allworthy again laid himself down on his pillow, and endeavoured to compose himself to rest.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing matter rather natural than pleasing.

BESIDES grief for her master, there was another source for that briny stream which so plentifully rose above the two mountainous cheek-bones of the house-keeper. She was no sooner retired, than she began to mutter to herself in the following pleasant strain. 'Sure master might have made some difference, methinks, between me and the other servants. 'I suppose he hath left me mourning; but, i-fackins! 'if that be all, the devil shall wear it for him for me. 'I'd have his worship know I am no beggar. I have 'saved five hundred pound in his service, and after all 'to be used in this manner. It is a fine encouragement to servants to be honest; and to be sure, if I 'have taken a little something now and then, others 'have taken ten times as much; and now we are all 'put in a lump together. If so be that it be so, the 'legacy may go to the devil with him that gave it. 'No, I wont give it up neither, because that will 'please some folks. No, I'll buy the gayest gown I 'can get, and dance over the old curmudgeon's grave 'in it. This is my reward for taking his part so 'often, when all the country have cried shame of 'him, for breeding up his bastard in that manner; 'but he is going now where he must pay for all. It 'would have become him better to have repented of 'his sins on his deathbed, than to glory in them and 'give away his estate out of his own family to a mis-'begotten child. Found in his bed, forsooth! a 'pretty story! ay, ay, those that hide, know where to 'find. Lord forgive him, I warrant he hath many 'more bastards to answer for, if the truth was known. 'One comfort is, they will all be known where he is 'a going now. "The servants will find some token "to remember me by." Those were the very words: 'I shall

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'I shall never forget them, if I was to live a thousand 'years. Ay, ay, I shall remember you for huddling 'me among the servants. One would have thought 'he might have mentioned my name as well as that of 'Square; but he is a gentleman forsooth, though he 'had not clothes on his back when he came hither 'first. Marry come up with such gentlemen! though 'he hath lived here this many years, I don't believe 'there is arrow a servant in the house ever saw the 'colour of his money. The devil shall wait upon 'such a gentleman for me.' Much more of the like kind she muttered to herself; but this taste shall suffice to the reader.

Neither Thwackum nor Square were much better satisfied with their legacies. Though they breathed not their resentment so loud, yet from the discontent which appeared in their countenances, as well as from the following dialogue, we collect that no great pleasure reigned in their minds.

About an hour after they had left the sick room, Square met Thwackum in the hall, and accosted him thus, 'Well, Sir, have you heard any news of your 'friend since we parted from him?' 'If you mean 'Mr Allworthy,' answered Thwackum, 'I think 'you might rather give him the appellation of your 'friend: for he seems to me to have deserved that 'title.' 'The title is as good on your side,' replied Square, 'for his bounty, such as it is, hath been equal 'to both.' 'I should not have mentioned it first,' cries Thwackum, 'but since you begin, I must in-'form you I am of a different opinion. There is a 'wide distinction between voluntary favours and re-'wards. The duty I have done in his family, and 'the care I have taken in the education of his two 'boys, are services for which some men might have 'expected a greater return. I would not have you 'imagine I am therefore dissatisfied; for St Paul hath 'taught me to be content with the little I have. Had 'the modicum been less, I should have known my 'duty. But though the scripture obliges me to re-'main contented, it doth not enjoin me to shut my 'eyes to my own merit, nor restrain me from seeing,

'when

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'when I am injured by an unjuſt compariſon.' 'Since 'you provoke me,' returned Square, 'that injury is 'done to me: nor did I ever imagine Mr Allworthy 'had held my friendſhip ſo light, as to put me in ba-'lance with one who received his wages: I know to 'what it is owing; it proceeds from thoſe narrow 'principles which you have been ſo long endeavour-'ing to infuſe into him, in contempt of every thing 'which is great and noble. The beauty and lovelі-'neſs of friendſhip is too ſtrong for dim eyes, nor can 'it be perceived by any other medium, than that un-'erring rule of right, which you have ſo often endea-'voured to ridicule, that you have perverted your 'friend's underſtanding.' 'I wiſh,' cries Thwackum, in a rage, 'I wiſh, for the ſake of his ſoul, your 'damnable doctrines have not perverted his faith. It 'is to this I impute his preſent behaviour, ſo unbe-'coming a Chriſtian. Who but an atheiſt could think 'of leaving the world without having firſt made up 'his account? without confeſſing his ſins, and recei-'ving that abſolution which he knew he had one in 'the houſe duly authoriſed to give him? He will feel 'the want of theſe neceſſaries when it is too late. 'When he is arrived at that place where there is wail-'ing and gnaſhing of teeth; it is then he will find in-'what mighty ſtead that heathen goddeſs, that Virtue, 'which you and all other deiſts of the age adore, will 'ſtand him. He will then ſummon his prieſt when 'there is none to be found, and will lament the want 'of that abſolution, without which no ſinner can be 'ſafe.' 'If it be ſo material,' ſays Square, 'why don't 'you preſent it him of your own accord?' 'It hath 'no virtue,' cries Thwackum, 'but to thoſe who have 'ſufficient grace to require it. But why do I talk thus 'to a heathen and an unbeliever? It is you that taught 'him this leſſon, for which you have been well re-'warded in this world, as I doubt not your diſciple 'will ſoon be in the other.' 'I know not what you 'mean by reward,' ſaid Square, 'but if you hint at 'that pitiful memorial of our friendſhip, which he 'hath thought fit to bequeath me, I deſpiſe it; and 'nothing

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'nothing but the unfortunate ſituation of my circum-
'ſtances ſhould prevail on me to accept it.'

The phyſician now arrived, and began to enquire of the two diſputants, how we all did above ſtairs? 'In a miſerable way,' anſwered Thwackum. 'It is no 'more than I expected,' cries the doctor: 'but pray 'what ſymptoms have appeared ſince I left you?' 'No good ones, I am afraid,' replied Thwackum, 'after what paſt at our departure. I think there were 'little hopes.' The bodily phyſician, perhaps, miſunderſtood the curer of ſouls; and before they came to an explanation, Mr Blifil came to them with a moſt melancholy countenance, and acquainted them, that he brought ſad news: for that his mother was dead at Saliſbury. That ſhe had been ſeized on the road home with the gout in her head and ſtomach, which had carried her off in a few hours. 'Good-lack-a-day,' ſays the doctor, 'one cannot anſwer for events: but 'I wiſh I had been at hand to have been called in. 'The gout is a diſtemper which it is difficult to treat; 'yet I have been remarkably ſucceſsful in it.' Thwackum and Square both condoled with Mr Blifil for the loſs of his mother, which the one adviſed him to bear like a man, and the other like a Chriſtian. The young gentleman ſaid, he knew very well we were all mortal, and he would endeavour to ſubmit to his loſs as well as he could. That he could not, however, help complaining a little againſt the peculiar ſeverity of his fate, which brought the news of ſo great a calamity to him by ſurprize, and that at a time when he hourly expected the ſevereſt blow he was capable of feeling from the malice of fortune. He ſaid, the preſent occaſion would put to the teſt thoſe excellent rudiments which he had learned from Mr Thwackum and Mr Square, and it would be entirely owing to them, if he was enabled to ſurvive ſuch misfortunes.

It was now debated whether Mr Allworthy ſhould be informed of the death of his ſiſter: this the doctor violently oppoſed; in which, I believe, the whole college would agree with him: but Mr Blifil ſaid, he had received ſuch poſitive and repeated orders from his uncle, never to keep any ſecret from him, for fear of the

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the diſquietude which it might give him, that he durſt not think of diſobedience, whatever might be the conſequence. He ſaid, for his part, conſidering the religious and philoſophic temper of his uncle, he could not agree with the doctor in his apprehenſions. He was therefore reſolved to communicate it to him: for if his uncle recovered (as he heartily prayed he might) he knew he would never forgive an endeavour to keep a ſecret of this kind from him.

The phyſician was forced to ſubmit to theſe reſolutions, which the two other learned gentlemen very highly commended. So together moved Mr Blifil and the doctor towards the ſick-room; where the phyſician firſt entered, and approached the bed, in order to feel his patient's pulſe, which he had no ſooner done, than he declared he was much better; that the laſt application had ſucceeded to a miracle, and had brought the fever to intermit; ſo that, he ſaid there appeared now to be as little danger as he had before apprehended there were hopes.

To ſay the truth, Mr Allworthy's ſituation had never been ſo bad, as the great caution of the doctor had repreſented: but as a wiſe general never deſpiſes his enemy, however inferior that enemy's force may be, ſo neither doth a wiſe phyſician ever deſpiſe a diſtemper, however inconſiderable. As the former preſerves the ſame ſtrict diſcipline, places the ſame guards, employs the ſame ſcouts, though the enemy be never ſo weak; ſo the latter maintains the ſame gravity of countenance, and ſhakes his head with the ſame ſignificant air, let the diſtemper be never ſo trifling. And both, among many other good ones, may aſſign this ſolid reaſon for their conduct, that by theſe means the greater glory redounds to them if they gain the victory, and the leſs diſgrace, if by any unlucky accident they ſhould happen to be conquered.

Mr Allworthy had no ſooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked Heaven for theſe hopes of his recovery, than Mr Blifil drew near, with a very dejected aſpect, and having applied his handkerchief to his eye, either to wipe away his tears, or to do, as Ovid ſomewhere expreſſes himſelf on another occaſion,

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Si nullus erit, tamen excute nullum.

'If there be none, then wipe away that none.'

he communicated to his uncle what the reader hath been just before acquainted with.

Allworthy received the news with concern, with patience, and with resignation. He dropt a tender tear, then composed his countenance, and at last cried, 'The Lord's will be done in every thing.'

He now enquired for the messenger; but Blifil told him, it had been impossible to detain him a moment; for he appeared by the great hurry he was in to have some business of importance on his hands: that he complained of being hurried, and driven and torn out of his life, and repeated many times that if he could divide himself into four quarters, he knew how to dispose of every one.

Allworthy then desired Blifil to take care of the funeral. He said, he would have his sister deposited in his own chapel; and as to the particulars, he left them to his own discretion, only mentioning the person whom he would have employed on this occasion.

CHAP. IX.

Which, among other things, may serve as a comment on that saying of Æschines, *that* DRUNKENNESS SHEWS THE MIND OF A MAN, AS A MIRROR REFLECTS HIS PERSON.

THE reader may, perhaps, wonder at hearing nothing of Mr Jones in the last chapter. In fact, his behaviour was so different from that of the persons there mentioned, that we chose not to confound his name with theirs.

When the good man had ended his speech, Jones was the last who deserted the room. Thence he retired to his own apartment, to give vent to his concern; but the restlessness of his mind would not suffer him to remain long there; he slipped softly, therefore, to Allworthy's chamber door, where he listened a consi-

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derable time, without hearing any kind of motion within, unleſs a violent ſnoring, which at laſt his fears miſrepreſented as groans. This ſo alarmed him, that he could not forbear entering the room; where he found the good man in the bed, in a ſweet compoſed ſleep, and his nurſe ſnoring in the above-mentioned hearty manner, at the bed's feet. He immediately took the only method of ſilencing this thorough baſs, whoſe muſic he feared might diſturb Mr Allworthy; and then ſitting down by the nurſe, he remained motionleſs, till Blifil and the Doctor came in together, and waked the ſick man, in order that the doctor might feel his pulſe, and that the other might communicate to him that piece of news, which, had Jones been apprized of it, would have had great difficulty of finding its way to Mr Allworthy's ear at ſuch a ſeaſon.

When he firſt heard Blifil tell his uncle this ſtory, Jones could hardly contain the wrath which kindled in him at the other's indiſcretion, eſpecially as the doctor ſhook his head, and declared his unwillingneſs to have the matter mentioned to his patient. But as his paſſion did not ſo far deprive him of all uſe of his underſtanding, as to hide from him the conſequences which any violent expreſſion towards Blifil might have on the ſick, this apprehenſion ſtilled his rage, at the preſent; and he grew afterwards ſo ſatisfied with finding that this news had, in fact, produced no miſchief, that he ſuffered his anger to die in his own boſom, without ever mentioning it to Blifil.

The phyſician dined that day at Mr Allworthy's; and having after dinner viſited his patient, he returned to the company, and told them, that he had now the ſatisfaction to ſay, with aſſurance, that his patient was out of all danger; that he had brought his fever to a perfect intermiſſion, and doubted not by throwing in the bark to prevent its return.

This account ſo pleaſed Jones, and threw him into ſuch immoderate exceſs of rapture, that he might be truly ſaid to be drunk with joy; an intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine: and as he was very free too with the bottle on this occaſion, (for he

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he drank many bumpers to the doctor's health, as well as to other toasts) he became very soon literally drunk.

Jones had naturally violent animal spirits: these being set on float, and augmented by the spirit of wine, produced most extravagant effects. He kissed the doctor, and embraced him with the most passionate endearments; swearing that, next to Mr Allworthy himself, he loved him of all men living. 'Doctor,' added he, 'you deserve a statue to be erected to you 'at the public expence, for having preserved a man 'who is not only the darling of all good men who 'know him, but a blessing to society, the glory of his 'country, and an honour to human nature. D—n 'me if I don't love him better than my own soul.'

'More shame for you,' cries Thwackum. 'Tho' 'I think you have reason to love him, for he hath 'provided very well for you. And, perhaps, it might 'have been better for some folks, that he had not 'lived to see just reason of revoking his gift.'

Jones now, looking on Thwackum with inconceivable disdain, answered, 'And doth thy mean soul 'imagine, that any such considerations could weigh 'with me? No, let the earth open and swallow her 'own dirt (if I had millions of acres I would say it) 'rather than swallow up my dear glorious friend.'

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis? *

The doctor now interposed, and prevented the effects of a wrath which was kindling between Jones and Thwackum; after which the former gave a loose to mirth, sang two or three amorous songs, and fell into every frantic disorder, which unbridled joy is apt to inspire; but so far was he from any disposition to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if possible, than when he was sober.

* 'What modesty or measure can set bounds to our desire of 'so dear a friend!' The word *desiderium* here cannot be easily translated. It includes our desire of enjoying our friend again, and the grief which attends that desire.

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To say truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common observation, that men who are ill natured and quarrelsome when they are drunk, are very worthy persons when they are sober: for drink, in reality, doth not reverse nature, or create passions in men which did not exist in them before. It takes away the guard of reason, and consequently forces us to produce those symptoms which many, when sober, have art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our passions, (generally indeed that passion which is uppermost in our mind) so that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other dispositions of men, are in their cups heightened and exposed.

And yet as no nation produces so many drunken quarrels, especially among the lower people, as England, (for, indeed, with them, to drink and to fight together, are almost synonymous terms), I would not, methinks, have it thence concluded, that the English are the worst-natured people alive. Perhaps the love of glory only is at the bottom of this; so that the fair conclusion seems to be, that our countrymen have more of that love, and more of bravery, than any other Plebeians. And this the rather, as there is seldom any thing ungenerous, unfair, or ill-natured, exercised on those occasions; nay, it is common for the combatants to express good-will for each other, even at the time of the conflict; and as their drunken mirth generally ends in a battle, so do most of their battles end in friendship.

But to return to our history. Though Jones had shewn no design of giving offence, yet Mr Blifil was highly offended at a behaviour which was so inconsistent with the sober and prudent reserve of his own temper. He bore it too with the greater impatience, as it appeared to him very indecent at this season; 'When,' as he said, 'the house was a house of mourning, on 'the account of his dear mother; and if it had pleased 'Heaven to give him some prospect of Mr Allworthy's 'recovery, it would become them better to express 'the exultation of their hearts in thanksgiving, than 'in drunkenness and riots; which were properer me-

'thods

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'thods to increaſe the divine wrath, than to avert it.' Thwackum, who had ſwallowed more liquor than Jones, but without any ill effect on his brain, ſeconded the pious harangue of Blifil: but Square, for reaſons which the reader may probably gueſs, was totally ſilent.'

Wine had not ſo totally overpowered Jones, as to prevent his recollecting Mr Blifil's loſs, the moment it was mentioned. As no perſon, therefore, was more ready to confeſs and condemn his own errors, he offered to ſhake Mr Blifil by the hand, and begged his pardon, ſaying, 'His exceſſive joy for Mr Allworthy's recovery had driven every other thought out 'of his mind.'

Blifil ſcornfully rejected his hand; and, with much indignation, anſwered, 'It was little to be wondered 'at, if tragical ſpectacles made no impreſſion on the 'blind; but, for his part, he had the misfortune to 'know who his parents were, and conſequently muſt 'be affected with their loſs.'

Jones, who, notwithſtanding his good humour, had ſome mixture of the iraſcible in his conſtitution, leaped haſtily from his chair, and catching hold of Blifil's collar, cried out, 'D---n you for a raſcal, do you in'ſult me with the misfortune of my birth?' He accompanied theſe words with ſuch rough actions, that they ſoon got the better of Mr Blifil's peaceful temper; and a ſcuffle immediately enſued, which might have produced miſchief, had it not been prevented by the interpoſition of Thwackum and the phyſician; for the philoſophy of Square rendered him ſuperior to all emotions, and he very calmly ſmoaked his pipe, as was his cuſtom in all broils, unleſs when he apprehended ſome danger of having it broke in his mouth.

The combatants being now prevented from executing preſent vengeance on each other, betook themſelves to the common reſources of diſappointed rage, and vented their wrath in threats and defiance In this kind of conflict, fortune, which in the perſonal attack ſeemed to incline to Jones, was now altogether as favourable to his enemy.

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A truce, nevertheleſs, was at length agreed on, by the mediation of the neutral parties, and the whole company again ſat down at the table; where Jones being prevailed on to aſk pardon, and Blifil to give it, peace was reſtored, and every thing ſeemed *in ſtatu quo*.

But though the quarrel was, in all appearance, perfectly reconciled, the good humour which had been interrupted by it, was by no means reſtored. All merriment was now at an end, and the ſubſequent diſcourſe conſiſted only of grave relations of matters of fact, and of as grave obſervations upon them: a ſpecies of converſation, in which, though there is much of dignity and inſtruction, there is but little entertainment. As we preſume, therefore, to convey only this laſt to the reader, we ſhall paſs by whatever was ſaid, till the reſt of the company having, by degrees, dropped off, left only Square and the phyſician together; at which time the converſation was a little heightened by ſome comments on what had happened between the two young gentlemen; both of whom the doctor declared to be no better than ſcoundrels: to which appellation the philoſopher, very ſagaciouſly ſhaking his head, agreed.

CHAP. X.

Shewing the truth of many obſervations of Ovid, *and of other more grave writers, who have proved, beyond contradiction, that wine is often the forerunner of incontinency.*

JONES retired from the company, in which we have ſeen him engaged, into the fields, where he intended to cool himſelf by a walk in the open air, before he attended Mr Allworthy. There, whilſt he renewed thoſe meditations on his dear Sophia, which the dangerous illneſs of his friend and benefactor had for ſome time interrupted, an accident happened, which with ſorrow we relate, and with ſorrow doubtleſs will it be read: however, that hiſtoric truth to which we pro-

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profeſs ſo inviolable an attachment, obliges us to communicate it to poſterity.

It was now a pleaſant evening in the latter end of June, when our hero was walking in a moſt delicious grove, where the gentle breezes fanning the leaves, together with the ſweet trilling of a murmuring ſtream, and the melodious notes of nightingales, formed altogether the moſt enchanting harmony. In this ſcene, ſo ſweetly accommodated to love, he meditated on his dear Sophia. While his wanton fancy roved unbounded over all her beauties, and his lively imagination painted the charming maid in various raviſhing forms, his warm heart melted with tenderneſs, and at length throwing himſelf on the ground, by the ſide of a gently murmuring brook, he broke forth into the following ejaculation.

'O Sophia, would Heaven give thee to my arms, 'how bleſt would be my condition! Curſt be that 'fortune which ſets a diſtance between us. Was I 'but poſſeſſed of thee, one only ſuit of rags thy whole 'eſtate, is there a man on earth whom I would envy! 'How contemptible would the brighteſt Circaſſian 'beauty, dreſt in all the jewels of the Indies, appear 'to my eyes! But why do I mention another woman? 'Could I think my eyes capable of looking at any 'other with tenderneſs, theſe hands ſhould tear them 'from my head. No, my Sophia, if cruel fortune 'ſeparates us for ever, my ſoul ſhall doat on thee alone. 'The chaſteſt conſtancy will I ever preſerve to thy 'image. Though I ſhould never have poſſeſſion of 'thy charming perſon, ſtill ſhalt thou alone have poſ'ſeſſion of my thoughts, my love, my ſoul! Oh! my 'fond heart is ſo wrapt in that tender boſom, that 'the brighteſt beauties would for me have no charms, 'nor would a hermit be colder in their embraces. 'Sophia, Sophia alone ſhall be mine. What raptures 'are in that name! I will engrave it on every tree.'

At theſe words he ſtarted up, and beheld---not his Sophia---no, nor a Circaſſian maid richly and elegantly attired for the grand ſignior's ſeraglio. No; without a gown, in a ſhift that was ſomewhat of the coarſeſt, and none of the cleaneſt, bedewed likewiſe with ſome odoriferous

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odoriferous effluvia, the produce of the day's labour, with a pitch-fork in her hand, Molly Seagrim approached. Our hero had his pen-knife in his hand, which he had drawn for the before-mentioned purpose of carving on the bark; when the girl coming near him, cry'd out with a smile, 'You don't intend to 'kill me, 'squire, I hope!' 'Why should you think I 'would kill you?' answered Jones. 'Nay,' replied she, 'after your cruel usage of me when I saw you 'last, killing me would, perhaps, be too great kind-'ness for me to expect.'

Here ensued a parley, which, as I do not think myself obliged to relate it, I shall omit. It is sufficient that it lasted a full quarter of an hour, at the conclusion of which they retired into the thickest part of the grove.

Some of my readers may be inclined to think this event unnatural. However the fact is true; and, perhaps, may be sufficiently accounted for, by suggesting, that Jones probably thought one woman better than none, and Molly as probably imagined two men to be better than one. Besides the before-mentioned motive assigned to the present behaviour of Jones, the reader will be likewise pleased to recollect in his favour, that he was not at this time perfect master of that wonderful power of reason, which so well enables grave and wise men to subdue their unruly passions, and to decline any of these prohibited amusements. Wine now had totally subdued this power in Jones. He was, indeed, in a condition, in which if reason had interposed, though only to advise, she might have received the answer which one Cleostratus gave many years ago to a silly fellow, who asked him, if he was not ashamed to be drunk? 'Are not you,' said Cleostratus, 'ashamed to admonish a drunken man?' To say the truth, in a court of justice drunkenness must not be an excuse, yet in a court of conscience it is greatly so; and therefore Aristotle, who commends the laws of Pittacus, by which drunken men received double punishment for their crimes, allows there is more of policy than justice in that law. Now, if there are any transgressions pardonable from drunkenness, they

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they are certainly such as Mr Jones was at present guilty of; on which head I could pour forth a vast profusion of learning, if I imagined it would either entertain my reader, or teach him any thing more than he knows already. For his sake therefore I shall keep my learning to myself, and return to my history.

It hath been observed, that fortune seldom doth things by halves. To say truth, there is no end to her freaks, whenever she is disposed to gratify or displease. No sooner had our hero retired with his Dido, but

Speluncam Blifil, *Dux & Divinus eandem*
Deveniunt ———

the parson and the young 'squire, who were taking a serious walk, arrived at the stile which leads into the grove, and the latter caught a view of the lovers, just as they were sinking out of sight.

Blifil knew Jones very well, though he was at above a hundred yards distance, and he was as positive to the sex of his companion, though not to the individual person. He started, blessed himself, and uttered a very solemn ejaculation.

Thwackum expressed some surprize at these sudden emotions, and asked the reason of them. To which Blifil answered, 'he was certain he had seen a fellow 'and wench retire together among the bushes, which 'he doubted not was with some wicked purpose.' As to the name of Jones, he thought proper to conceal it, and why he did so must be left to the judgment of the sagacious reader: for we never chuse to assign motives to the actions of men, when there is any possibility of our being mistaken.

The parson, who was not only strictly chaste in his own person, but a great enemy to the opposite vice in all others, fired at this information. He desired Mr Blifil to conduct him immediately to the place, which as he approached, he breathed forth vengeance mixed with lamentations; nor did he refrain from casting some oblique reflections on Mr Allworthy; insinuating that the wickedness of the country was principally owing

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owing to the encouragement he had given to vice, by having exerted such kindness to a bastard, and by having mitigated that just and wholesome rigour of the law, which allots a very severe punishment to loose wenches.

The way through which our hunters were to pass, in pursuit of their game, was so beset with briars, that it greatly obstructed their walk, and caused, besides, such a rustling, that Jones had sufficient warning of their arrival, before they could surprise him; nay, indeed, so incapable was Thwackum of concealing his indignation, and such vengeance did he mutter forth every step he took, that this alone must have abundantly satisfied Jones, that he was (to use the language of sportsmen) found sitting.

CHAP. XI.

In which a simile of Mr Pope's period of a mile, introduces as bloody a battle as can possibly be fought, without the assistance of steel or cold iron.

AS in the season of RUTTING (an uncouth phrase, by which the vulgar denote that gentle dalliance which, in the * well-wooded forest of Hampshire, passes between lovers of the ferine kind) if while the lofty crested stag meditates the amorous sport, a couple of puppies, or any other beasts of hostile note should wander so near the temple of Venus Ferina, that the fair hind should shrink from the place, touched with that somewhat, either of fear or frolic, of nicety or skittishness, with which nature hath bedecked all females, or hath, at least, instructed them how to put it on; lest, through the indelicacy of males, the Samian mysteries should be pried into by unhallowed eyes: for, at the celebration of these rites, the female priestess cries out with her in Virgil (who was then, probably, hard at work on such celebration,)

——*Procul, O procul este, profani;*
Proclamat Vates, totoque absistite luco.

* This is an ambiguous phrase, and may mean either a forest well cloathed with wood, or well stript of it.

——" Far

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——" Far hence be ſouls prophane,
" The ſybil cry'd, and from the grove abſtain."
DRYDEN.

If, I ſay, while theſe ſacred rites, which are in common to *genus omne animantium*, are in agitation between the ſtag and his miſtreſs, any hoſtile beaſts ſhould venture too near, on the firſt hint given by the frighted hind, fierce and tremendous ruſhes forth the ſtag to the entrance of the thicket; there ſtands he centinel over his love, ſtamps the ground with his foot, and with his horns brandiſhed aloft in air, proudly provokes the apprehended foe to combat.

Thus, and more terrible, when he perceived the enemy's approach, leaped forth our hero. Many a ſtep advanced he forwards, in order to conceal the trembling hind, and, if poſſible, to ſecure her retreat. And now Thwackum, having firſt darted ſome livid lightning from his fiery eyes, began to thunder forth, 'Fie upon it! Fie upon it! Mr Jones. Is it poſſible 'you ſhould be the perſon?' 'You ſee,' anſwered Jones, 'it is poſſible I ſhould be here.' 'And who,' ſaid Thwackum, 'is that wicked ſlut with you?' 'If 'I have any wicked ſlut with me,' cries Jones, 'it is 'poſſible I ſhall not let you know who ſhe is.' 'I 'command you to tell me immediately,' ſays Thwackum, 'and I would not have you imagine, young 'man, that your age, though it hath ſomewhat a-'bridged the purpoſe of tuition, hath totally taken 'away the authority of the maſter. The relation of 'the maſter and ſcholar is indelible, as, indeed, all 'other relations are: for they all derive their origi-'nal from Heaven. I would have you think yourſelf, 'therefore, as much obliged to obey me now, as 'when I taught you your firſt rudiments.' 'I believe 'you would,' cried Jones, 'but that will not happen, 'unleſs you had the ſame birchen argument to con-'vince me.' 'Then I muſt tell you plainly,' ſaid Thwackum, 'I am reſolved to diſcover the wicked 'wretch.' 'And I muſt tell you plainly,' returned Jones, 'I am reſolved you ſhall not.' Thwackum then offered to advance, and Jones laid hold of his

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arms; which Mr Blifil endeavoured to reſcue, declaring, 'he would not ſee his old maſter inſulted.'

Jones now finding himſelf engaged with two, thought it neceſſary to rid himſelf of one of his antagoniſts as ſoon as poſſible. He, therefore, applied to the weakeſt firſt; and letting the parſon go, he directed a blow at the young 'ſquire's breaſt, which luckily taking place, reduced him to meaſure his length on the ground.

Thwackum was ſo intent on the diſcovery, that the moment he found himſelf at liberty, he ſtept forward directly into the fern, without any great conſideration of what might, in the mean time, befal his friend; but he had advanced a very few paces into the thicket before Jones, having defeated Blifil, overtook the parſon, and dragged him backward by the ſkirt of his coat.

This parſon had been a champion in his youth, and had won much honour by his fiſt, both at ſchool and at the univerſity. He had now, indeed, for a great number of years, declined the practice of that noble art; yet was his courage full as ſtrong as his faith, and his body no leſs ſtrong than either. He was, moreover, as the reader may, perhaps, have conceived, ſomewhat iraſcible in his nature. When he looked back, therefore, and ſaw his friend ſtretched out on the ground, and found himſelf at the ſame time ſo roughly handled by one who had formerly been only paſſive in all conflicts between them, (a circumſtance which highly aggravated the whole) his patience at length gave way; he threw himſelf into a poſture of offence, and collecting all his force, attacked Jones in the front, with as much impetuoſity as he had formerly attacked him in the rear.

Our hero received the enemy's attack with the moſt undaunted intrepidity, and his boſom reſounded with the blow. This he preſently returned with no leſs violence, aiming likewiſe at the parſon's breaſt: but he dextrouſly drove down the fiſt of Jones, ſo that it reached only his belly, where two pounds of beef and as many of pudding were then depoſited, and whence conſequently no hollow ſound could proceed. Many luſty blows, much more pleaſant as well as eaſy to have

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have seen, than to read or describe, were given on both sides; at last a violent fall in which Jones had thrown his knees into Thwackum's breast, so weakened the latter, that victory had been no longer dubious, had not Blifil, who had now recovered his strength, again renewed the fight, and, by engaging with Jones, given the parson a moment's time to shake his ears, and to regain his breath.

And now both together attacked our hero, whose blows did not retain that force with which they had fallen at first; so weakened was he by his combat with Thwackum: for though the pedagogue chose rather to play Solos on the human instrument, and had been lately used to those only, yet he still retained enough of his ancient knowledge to perform his part very well in a Duet.

The victory, according to modern custom, was like to be decided by numbers, when, on a sudden, a fourth pair of fists appeared in the battle, and immediately paid their compliments to the parson; the owner of them, at the same time, crying out, 'Are you not 'ashamed, and be d—n'd to you, to fall two of you 'upon one?'

The battle, which was of the kind that for distinction's sake is called ROYAL, now raged with the utmost violence during a few minutes; till Blifil being a second time laid sprawling by Jones, Thwackum condescended to apply for quarter to his new antagonist, who was now found to be Mr Western himself; for in the heat of the action none of the combatants had recognized him.

In fact, that honest 'squire, happening in his afternoon's walk with some company, to pass through the field where the bloody battle was fought, and having concluded from seeing three men engaged, that two of them must be on a side, he hastened from his companions, and with more gallantry than policy, espoused the cause of the weaker party. By which generous proceeding, he very probably prevented Mr Jones from becoming a victim to the wrath of Thwackum, and to the pious friendship which Blifil bore his old master: for besides the disadvantage of such odds,

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Jones had not yet sufficiently recovered the former strength of his broken arm. This reinforcement, however, soon put an end to the action, and Jones with his ally obtained the victory.

CHAP. XII.

In which is seen a more moving spectacle, than all the blood in the bodies of Thwackum and Blifil, and of twenty other such, is capable of producing.

THE rest of Mr Western's company were now come up, being just at the instant when the action was over. These were the honest clergyman, whom we have formerly seen at Mr Western's table, Mrs Western, the aunt of Sophia; and, lastly, the lovely Sophia herself.

At this time, the following was the aspect of the bloody field. In one place lay on the ground, all pale and almost breathless, the vanquished Blifil. Near him stood the conqueror Jones, almost covered with blood, part of which was naturally his own, and part had been lately the property of the Reverend Mr Thwackum. In a third place stood the said Thwackum, like king Porus, sullenly submitting to the conqueror. The last figure in the piece was Western the Great, most gloriously forbearing the vanquished foe.

Blifil, in whom there was little sign of life, was at first the principal object of the concern of every one, and particularly of Mrs Western, who had drawn from her pocket a bottle of hartshorn, and was herself about to apply it to his nostrils; when on a sudden the attention of the whole company was diverted from poor Blifil, whose spirit, if it had any such design, might have now taken an opportunity of stealing off to the other world, without any ceremony.

For now a more melancholy and a more lovely object lay motionless before them. This was no other than the charming Sophia herself, who, from the sight of blood, or from fear for her father, or from some other reason, had fallen down in a swoon, before any one could get to her assistance.

Mrs

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Mrs Weſtern firſt ſaw her, and ſcreamed. Immediately two or three voices cried out, Miſs Weſtern is dead. Hartſhorn, water, every remedy was called for, almoſt at one and the ſame inſtant.

The reader may remember, that in our deſcription of this grove we mentioned a murmuring brook, which brook did not come there, as ſuch gentle ſtreams flow through vulgar romances, with no other purpoſe than to murmur. No; fortune had decreed to ennoble this little brook with a higher honour than any of thoſe which waſh the plains of Arcadia, ever deſerved.

Jones was rubbing Bliſil's temples, for he began to fear he had given him a blow too much, when the words, Miſs Weſtern and Dead, ruſhed at once on his ear. He ſtarted up, left Bliſil to his fate, and flew to Sophia, whom, while all the reſt were running againſt each other backward and forward, looking for water in the dry paths, he caught up in his arms, and then ran away with her over the field, to the rivulet above-mentioned; where, plunging himſelf into the water, he contrived to ſprinkle her face, head, and neck very plentifully.

Happy was it for Sophia, that the ſame confuſion which prevented her other friends from ſerving her, prevented them likewiſe from obſtructing Jones. He had carried her half way before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually reſtored her to life before they reached the water-ſide: ſhe ſtretched out her arms, opened her eyes, and cried, 'Oh, heavens!' juſt as her father, aunt, and the parſon came up.

Jones, who had hitherto held this lovely burthen in his arms, now relinquiſhed his hold; but gave her at the ſame inſtant a tender careſs, which, had her ſenſes been then perfectly reſtored, could not have eſcaped her obſervation. As ſhe expreſſed, therefore, no diſpleaſure at this freedom, we ſuppoſe ſhe was not ſufficiently recovered from her ſwoon at the time.

This tragical ſcene was now converted into a ſudden ſcene of joy. In this our hero was, moſt certainly, the principal character: for as he probably felt more ecſtatic delight in having ſaved Sophia, than ſhe herſelf received from being ſaved; ſo neither were the

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congratulations paid to her equal to what were conferred on Jones, especially by Mr Western himself, who, after having once or twice embraced his daughter, fell to hugging and kissing Jones. He called him the preserver of Sophia, and declared there was nothing, except her, or his estate, which he would not give him; but, upon recollection, he afterwards excepted his fox hounds, the Chevalier, and Miss Slouch (for so he called his favourite mare.)

All fears for Sophia being now removed, Jones became the object of the 'squire's consideration. 'Come, 'my lad,' says Western, 'd'off thy quoat and wash 'thy feace: for art in a devilish pickle, I promise 'thee. Come, come, wash thyself, and sha't go 'huome with me; and we'll zee to vind thee another 'quoat.'

Jones immediately complied, threw off his coat, went down to the water, and washed both his face and bosom; for the latter was as much exposed, and as bloody as the former: but though the water could clear off the blood, it could not remove the black and blue marks which Thwackum had imprinted on both his face and breast, and which, being discerned by Sophia, drew from her a sigh, and a look full of inexpressible tenderness.

Jones received this full in his eyes, and it had infinitely a stronger effect on him than all the contusions which he had received before. An effect, however, widely different; for so soft and balmy was it, that had all his former blows been stabs, it would for some minutes have prevented his feeling their smart.

The company now moved backwards, and soon arrived where Thwackum had got Mr Blifil again on his legs. Here we cannot suppress a pious wish, that all quarrels were to be decided by those weapons only with which nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath supplied us; and that cold iron was to be used in digging no bowels but those of the earth. Then would war, the pastime of monarchs, be almost inoffensive, and battles between great armies might be fought at the particular desire of several ladies of quality; who, together with the kings themselves, might

be

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be actual spectators of the conflict. Then might the field be this moment well strewed with human carcasses, and the next, the dead men, or infinitely the greatest part of them, might get up, like Mr Bayes's troops, and march off either at the sound of a drum or fiddle, as should be previously agreed on.

I would avoid, if possible, treating this matter ludicrously, lest grave men and politicians, whom I know to be offended at a jest, may cry pish at it; but in reality, might not a battle be as well decided by the greater number of broken heads, bloody noses, and black eyes, as by the greater heaps of mangled and murdered human bodies? Might not towns be contended for in the same manner? Indeed, this may be thought too detrimental a scheme to the French interest, since they would thus lose the advantage they have over other nations, in the superiority of their engineers: but when I consider the gallantry and generosity of that people, I am persuaded they would never decline putting themselves upon a par with their adversary; or, as the phrase is, making themselves his match.

But such reformations are rather to be wished than hoped for: I shall content myself, therefore, with this short hint, and return to my narrative.

Western began now to enquire into the original rise of this quarrel. To which neither Blifil nor Jones gave any answer; but Thwackum said surlily, 'I believe the cause is not far off: if you beat the bushes well you may find her.' 'Find her!' replied Western, 'what, have you been fighting for a wench?' 'Ask the gentleman in his waistcoat there,' said Thwackum, 'he best knows.' 'Nay, then,' cries Western, 'it is a wench certainly.—Ah, Tom, Tom, thou art a liquorish dog;——but come, gentlemen, be all friends, and go home with me, and make final peace over a bottle.' 'I ask your pardon, Sir,' says Thwackum, 'it is no such slight matter for a man of my character to be thus injuriously treated, and buffeted by a boy; only because I would have done my duty, in endeavouring to detect and bring to justice a wanton harlot; but, indeed, the principal

'fault lies in Mr Allworthy and yourself: for, if 'you put the laws in execution, as you ought to do, 'you will soon rid the country of these vermin.'

'I would as soon rid the country of foxes,' cries Western; 'I think we ought to encourage the recruit-'ing those numbers which we are every day losing in 'the war. But where is she?—Prithee, Tom, shew 'me.' He then began to beat about, in the same language, and in the same manner, as if he had been beating for a hare, and at last cried out, 'Soho! Puss 'is not far off. Here's her form, upon my soul: I 'believe I may cry stole away.' And indeed so he might, for he had now discovered the place whence the poor girl had, at the beginning of the fray, stolen away, upon as many feet as a hare generally uses in travelling.

Sophia now desired her father to return home; saying, she found herself very faint, and apprehended a relapse. The 'squire immediately complied with his daughter's request (for he was the fondest of parents.) He earnestly endeavoured to prevail with the whole company to go and sup with him; but Blifil and Thwackum absolutely refused: the former saying, there were more reasons than he could then mention why he must decline this honour; and the latter declaring (perhaps rightly) that it was not proper for a person of his function to be seen at any place in his present condition.

Jones was incapable of refusing the pleasure of being with his Sophia. So on he marched with 'squire Western and his ladies, the parson bringing up the rear. This last had, indeed, offered to tarry with his brother Thwackum, professing his regard for the cloth would not permit him to depart; but Thwackum would not accept the favour, and, with no great civility, pushed him after Mr Western.

Thus ended this bloody fray; and thus shall end the fifth book of this history.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VI.

Containing about three weeks.

CHAP. I.

Of Love.

IN our laſt book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the paſſion of love; and in our ſucceeding book, ſhall be forced to handle this ſubject ſtill more largely. It may not, therefore, in this place, be improper to apply ourſelves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philoſophers, among many other wonderful diſcoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no ſuch paſſion in the human breaſt.

Whether theſe philoſophers be the ſame with that ſurpriſing ſect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr Swift, as having by the mere force of genius alone, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of any kind of learning, or even reading, diſcovered that profound and invaluable ſecret, that there is no God: or whether they are not rather the ſame with thoſe who, ſome years ſince, very much alarmed the world, by ſhewing that there were no ſuch things as virtue or goodneſs really exiſting in human nature, and who deduced our

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beſt actions from pride; I will not here preſume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to ſuſpect, that all theſe ſeveral finders of truth are the very identical men, who are by others called the finders of gold. The method uſed in both theſe ſearches after truth, and after gold, being indeed one and the ſame, viz. the ſearching, rummaging, and examining into a naſty place; indeed, in the former inſtances, into the naſtieſt of all places, A BAD MIND.

But though in this particular, and perhaps in their ſucceſs, the truth-finder and the gold-finder, may very properly be compared together; yet in modeſty, ſurely, there can be no compariſon between the two; for who ever heard of a gold-finder that had the impudence or folly to aſſert, from the ill ſucceſs of his ſearch, that there was no ſuch thing as gold in the world? whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that jakes, his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honeſtly, and logically concludes, that no ſuch things exiſt in the whole creation.

To avoid, however, all contention, if poſſible, with theſe philoſophers, if they will be called ſo; and to ſhew our own diſpoſition to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we ſhall here make them ſome conceſſions, which may poſſibly put an end to the diſpute.

Firſt, we will grant that many minds, and perhaps thoſe of the philoſophers, are entirely free from the leaſt traces of ſuch a paſſion.

Secondly, that what is commonly called love, namely, the deſire of ſatisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human fleſh, is by no means that paſſion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly hunger: and as no glutton is aſhamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to ſay he LOVES ſuch and ſuch diſhes; ſo may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety ſay, he HUNGERS after ſuch and ſuch women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a moſt acceptable conceſſion, that this love for which I am

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am an advocate, though it satisfies itself in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheless seek its own satisfaction as much as the grossest of all our appetites.

And, lastly, that this love, when it operates towards one of a different sex, is very apt, towards its complete gratification, to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is so far from abating, that it heightens all its delights to a degree scarce imaginable by those who have never been susceptible of any other emotions, than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all these concessions, I desire of the philosophers to grant, that there is in some (I believe in many) human breasts, a kind and benevolent disposition, which is gratified by contributing to the happiness of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendship, in parental and filial affection, as indeed in general philanthropy, there is a great and exquisite delight. That if we will not call such disposition love, we have no name for it. That though the pleasures arising from such pure love may be heightened and sweetened by the assistance of amorous desires, yet the former can subsist alone, nor are they destroyed by the intervention of the latter. Lastly, that esteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to desire; and therefore though such desire may naturally cease, when age or sickness overtakes its object; yet these can have no effect on love, nor ever shake or remove from a good mind, that sensation or passion which hath gratitude and esteem for its basis.

To deny the existence of a passion of which we often see manifest instances, seems to be very strange and absurd; and can indeed proceed only from that self-admonition which we have mentioned above: but how unfair is this? Doth the man who recognizes in his own heart no traces of avarice or ambition, conclude therefore that there are no such passions in human nature? Why will we not modestly observe the same rule in judging of the good, as well as the evil of others? Or why, in any case, will we, as Shakespeare phrases it, 'put the world in our own person?'

Pre-

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Predominant vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one instance of that adulation which we bestow on our own minds, and this almost universally. For there is scarce any man, how much soever he may despise the character of a flatterer, but will condescend in the meanest manner to flatter himself.

To those, therefore, I apply for the truth of the above observations, whose own minds can bear testimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your heart, my good reader, and resolve, whether you do believe these matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their exemplification in the following pages; if you do not, you have, I assure you, already read more than you have understood; and it would be wiser to pursue your business, or your pleasures (such as they are) than to throw away any more of your time in reading what you can neither taste nor comprehend. To treat of the effects of love to you, must be as absurd as to discourse on colours to a man born blind; since possibly your idea of love may be as absurd as that which we are told such blind man once entertained of the colour scarlet, that colour seemed to him to be very much like the sound of a trumpet: and love probably may, in your opinion, very greatly resemble a dish of soup, or a sirloin of roast-beef.

CHAP. II.

The character of Mrs Western. Her great learning and knowledge of the world, and an instance of the deep penetration which she derived from those advantages.

THE reader hath seen Mr Western, his sister, and daughter, with young Jones, and the parson going together to Mr Western's house, where the greater part of the company spent the evening with much joy and festivity. Sophia was indeed the only grave person: for as to Jones, though love had now gotten entire possession of his heart, yet the pleasing reflection on Mr Allworthy's recovery, and the pre-

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preſence of his miſtreſs, joined to ſome tender looks which ſhe now and then could not refrain from giving him, ſo elevated our hero, that he joined the mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good humoured people as any in the world.

Sophia retained the ſame gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfaſt; whence ſhe retired likewiſe earlier than uſual, leaving her father and aunt together. The ſquire took no notice of this change in his daughter's diſpoſition. To ſay the truth, tho' he was ſomewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the country intereſt at an election, he was a man of no great obſervation. His ſiſter was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had ſeen the world. Hence ſhe had acquired all that knowledge which the ſaid world uſually communicates; and was a perfect miſtreſs of manners, cuſtoms, ceremonies, and faſhions; nor did her erudition ſtop here. She had conſiderably improved her mind by ſtudy; ſhe had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems, and romances; in all which ſhe was a critic; but had gone through Rapin's hiſtory of England, Echard's Roman hiſtory, and many French *Memoires pour ſervir à l' hiſtoire;* to theſe ſhe had added moſt of the political pamphlets and journals, publiſhed within the laſt twenty years: from which ſhe had attained a very competent ſkill in politics, and could diſcourſe very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was, moreover, excellently well ſkilled in the doctrine of amour, and knew better than any body who and who were together: a knowledge which ſhe the more eaſily attained, as her purſuit of it was never diverted by any affairs of her own: for either ſhe had no inclinations, or they had never been ſolicited; which laſt is indeed very probable; for her maſculine perſon, which was near ſix foot high, added to her manner and learning, poſſibly prevented the other ſex from regarding her, notwithſtanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as ſhe had conſidered the matter ſcientifically, ſhe perfectly well knew, though ſhe had never practiſed them, all the arts which fine ladies uſe when they deſire to give encouragement,

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couragement, or to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of ſmiles, ogles, glances, &c. as they are at preſent practiſed in the beau monde. To ſum the whole, no ſpecies of diſguiſe or affectation had eſcaped her notice; but as to the plain ſimple workings of honeſt nature, as ſhe had never ſeen any ſuch, ſhe could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful ſagacity, Mrs Weſtern had now, as ſhe thought, made a diſcovery of ſomething in the mind of Sophia. The firſt hint of this ſhe took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle; and the ſuſpicion which ſhe then conceived, was greatly corroborated by ſome obſervations which ſhe had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a miſtake, ſhe carried the ſecret a whole fortnight in her boſom, giving only ſome oblique hints, by ſimpering, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obſcure word, which indeed ſufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly ſatisfied of the truth of her obſervation, ſhe took an opportunity, one morning, when ſhe was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whiſtles in the following manner.

'Pray, brother, have you not obſerved ſomething 'very extraordinary in my niece lately?' 'No, not I,' anſwered Weſtern; 'Is any thing the matter with the 'girl?' 'I think there is,' replies ſhe, 'and ſome'thing of much conſequence too.' 'Why, ſhe doth 'not complain of any thing,' cries Weſtern, 'and ſhe 'hath had the ſmall pox.' 'Brother,' returned ſhe, 'girls are liable to other diſtempers beſides the ſmall'pox, and ſometimes poſſibly to much worſe.' Here Weſtern interrupted her with much earneſtneſs, and begged her, if any thing ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, 'ſhe knew he loved 'her more than his own ſoul, and that he would ſend 'to the world's end for the beſt phyſician to her.' 'Nay, nay,' anſwered ſhe, ſmiling, 'the diſtemper 'is not ſo terrible; but I believe, brother, you are 'convinced I know the world, and I promiſe you I

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'was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be 'not most desperately in love.' 'How, in love!' cries Western, in a passion, 'in love without acquainting 'me! I'll disinherit her, I'll turn her out of doors, 'stark naked, without a farthing. Is all my kind-'ness vor 'ur, and vondness o'ur come to this, to fall 'in love without asking me leave!' 'But you will not,' answered Mrs Western, 'turn this daughter, whom 'you love better than your own soul, out of doors, 'before you know whether you shall approve her 'choice. Suppose she should have fixed on the very 'person whom you yourself would wish, I hope you 'would not be angry then.' 'No, no,' cries Western, 'that would make a difference. If she marries the 'man I would ha' her, she may love whom she pleases, 'I shan't trouble my head about that.' 'That is 'spoken,' answered the sister, 'like a sensible man; but 'I believe the very person she hath chosen, would be 'the very person you would chuse for her. I will 'disclaim all knowledge of the world if it is not so; 'and I believe, brother, you will allow I have some.' 'Why, lookee, sister,' said Western, 'I do believe you 'have as much as any woman; and to be sure those 'are women's matters. You know I don't love to 'hear you talk about politics, they belong to us, and 'petticoats should not meddle: but come, who is the 'man?' 'Marry!' said she, 'you may find him out 'yourself, if you please. You who are so great a po-'litician, can be at no great loss. The judgment 'which can penetrate into the cabinets of princes, 'and discover the secret springs which move the great 'state wheels in all the political machines of Europe, 'must surely, with very little difficulty, find out what 'passes in the rude uninformed mind of a girl.' 'Sis-'ter,' cries the 'squire, 'I have often warned you not 'to talk the court gibberish to me. I tell you, I 'don't understand the lingo; but I can read a journal, 'or the London Evening-Post. Perhaps, indeed, there 'may be now and tan a verse which I can't make much 'of, because half the letters are left out; yet I know 'very well what is meant by that, and that our affairs 'don't go so well as they should do, because of bri-

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'bery and corruption.' 'I pity your country ignorance from my heart,' cries the lady, 'Do you?' answered Western, 'and I pity your town learning; 'I had rather be any thing than a courtier, and a presbyterian, and a Hanoverian too, as some people, I believe, are.' 'If you mean me,' answered she, 'you know I am a woman, brother; and it signifies 'nothing what I am. Besides——' 'I do know you 'are a woman,' cries the 'squire, 'and it's well for 'thee, that art one; if hadst been a man, I promise 'thee I had lent thee a flick long ago.' 'Ay, there,' said she, 'in that flick lies all your fancied superiority. Your bodies, and not your brains, are stronger 'than ours. Believe me, it is well for you that you 'are able to beat us; or, such is the superiority of 'our understanding, we should make all of you what 'the brave, and wise, and witty, and polite are already,---our slaves.' 'I am glad I know your mind,' answered the 'squire, 'but we'll talk more of this 'matter another time. At present, do tell me what 'man is it you mean about my daughter.' 'Hold a 'moment,' said she, 'while I digest that sovereign contempt I have for your sex; or else I ought to be angry too with you. There——I have made a shift to 'gulp it down. And now, good politic Sir, what 'think you of Mr Blifil? Did she not faint away on 'seeing him lie breathless on the ground? Did she not, 'after he was recovered, turn pale again the moment we came up to that part of the field where he 'stood? And pray what else should be the occasion of 'all her melancholy that night at supper, the next 'morning, and indeed ever since?' 'Fore George!' cries the 'squire, 'now you mind me on't, I remember it all. It is certainly so, and I am glad on't, 'with all my heart. I knew Sophy was a good girl, 'and would not fall in love to make me angry. I was 'never more rejoiced in my life: for nothing can lie 'so handy together as our two estates. I had this matter in my head some time ago; for certainly the two 'estates are in a manner joined together in matrimony 'already, and it would be a thousand pities to part 'them. It is true, indeed, there be larger estates in

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'the kingdom, but not in this county; and I had rather bate something, than marry my daughter among 'strangers and foreigners. Besides, most o' such great 'estates be in the hands of lords, and I hate the very 'name of *themmun*. Well but, sister, what would 'you advise me to do: for I tell you women know 'these matters better than we do?' 'O your humble 'servant, Sir,' answered the lady, 'we are obliged 'to you for allowing us a capacity in any thing. Since 'you are pleased then, most politic Sir, to ask my 'advice, I think you may propose the match to All-'worthy yourself. There is no indecorum in the 'proposal's coming from the parent of either side. 'King Alcinous, in Mr Pope's Odyssey, offers his 'daughter to Ulysses. I need not caution so politic 'a person not to say that your daughter is in love; 'that would indeed be against all rules.' 'Well,' said the 'squire, 'I will propose it; but I shall cer-'tainly lend un a flick, if he should refuse me.' 'Fear not,' cries Mrs Western, 'the match is too 'advantageous to be refused.' 'I don't know that,' answered the 'squire, 'Allworthy is a queer b—ch, 'and money hath no effect o'un.' 'Brother,' said the lady, 'your politics astonish me. Are you really 'to be imposed on by professions? Do you think Mr 'Allworthy hath more contempt for money than other 'men, because he professes more? Such credulity 'would better become one of us weak women, than 'that wise sex which Heaven hath formed for politi-'cians. Indeed, brother, you would make a fine 'plenipo to negociate with the French. They would 'soon persuade you, that they take towns out of mere 'defensive principles.' 'Sister,' answered the 'squire with much scorn, 'let your friends at court answer 'for the towns taken; as you are a woman, I shall 'lay no blame upon you: for I suppose they are wiser 'than to trust women with secrets.' He accompanied this with so sarcastical a laugh, that Mrs Western could bear no longer. She had had been all this time fret-ted in a tender part (for she was indeed very deeply skilled in these matters, and very violent in them) and therefore burst forth in a rage, declared her brother to

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be both a clown and a blockhead, and that she would stay no longer in his house.

The 'squire, though perhaps he had never read Machiavel, was, however, in many points, a perfect politician. He strongly held all those wise tenets, which are so well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic school of Exchange-alley. He knew the just value and only use of money, viz. to lay it up. He was likewise well skilled in the exact value of reversions, expectations, &c. and had often considered the amount of his sister's fortune, and the chance he or his posterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wise to sacrifice to a trifling resentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult task, as the lady had great affection for her brother, and still greater for her niece; and tho' too susceptible of an affront offered to her skill in politics, on which she much valued herself, was a woman of a very extraordinary good and sweet disposition.

Having first, therefore, laid violent hands on the horses, for whose escape from the stable no place but the window was left open, he next applied himself to his sister, softened and soothed her, by unsaying all he had said, and by assertions directly contrary to those which had incensed her. Lastly, he summoned the eloquence of Sophia to his assistance, who besides a most graceful and winning address, had the advantage of being heard with great favour and partiality by her aunt.

The result of the whole was a kind smile from Mrs Western, who said, 'Brother, you are absolutely a 'perfect Croat; but as those have their use in the 'army of the Empress queen, so you likewise have 'some good in you. I will therefore once more sign 'a treaty of peace with you, and see that you do not 'infringe it on your side; at least, as you are so excellent a politician, I may expect you will keep 'your leagues, like the French, till your interest calls 'upon you to break them.'

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

Containing two defiances to the Critics.

THE ſquire having ſettled matters with his ſiſter, as we have ſeen in the laſt chapter, was ſo greatly impatient to communicate the propoſal to Allworthy, that Mrs Weſtern had the utmoſt difficulty to prevent him from viſiting that gentleman in his ſickneſs, for this purpoſe.

Mr Allworthy had been engaged to dine with Mr Weſtern at the time when he was taken ill. He was therefore no ſooner diſcharged out of the cuſtody of phyſic, but he thought (as was uſual with him on all occaſions, both the higheſt and the loweſt) of fulfilling his engagement.

In the interval between the time of the dialogue in the laſt chapter, and this day of public entertainment, Sophia had, from certain obſcure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected ſome apprehenſion that the ſagacious lady ſuſpected her paſſion for Jones. She now reſolved to take this opportunity of wiping out all ſuch ſuſpicion, and for that purpoſe to put an entire conſtraint on her behaviour.

Firſt, ſhe endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy heart with the utmoſt ſprightlineſs in her countenance, and the higheſt gaiety in her manner. Secondly, ſhe addreſſed her whole diſcourſe to Mr Blifil, and took not the leaſt notice of poor Jones the whole day.

The 'ſquire was ſo delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he ſcarce ate any dinner, and ſpent almoſt his whole time in watching opportunities of conveying ſigns of his approbation by winks and nods to his ſiſter; who was not at firſt altogether ſo pleaſed with what ſhe ſaw as was her brother.

In ſhort, Sophia ſo greatly overacted her part, that her aunt was at firſt ſtaggered, and began to ſuſpect ſome affectation in her niece; but as ſhe was herſelf a woman of great art, ſo ſhe ſoon attributed this to extreme art in Sophia. She remembered the many hints

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ſhe had given her niece concerning her being in love, and imagined the young lady had taken this way to rally her out of her opinion, by an overacted civility; a notion that was greatly corroborated by the exceſſive gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking, that this conjecture would have been better founded, had Sophia lived ten years in the air of Groſvenor-ſquare, where young ladies do learn a wonderful knack of rallying and playing with that paſſion, which is a mighty ſerious thing in woods and groves an hundred miles diſtant from London.

To ſay the truth, in diſcovering the deceit of others, it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in the ſame key with theirs: for very artful men ſometimes miſcarry by fancying others wiſer, or, in other words, greater knaves than they really are. As this obſervation is pretty deep, I will illuſtrate it by the following ſhort ſtory:

Three countrymen were purſuing a Wiltſhire thief through Brentford. The ſimpleſt of them ſeeing *the Wiltſhire houſe* written under a ſign, adviſed his companions to enter it, for there moſt probably they would find their countryman. The ſecond, who was wiſer, laughed at this ſimplicity: but the third, who was wiſer ſtill, anſwered, 'Let us go in, however, for he 'may think we ſhould not ſuſpect him of going a-'mongſt his own countrymen.' They accordingly went in, and ſearched the houſe, and by that means miſſed overtaking the thief, who was at that time but a little way before them: and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The reader will pardon a digreſſion in which ſo invaluable a ſecret is communicated, ſince every gameſter will agree how neceſſary it is to know exactly the play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a reaſon why the wiſer man, as is often ſeen, is the bubble of the weaker, and why many ſimple and innocent characters are ſo generally miſunderſtood, and miſrepreſented; but what is moſt material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her politic aunt.

Dinner

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Dinner being ended, and the company retired into the garden, Mr Weſtern, who was thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his ſiſter had told him, took Mr Allworthy aſide, and very bluntly propoſed a match between Sophia and young Mr Blifil.

Mr Allworthy was not one of thoſe men, whoſe hearts flutter at any unexpected and ſudden tidings of worldly profit. His mind was, indeed, tempered with that philoſophy which becomes a man and a Chriſtian. He affected no abſolute ſuperiority to all pleaſure and pain, to all joy and grief; but was not at the ſame time to be diſcompoſed and ruffled by every accidental blaſt, by every ſmile or frown of fortune. He received, therefore, Mr Weſtern's propoſal without any viſible emotion, or without any alteration of countenance. He ſaid, the alliance was ſuch as he ſincerely wiſhed, and launched forth into a very juſt encomium on the young lady's merit; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and after thanking Mr Weſtern for the good opinion he had profeſſed of his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he ſhould be very deſirous to complete the affair.

Weſtern was a little diſappointed at Mr Allworthy's anſwer; which was not ſo warm as he expected. He treated the doubt whether the young couple might like one another with great contempt, ſaying, 'That 'parents were the beſt judges of proper matches for 'their children; that for his part, he ſhould inſiſt on 'the moſt reſigned obedience from his daughter; and 'if any young fellow could refuſe ſuch a bed-fellow, 'he was his humble ſervant, and hoped there was no 'harm done.'

Allworthy endeavoured to ſoften this reſentment by many eulogiums on Sophia; declaring he had no doubt but that Mr Blifil would very gladly receive the offer; but all was ineffectual, he could obtain no other anſwer from the ſquire but, 'I ſay no more----- 'I humbly hope there's no harm done---that's all.' Which words he repeated at leaſt a hundred times before they parted.

Allworthy

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Allworthy was too well acquainted with his neighbour to be offended at this behaviour; and though he was so averse to the rigour which some parents exercise on their children in the article of marriage, that he had resolved never to force his nephew's inclinations, he was nevertheless much pleased with the prospect of this union: for the whole country resounded the praises of Sophia, and he had himself greatly admired the uncommon endowments of both her mind and person. To which, I believe, we may add, the consideration of her vast fortune, which, though he was too sober to be intoxicated with it, he was too sensible to despise.

And here, in defiance of all the barking critics in the world, I must and will introduce a digression concerning true wisdom, of which Mr Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodness.

True wisdom then, notwithstanding all which Mr Hogarth's poor poet may have writ against riches, and in spite of all which any rich, well-fed divine may have preached against pleasure, consists not in the contempt of either of these. A man may have as much wisdom in the possession of an affluent fortune, as any beggar in the streets; or may enjoy a handsome wife or a hearty friend, and still remain as wise as any sour popish recluse, who buries all his social faculties, and starves his belly while he well lashes his back.

To say truth, the wisest man is the likeliest to possess all worldly blessings in an eminent degree; for as that moderation which wisdom prescribes is the surest way to useful wealth, so can it alone qualify us to taste many pleasures. The wise man gratifies every appetite and every passion, while the fool sacrifices all the rest to pall and satiate one.

It may be objected, that very wise men have been notoriously avaricious I answer, Not wise in that instance. It may likewise be said, That the wisest men have been in their youth, immoderately fond of pleasure. I answer, They were not wise then.

Wisdom, in short, whose lessons have been represented as so hard to learn by those who never were at her school, only teaches us to extend a simple maxim univer-

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universally known and followed even in the lowest life, a little farther than that life carries it. And this is, not to buy at too dear a price.

Now whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and constantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleasures, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wise man; and must be so acknowledged in the worldly sense of the word: for he makes the best of bargains; since in reality he purchases every thing at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned, while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himself.

From this moderation, likewise, he learns two other lessons, which complete his character. First, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the best bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty, or when its commodities are too dear for his purchase.

But I must remember on what subject I am writing, and not trespass too far on the patience of a good-natured critic. Here, therefore, I put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Containing sundry curious matters.

As soon as Mr Allworthy returned home, he took Mr Blifil apart, and, after some preface, communicated to him the proposal which had been made by Mr Western, and at the same time, informed him how agreeable this match would be to himself.

The charms of Sophia had not made the least impression on Blifil; not that his heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally insensible of beauty, or had any aversion to women; but his appetites were, by nature, so moderate, that he was able, by philosophy, or by study, or by some other method, easily to subdue them; and as to that passion which we have treated of in

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in the first chapter of this book, he had not the least tincture of it in his whole composition.

But though he was so entirely free from that mixed passion, of which we there treated, and of which the virtues and beauty of Sophia formed so notable an object, yet was he altogether as well furnished with some other passions that promised themselves very full gratification in the young lady's fortune. Such were avarice and ambition, which divided the dominion of his mind between them. He had more than once considered the possession of this fortune as a very desirable thing, and had entertained some distant views concerning it: but his own youth and that of the young lady, and indeed principally a reflection that Mr Western might marry again, and have more children, had restrained him from too hasty or eager a pursuit.

This last and most material objection was now in great measure removed, as the proposal came from Mr Western himself. Blifil, therefore, after a very short hesitation, answered Mr Allworthy, that matrimony was a subject on which he had not yet thought: but that he was so sensible of his friendly and fatherly care, that he should in all things submit himself to his pleasure.

Allworthy was naturally a man of spirit, and his present gravity arose from true wisdom and philosophy, not from any original phlegm in his disposition: for he had possessed much fire in his youth, and had married a beautiful woman for love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleased with this cold answer of his nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the praises of Sophia, and expressing some wonder that the heart of a young man could be impregnable to the force of such charms, unless it was guarded by some prior affection.

Blifil assured him he had no such guard; and then proceeded to discourse so wisely and religiously on love and marriage, that he would have stopt the mouth of a parent much less devoutly inclined than was his uncle. In the end, the good man was satisfied that his nephew, far from having any objections to Sophia, had that esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous minds

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minds is the ſure foundation of friendſhip and love. And as he doubted not but the lover would, in a little time, become altogether as agreeable to his miſtreſs, he foreſaw great happineſs ariſing to all parties by ſo proper and deſirable an union. With Mr Bliſil's conſent, therefore, he wrote the next morning to Mr Weſtern, acquainting him that his nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the propoſal, and would be ready to wait on the young lady, whenever ſhe ſhould be pleaſed to accept his viſit.

Weſtern was much pleaſed with this letter, and immediately returned an anſwer; in which, without having mentioned a word to his daughter, he appointed that very afternoon for opening the ſcene of courtſhip.

As ſoon as he had diſpatched this meſſenger, he went in queſt of his ſiſter, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to parſon Supple. To this expoſition he was obliged to attend near a quarter of an hour, though with great violence to his natural impetuoſity, before he was ſuffered to ſpeak. At length, however, he found an opportunity of acquainting the lady, that he had buſineſs of great conſequence to impart to her; to which ſhe anſwered, 'Brother, I am 'entirely at your ſervice Things look ſo well in the 'North that I was never in a better humour.'

The parſon then withdrawing, Weſtern acquainted her with all which had paſſed, and deſired her to communicate the affair to Sophia, which ſhe readily and chearfully undertook; though perhaps her brother was a little obliged to that agreeable northern aſpect which had ſo delighted her, that he heard no comment on his proceedings: for they were certainly ſomewhat too haſty and violent.

CHAP. V.

In which is related what paſſed between Sophia and her aunt.

SOPHIA was in her chamber reading, when her aunt came in. The moment ſhe ſaw Mrs Weſtern ſhe ſhut the book with ſo much eagerneſs, that the

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the good lady could not forbear asking her, what book that was which she seemed so much afraid of shewing? 'Upon my word, Madam,' answered Sophia, 'it is 'a book which I am neither ashamed nor afraid to 'own I have read. It is the production of a young 'lady of fashion, whose good understanding, I think, 'doth honour to her sex, and whose good heart is an 'honour to human nature.' Mrs Western then took up the book, and immediately after threw it down, saying,—— 'Yes, the author is of a very good fami-'ly; but she is not much among people one knows. 'I have never read it; for the best judges say, there is 'not much in it.' 'I dare not, Madam, set up my 'own opinion,' says Sophia, 'against the best judges, 'but there appears to me a great deal of human nature 'in it; and in many parts, so much true tenderness 'and delicacy, that it hath cost me many a tear.' 'Ay, and do you love to cry then?' says the aunt. 'I love a tender sensation,' answered the niece, 'and 'would pay the price of a tear for it at any time.' 'Well, but shew me,' said the aunt, 'what was you 'reading when I came in; there was something very 'tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. You 'blush, my dear Sophia. Ah! child, you should 'read books which would teach you a little hypo-'crisy, which would instruct you how to hide your 'thoughts a little better.' 'I hope, Madam,' an-swered Sophia, 'I have no thoughts which I ought to 'be ashamed of discovering.' 'Ashamed! no,' cries the aunt, 'I don't think you have any thoughts which 'you ought to be ashamed of; and yet, child, you 'blushed just now when I mentioned the word Loving. 'Dear Sophy, be assured you have not one thought 'which I am not well acquainted with; as well, child, 'as the French are with our motions, long before we 'put them in execution. Did you think, child, be-'cause you have been able to impose upon your father, 'that you could impose upon me? Do you imagine I 'did not know the reason of your over-acting all that 'friendship for Mr Blifil yesterday? I have seen a 'little too much of the world, to be so deceived. 'Nay, nay, do not blush again. I tell you it is a

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'passion you need not be ashamed of.——It is a pas-
'sion I myself approve, and have already brought
'your father into the approbation of it. Indeed I
'solely consider your inclination; for I would always
'have that gratified, if possible, though one may sa-
'crifice higher prospects. Come, I have news which
'will delight your very soul. Make me your confi-
'dent, and I will undertake you shall be happy to the
'very extent of your wishes.' 'La, Madam,' says Sophia, looking more foolishly than ever she did in her life, 'I know not what to say.——Why, Madam,
'should you suspect?'—'Nay, no dishonesty,' returned Mrs Western. 'Consider, you are speaking to
'one of your own sex, to an aunt; and I hope you
'are convinced you speak to a friend. Consider, you
'are only revealing to me what I know already, and
'what I plainly saw yesterday through that most art-
'ful of all disguises which you had put on, and
'which must have deceived any one who had not per-
'fectly known the world. Lastly, consider it is a
'passion which I highly approve.' 'La, Madam,' says Sophia, 'you come upon one so unawares, and
'on a sudden. To be sure, Madam, I am not blind,
'——and certainly, if it be a fault to see all human
'perfections assembled together.——But is it possible
'my father and you, Madam, can see with my eyes?'
'I tell you,' answered the aunt, 'we do entirely
'approve; and this very afternoon your father hath
'appointed for you to receive your lover.' 'My
'father, this afternoon!' cries Sophia, with the blood starting from her face——'Yes, child,' said the aunt, 'this afternoon. You know the impetuo-
'sity of my brother's temper. I acquainted him with
'the passion which I first discovered in you that even-
'ing when you fainted away in the field. I saw it in
'your fainting. I saw it immediately upon your re-
'covery. I saw it that evening at supper, and the
'next morning at breakfast: (you know, child, I
'have seen the world.) Well, I no sooner acquaint-
'ed my brother, but he immediately wanted to pro-
'pose it to Allworthy. He proposed it yesterday,
'Allworthy consented, (as to be sure he must with

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'joy,) and this afternoon, I tell you, you are to put on 'all your beſt airs.' 'This afternoon!' cries Sophia, 'Dear aunt, you frighten me out of my ſenſes.' 'O, 'my dear,' ſaid the aunt, 'you will ſoon come to 'yourſelf again; for he is a charming young fellow, 'that's the truth on't.' 'Nay, I will own,' ſays Sophia, 'I know none with ſuch perfections: ſo brave, 'and yet ſo gentle; ſo witty, yet ſo inoffenſive; ſo 'humane, ſo civil, ſo genteel, ſo handſome! What 'ſignifies his being baſe born, when compared with 'ſuch qualifications as theſe?' 'Baſe born! what do 'you mean?' ſaid the aunt, 'Mr Blifil baſe born!' Sophia turned inſtantly pale at this name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the aunt cried, 'Mr Blifil, 'ay, Mr Blifil, of whom elſe have we been talking?' 'Good Heaven,' anſwered Sophia, ready to ſink, 'of 'Mr Jones I thought; I am ſure I know no other 'who deſerves——' 'I proteſt,' cries the aunt, 'you 'frighten me in your turn. Is it Mr Jones, and not 'Mr Blifil, who is the object of your affections?' 'Mr Blifil!' repeated Sophia: 'ſure it is impoſſible you can be in earneſt; if you are, I am the moſt 'miſerable woman alive.' Mrs Weſtern now ſtood a few moments ſilent, while ſparks of fiery rage flaſhed from her eyes. At length collecting all her force of voice, ſhe thundered forth in the following inarticulate ſounds.

'And is it poſſible you can think of diſgracing 'your family by allying yourſelf to a baſtard? Can 'the blood of the Weſterns ſubmit to ſuch contamination! If you have not ſenſe ſufficient to reſtrain 'ſuch monſtrous inclinations, I thought the pride of 'our family would have prevented you from giving 'the leaſt encouragement to ſo baſe an affection; 'much leſs did I imagine you would ever have had 'the aſſurance to own it to my face.'

'Madam,' anſwered Sophia trembling, 'what I 'have ſaid you have extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever mentioned the name of Mr 'Jones with approbation, to any one before; nor 'ſhould I now, had I not conceived he had had your 'approbation. Whatever were my thoughts of that

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'poor unhappy young man, I intended to have carried them with me to my grave.——To that grave 'where only now, I find, I am to seek repose.'—— Here she sunk down in her chair, drowned in her tears, and in all the moving silence of unutterable grief, presented a spectacle which must have affected almost the hardest heart.

All this tender sorrow, however, raised no compassion in her aunt. On the contrary, she now fell into the most violent rage.—'And I would rather,' she cried, in a most vehement voice, 'follow you to 'your grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself 'and your family by such a match. O Heavens! could 'I have ever suspected that I should live to hear a niece 'of mine declare a passion for such a fellow? You 'are the first,—yes, Miss Western, you are the first 'of your name who ever entertained so grovelling a 'thought. A family so noted for the prudence of 'its women.'—Here she run on a full quarter of an hour, till having exhausted her breath rather than her rage, she concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother.

Sophia then threw herself at her feet, and laying hold of her hands, 'begged her, with tears, to con-'ceal what she had drawn from her; urging the vio-'lence of her father's temper, and protesting that no 'inclinations of hers should ever prevail with her to 'do any thing which might offend him.'

Mrs Western stood a moment looking at her, and then having recollected herself, said, 'That on one 'consideration only she would keep the secret from 'her brother; and this was, that Sophia should pro-'mise to entertain Mr Blifil that very afternoon as 'her lover, and to regard him as the person who was 'to be her husband.'

Poor Sophia was too much in her aunt's power to deny her any thing positively; she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr Blifil, and be as civil to him as possible; but begged her aunt that the match might not be hurried on. She said, 'Mr Blifil was 'by no means agreeable to her, and she hoped her

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'father would be prevailed on not to make her the 'moſt wretched of women.'

Mrs Weſtern aſſured her, 'That the match was en- 'tirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or ſhould 'prevent it.' 'I muſt own,' ſaid ſhe, 'I looked on 'it as a matter of indifference; nay, perhaps, had 'ſome ſcruples about it before, which were actually 'got over by my thinking it highly agreeable to your 'own inclinations; but now I regard it as the moſt 'eligible thing in the world; nor ſhall there be, if 'I can prevent it, a moment of time loſt on the oc- 'caſion.'

Sophia replied, 'Delay at leaſt, Madam, I may 'expect from both your goodneſs and my father's. 'Surely you will give me time to endeavour to get the 'better of ſo ſtrong a diſinclination as I have at pre- 'ſent to this perſon.'

The aunt anſwered, 'She knew too much of the 'world to be ſo deceived; that as ſhe was ſenſible 'another man had her affections, ſhe ſhould perſuade 'Mr Weſtern to haſten the match as much as poſſible. 'It would be bad politics indeed,' added ſhe, 'to pro- 'tract a ſiege when the enemy's army is at hand, and 'in danger of relieving it. No, no, Sophy,' ſaid ſhe, 'as I am convinced you have a violent paſſion, 'which you can never ſatisfy with honour, I will do 'all I can to put your honour out of the care of your 'family; for when you are married, thoſe matters 'will belong only to the conſideration of your huſ- 'band. I hope, child, you will always have pru- 'dence enough to act as becomes you; but if you 'ſhould not, marriage hath ſaved many a woman 'from ruin.'

Sophia well underſtood what her aunt meant: but did not think proper to make her an anſwer. How- ever, ſhe took a reſolution to ſee Mr Blifil, and to behave to him as civilly as ſhe could; for on that con- dition only ſhe obtained a promiſe from her aunt to keep ſecret the liking which her ill fortune, rather than any ſcheme of Mrs Weſtern, had unhappily drawn from her.

CHAP.

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CHAP. VI.

Containing a dialogue between Sophia and Mrs Honour, which may a little relieve those tender affections which the foregoing scene may have raised in the mind of a good-natured reader.

MRS Western having obtained that promise from her niece which we have seen in the last chapter, withdrew; and presently after arrived Mrs Honour. She was at work in a neighbouring apartment, and had been summoned to the key-hole by some vociferation in the preceding dialogue, where she had continued during the remaining part of it. At her entry into the room, she found Sophia standing motionless, with the tears trickling from her eyes. Upon which she immediately ordered a proper quantity of tears into her own eyes, and then began. 'O gemini, my dear lady, what is the matter?' 'Nothing,' cries Sophia. 'Nothing! O dear Madam,' answers Mrs Honour, 'you must not tell me that, when your ladyship is in this taking, and when there hath been such a preamble between your ladyship and Madam Western.' 'Don't teaze me,' cries Sophia, 'I tell you nothing is the matter ——Good heavens! why was I born!'—'Nay, Madam,' says Mrs Honour, 'you shall never persuade me, that your la'ship can lament yourself so for nothing. To be sure, I am but a servant; but to be sure I have been always faithful to your la'ship, and to be sure I would serve your la'ship with my life.' 'My dear Honour,' says Sophia, 'tis not in thy power to be of any service to me. I am irretrievably undone.' 'Heaven forbid,' answered the waiting woman, 'but if I can't be of any service to you, pray tell me, Madam, it will be some comfort to me to know: pray, dear Ma'am, tell me what's the matter.' 'My father,' cries Sophia, 'is going to marry me to a man I both despise and hate.' 'O dear Ma'am, answered the other, 'who is this wicked man? for to be sure he is very bad, or your la'ship would not despise him.'

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'His name is poiſon to my tongue,' replied Sophia, 'thou wilt know it too ſoon.' Indeed, to confeſs the truth, ſhe knew it already, and therefore was not very inquiſitive as to that point. She then proceeded thus: 'I don't pretend to give your la'ſhip advice, whereof 'your la'ſhip knows much better than I can pretend 'to, being but a ſervant; but, i-fackins! no father 'in England ſhould marry me againſt my conſent. 'And to be ſure, the 'ſquire is ſo good, that if he 'did but know your la'ſhip deſpiſes and hates the 'young man, to be ſure he would not deſire you to 'marry him. And if your la'ſhip would but give me 'leave to tell my maſter ſo.—To be ſure, it would be 'more properer to come from your own mouth; but as 'your la'ſhip doth not care to foul your tongue with 'his naſty name.' 'You are miſtaken, Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'my father was determined before he ever 'thought fit to mention it to me.' 'More ſhame for 'him,' cries Honour, 'you are to go to bed to him, 'and not maſter. And thof a man may be a very pro-'per man, yet every woman may'nt think him hand-'ſome alike. I am ſure my maſter would never act 'in this manner of his own head. I wiſh ſome people 'would trouble themſelves only with what belongs to 'them; they would not, I believe, like to be ſerved 'ſo, if it was their own caſe; for though I am a 'maid, I can eaſily believe as how all men are not 'equally agreeable. And what ſignifies your la'ſhip 'having ſo great a fortune, if you can't pleaſe your-'ſelf with the man you think moſt handſomeſt? Well, 'I ſay nothing, but to be ſure it is pity ſome folks 'had not been better born; nay, as for that matter, 'I ſhould not mind it myſelf; but then there is not ſo 'much money, and what of that? Your la'ſhip hath 'money enough for both; and where can your la'ſhip 'beſtow your fortune better? For to be ſure every 'one muſt allow, that he is the moſt handſomeſt, 'charmingeſt, fineſt, talleſt, propereſt man in the 'world.' 'What do you mean by running on in 'this manner to me?' cries Sophia with a very grave countenance. 'Have I ever given any encourage-'ment for theſe liberties?' 'Nay, Ma'am, I aſk 'pardon:

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'pardon; I meant no harm,' anſwered ſhe: 'but to 'be ſure the poor gentleman hath run in my head 'ever ſince I ſaw him this morning.—To be ſure, if 'your la'ſhip had but ſeen him juſt now, you muſt 'have pitied him. Poor gentleman! I wiſhes ſome 'misfortune hath not happened to him; for he hath 'been walking about with his arms acroſs, and look-'ing ſo melancholy all this morning; I vow and pro-'teſt it made me almoſt cry to ſee him.' 'To ſee 'whom?' ſays Sophia. 'Poor Mr Jones,' anſwered Honour. 'See him! why, where did you ſee him?' cries Sophia. By the canal, Ma'am,' ſays Honour. 'There he hath been walking all this morning, and 'at laſt there he laid himſelf down; I believe he lies 'there ſtill. To be ſure, if it had not been for my 'modeſty, being a maid, as I am, I ſhould have gone 'and ſpoke to him. Do, Ma'am, let me go and ſee 'only for a fancy, whether he is there ſtill.' 'Pugh!' ſays Sophia, 'there! no, no, what ſhould he do 'there? He is gone before this time to be ſure. Be-'ſides, why——what——why ſhould you go to 'ſee? ——Beſides, I want you for ſomething elſe. Go 'fetch me my hat and gloves. I ſhall walk with my 'aunt in the grove before dinner.' Honour did immediately as ſhe was bid, and Sophia put her hat on; when looking in the glaſs, ſhe fancied the ribbon with which her hat was tied, did not become her, and ſo ſent her maid back again for a ribbon of a different colour; and then giving Mrs Honour repeated charges not to leave her work on any account, as ſhe ſaid it was in violent haſte, and muſt be finiſhed that very day, ſhe muttered ſomething more about going to the grove, and then ſallied out the contrary way, and walked as faſt as her tender trembling limbs could carry her, directly towards the canal.

Jones had been there, as Mrs Honour had told her: he had indeed ſpent two hours there that morning in melancholy contemplation on his Sophia, and had gone out from the garden at one door, the moment ſhe entered it at another. So that thoſe unlucky minutes which had been ſpent in changing the ribbons, had prevented the lovers from meeting at this

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this time: a moſt unfortunate accident, from which my fair readers will not fail to draw a very wholeſome leſſon. And here I ſtrictly forbid all male critics to intermiddle with a circumſtance, which I have recounted only for the ſake of the ladies, and upon which they are only at liberty to comment.

CHAP. VII.

A picture of formal courtſhip in miniature, as it always ought to be drawn, and a ſcene of a tenderer kind, painted at full length.

IT was well remarked by one, (and perhaps by more) that misfortunes do not come ſingle. This wiſe maxim was now verified by Sophia, who was not only diſappointed of ſeeing the man ſhe loved, but had the vexation of being obliged to dreſs herſelf out, in order to receive a viſit from the man ſhe hated.

That afternoon, Mr Weſtern, for the firſt time, acquainted his daughter with his intention; telling her he knew very well that ſhe had heard it before from her aunt. Sophia looked very grave upon this, nor could ſhe prevent a few pearls from ſtealing into her eyes. 'Come, come,' ſays Weſtern, 'none of your 'maidenith airs; I know all; I aſſure you ſiſter hath 'told me all.'

'Is it poſſible,' ſays Sophia, 'that my aunt can 'have betrayed me already?' 'Ay, ay,' ſays Weſtern, 'betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed your 'ſelf yeſterday at dinner. You ſhewed your fancy 'very plainly, I think. But you young girls never 'know what you would be at. So you cry becauſe I 'am going to marry you to the man you are in love 'with! Your mother, I remember, whimpered and 'whined juſt in the ſame manner; but it was all over 'within twenty-four hours after we were married: 'Mr Blifil is a briſk young man, and will ſoon put an 'end to your ſqueamiſhneſs. Come, chear up, chear 'up, I expect un every minute.'

Sophia was now convinced that her aunt had behaved honourably to her; and ſhe determined to go through

through that disagreeable afternoon with as much resolution as possible, and without giving the least suspicion in the world to her father.

Mr Blifil soon arrived; and Mr Western soon after withdrawing, left the young couple together.

Here a long silence of near a quarter of an hour ensued; for the gentleman who was to begin the conversation had all that unbecoming modesty which consists in bashfulness. He often attempted to speak, and as often suppressed his words just at the very point of utterance. At last out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high-strained compliments, which were answered on her side, by downcast looks, half bows, and civil monosyllables. Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himself, took this behaviour for a modest assent to his courtship; and when, to shorten a scene which she could no longer support, Sophia rose up and left the room, he imputed that too merely to bashfulness, and comforted himself that he should soon have enough of her company.

He was indeed perfectly well satisfied with his prospect of success; for as to that entire and absolute possession of the heart of his mistress, which romantic lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head.

Her fortune and her person were the sole objects of his wishes, of which he made no doubt soon to obtain the absolute property; as Mr Western's mind was so earnestly bent on the match; and as he well knew the strict obedience which Sophia was always ready to pay to her father's will, and the greater still which her father would exact, if there was occasion. This authority, therefore, together with the charms which he fancied in his own person and conversation, could not fail, he thought, of succeeding with a young lady, whose inclinations, were, he doubted not, entirely disengaged.

Of Jones he certainly had not even the least jealousy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the character which Jones bore all over the country, (how justly let the reader determine) of being one of the wildest fellows in

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in England, might render him odious to a lady of the most exemplary modesty. Perhaps his suspicions might be laid asleep by the behaviour of Sophia, and of Jones himself, when they were all in company together. Lastly, and indeed principally, he was well assured there was not another self in the case. He fancied that he knew Jones to the bottom, and had in reality a great contempt for his understanding, for not being more attached to his own interest. He had no apprehension that Jones was in love with Sophia; and as for any lucrative motives, he imagined they would sway very little with so silly a fellow. Blifil, moreover, thought the affair of Molly Seagrim still went on, and indeed believed it would end in marriage: for Jones really loved him from his childhood, and had kept no secret from him, till his behaviour on the sickness of Mr Allworthy had entirely alienated his heart; and it was by means of the quarrel which had ensued on this occasion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr Blifil knew nothing of the alteration which had happened in the affection which Jones had formerly borne towards Molly.

From these reasons, therefore, Mr Blifil saw no bar to his success with Sophia. He concluded, her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a first visit from a lover, and it had indeed entirely answered his expectations.

Mr Western took care to way-lay the lover at his exit from his mistress. He found him so elevated with his success, so enamoured with his daughter, and so satisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions, to express the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the least command over any of his passions; and that which had at any time the ascendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildest excesses.

As soon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kisses and embraces bestowed on him by Western, the good squire went instantly in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her

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her chuſe what clothes and jewels ſhe pleaſed; and declaring that he had no other uſe for fortune but to make her happy. He then careſſed her again and again with the utmoſt profuſion of fondneſs, called her by the moſt endearing names, and proteſted ſhe was his only joy on earth.

Sophia perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which ſhe did not abſolutely know the reaſon of (for fits of fondneſs were not unuſual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary) thought ſhe ſhould never have a better opportunity of diſcloſing herſelf than at preſent; as far, at leaſt, as regarded Mr Blifil; and ſhe too well foreſaw the neceſſity which ſhe ſhould ſoon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the 'ſquire therefore for all his profeſſions of kindneſs, ſhe added, with a look full of inexpreſſible ſoftneſs, 'And is it poſſible my 'pappa can be ſo good to place all his joy in his So-'phy's happineſs?' which Weſtern having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiſs; ſhe then laid hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, after many warm and paſſionate declarations of affection and duty, ſhe begged him, 'not to make her the moſt miſerable crea-'ture on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom 'ſhe deteſted. This I intreat of you, dear Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'for your ſake as well as my own, ſince you are 'ſo very kind to tell me your happineſs depends on 'mine.' 'How! what!' ſays Weſtern, ſtaring wildly. 'O Sir,' continued ſhe, 'not only your poor Sophy's 'happineſs; her very life, her being depends upon 'your granting her requeſt. I cannot live with Mr 'Blifil. To force me into this marriage would be 'killing me.' 'You can't live with Mr Blifil!' ſays Weſtern. 'No, upon my ſoul I can't,' anſwered Sophia. Then die and be d—ned,' cries he, ſpurning her from him. 'Oh! Sir,' cries Sophia, catch-'ing hold of the ſkirt of his coat, 'take pity on me, I 'beſeech you. Don't look, and ſay ſuch cruel—Can 'you be unmoved while you ſee your Sophy in this 'dreadful condition? Can the beſt of fathers break 'my heart? Will he kill me by the moſt pain-'ful, cruel, lingering death?' 'Pooh! pooh!' cries the

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the 'squire, 'all stuff and nonsense, all maidenish 'tricks. Kill you indeed! Will marriage kill you?' —'Oh! Sir,' answered Sophia, 'such a marriage is 'worse than death—He is not even indifferent, I hate 'and detest him.'—'If you detest un never so much,' cries Western, 'you shall ha'un.' This he bound by an oath too shocking to repeat, and after many violent asseverations, concluded in these words: 'I am re-'solved upon the match, and unless you consent to it, 'I will not give you a groat, not a single farthing; 'no, though I saw you expiring with famine in the 'street, I would not relieve you with a morsel of 'bread. This is my fixed resolution, and so I leave 'you to consider on it.' He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor, and he burst directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia prostrate on the ground.

When Western came into the hall, he there found Jones; who seeing his friend looking wild, pale, and almost breathless, could not forbear enquiring the reason of all these melancholy appearances. Upon which the 'squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations against Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the misery of all fathers who are so unfortunate to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the resolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifil were yet a secret, was at first almost struck dead with this relation; but recovering his spirits a little, mere despair, as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a matter to Mr Western, which seemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He desired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavour to obtain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the 'squire had been as quick-sighted, as he was remarkable for the contrary, passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and said, 'Go, go, 'prithee, try what canst do;' and then swore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unless she consented to the match.

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CHAP. VIII.

The meeting between Jones and Sophia.

JONES departed inſtantly in queſt of Sophia, whom he found juſt riſen from the ground where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He preſently ran to her, and with a voice full at once of tenderneſs and terrour, cried, 'O my Sophia, what 'means this dreadful ſight!'—She looked ſtedfaſtly at him for a moment before ſhe ſpoke, and then ſaid, 'Mr 'Jones, for Heaven's ſake how came you here?—— 'Leave me, I beſeech you. this moment.' 'Do 'not,' ſays he, 'impoſe ſo harſh a command upon 'me—my heart bleeds faſter than thoſe lips. O So'phia, how eaſily could I drain my veins to preſerve 'one drop of that dear blood.' 'I have too many 'obligations to you already,' anſwered ſhe, 'for ſure 'you meant them ſuch.'—Here ſhe looked at him tenderly almoſt a minute, and then burſting into an agony, cried,—'O Mr Jones,—why did you ſave my 'life?—my death would have been happier for us 'both.'—'Happier for us both!' cried he, 'Could 'racks or wheels kill me ſo painfully as Sophia's---I 'cannot bear the dreadful ſound---Do I live but for 'her?'---Both his voice and look were full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs when he ſpoke theſe words, and at the ſame time he laid gently hold on her hand, which ſhe did not withdraw from him; to ſay the truth, ſhe hardly knew what ſhe did or ſuffered. A few moments now paſſed in ſilence between theſe lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground; at length ſhe recovered ſtrength enough to deſire him again to leave her; for that her certain ruin would be the conſequence of their being found together; adding,---'O Mr Jones, you 'know not, you know not what hath paſſed this cruel 'afternoon.' 'I know all, my Sophia,' anſwered he; 'your cruel father hath told me all, and he himſelf hath 'ſent me hither to you.' 'My father ſent you to me!'

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replied she, 'sure you dream.' 'Would to Heaven,' cries he, 'it was but a dream. O Sophia, your father hath sent me to you, to be an advocate for my odious rival, to solicit you in his favour—I took any means to get access to you---O speak to me, Sophia, comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated like me. Do not unkindly with-hold this dear, this soft, this gentle hand---One moment, perhaps, tears you for ever from me---Nothing less than this cruel occasion could, I believe, have ever conquered the respect and awe with which you have inspired me.' She stood a moment silent, and covered with confusion, then lifting up her eyes gently towards him, she cried, 'What would Mr Jones have me say!' 'O do but promise,' cries he, 'that you will never give yourself to Blifil.' 'Name not,' answered she, 'the detested found. Be assured I never will give him what is in my power to with-hold from him.' 'Now then,' cries he, 'while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope.'---'Alas,' says she, 'Mr Jones, whither will you drive me? What hope have I to bestow? you know my father's intentions.'---'But I know,' answered he, 'your compliance with them cannot be compelled.' 'What,' says she, 'must be the dreadful consequence of my disobedience? My own ruin is my least concern. I cannot bear the thoughts of being the cause of my father's misery.' 'He is himself the cause,' cries Jones, 'by exacting a power over you which nature hath not given him. Think on the misery which I am to suffer, if I am to lose you, and see on which side pity will turn the balance.' 'Think of it!' replied she, 'can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your desire---It is that thought which gives me resolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own destruction.' 'I fear no destruction,' cries he, 'but the loss of Sophia; if you would save me from the most bitter agonies, recal that cruel sentence---Indeed I can never part with you, indeed I cannot.'

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The lovers now ſtood both ſilent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almoſt as unable to hold it; when the ſcene, which I believe ſome of my readers will think had laſted long enough, was interrupted by one of ſo different a nature, that we ſhall reſerve the relation of it for a different chapter.

CHAP. IX.

Being of a much more tempeſtuous kind than the former.

BEFORE we proceed with what now happened to our lovers, it may be proper to recount what had paſt in the hall, during their tender interview.

Soon after Jones had left Mr Weſtern in the manner above-mentioned, his ſiſter came to him; and was preſently informed of all that had paſt between her brother and Sophia, relating to Blifil.

This behaviour in her niece the good lady conſtrued to be an abſolute breach of the condition on which ſhe had engaged to keep her love for Mr Jones a ſecret. She conſidered herſelf, therefore, at full liberty to reveal all ſhe knew to the 'ſquire, which ſhe immediately did in the moſt explicit terms, and without any ceremony or preface.

The idea of a marriage between Jones and his daughter, had never once entered into the 'ſquire's head either in the warmeſt minutes of his affection towards that young man, or from ſuſpicion, or on any other occaſion. He did indeed conſider a parity of fortune and circumſtances, to be phyſically as neceſſary an ingredient in marriage, as differences of ſexes, or any other eſſential; and had no more apprehenſion of his daughter's falling in love with a poor man, than with an animal of a different ſpecies.

He became, therefore, like one thunder-ſtruck at his ſiſter's relation. He was at firſt incapable of making any anſwer, having been almoſt deprived of his breath by the violence of the ſurprize. This, however, ſoon returned, and, as is uſual in other caſes after an intermiſſion, with redoubled force and fury.

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The firſt uſe he made of the power of ſpeech, after his recovery from the ſudden effects of his aſtoniſhment, was to diſcharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded haſtily to the apartment where he expected to find the lovers, and murmured, or indeed, rather roared forth intentions of revenge every ſtep he went.

As when two doves, or two wood-pigeons, or as when Strephon and Phyllis, (for that comes neareſt to the mark) are retired into ſome pleaſant ſolitary grove, to enjoy the delightful converſation of love; that baſhful boy who cannot ſpeak in public, and is never a good companion to more than two at a time: here, while every object is ſerene, ſhould hoarſe thunder burſt ſuddenly through the ſhattered clouds, and rumbling roll along the ſky, the frightened maid ſtarts from the moſſy bank or verdant turf; the pale livery of death ſucceeds the red regimentals in which love had before dreſt her cheeks; fear ſhakes her whole frame, and her lover ſcarce ſupports her trembling, tottering limbs.

Or as when two gentlemen, ſtrangers to the wondrous wit of the place, are cracking a bottle together at ſome inn or tavern at Saliſbury, if the great Dowdy who acts the part of a madman, as well as ſome of his ſetters-on do that of a fool, ſhould rattle his chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling catch along the gallery; the frighted ſtrangers ſtand aghaſt, ſcared at the horrid ſound, they ſeek ſome place of ſhelter from the approaching danger, and, if the well barred windows did admit their exit, would venture their necks to eſcape the threatning fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor Sophia, ſo turned ſhe pale at the noiſe of her father, who in a voice moſt dreadful to hear, came on ſwearing, curſing and vowing the deſtruction of Jones. To ſay the truth, I believe the youth himſelf would, from ſome prudent conſiderations, have preferred another place of abode at this time, had his terror on Sophia's account given him liberty to reflect a moment on what any otherwiſe concerned himſelf,

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himself, than as his love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the 'squire having burst open the door, beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones; this was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical sight Mr Western no sooner beheld, than all his rage forsook him, he roared for help with his utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never considering in whose arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a person in the world as Jones; for, indeed, I believe, the present circumstances of his daughter were now the sole consideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia with water, cordials, and every thing necessary on those occasions. These were applied with such success, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the symptoms of life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs Western; nor did that good lady depart without leaving some wholesome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effects of his passion, or, as she pleased to call it, madness.

The 'squire, perhaps, did not understand this good advice, as it was delivered in obscure hints, shrugs, and notes of admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it: for no sooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapsed into his former frenzy, which must have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not parson Supple, who was a very strong man, been present, and by mere force restrained the 'squire from acts of hostility.

The moment Sophia was departed, Jones advanced in a very suppliant manner to Mr Western, whom the parson held in his arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in such a passion, it would be impossible to give him any satisfaction.

'I will have satisfaction o' thee,' answered the 'squire, 'so doff thy clothes. *At unt* half a man, and

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'I'll lick thee as well as waſt ever licked in thy life.' He then beſpattered the youth with abundance of that language which paſſes between country gentlemen who embrace oppoſite ſides of the queſtion; with frequent applications to him to ſalute that part which is generally introduced into all controverſies, that ariſe among the lower orders of the Engliſh gentry, at horſe-races, cock-matches, and other public places. Alluſions to this part are likewiſe often made for the ſake of the jeſt. And here, I believe, the wit is generally miſunderſtood. In reality, it lies in deſiring another to kiſs your a— for having juſt before threatened to kick his: for I have obſerved very accurately, that no one ever deſires you to kick that which belongs to himſelf, nor offers to kiſs this part in another.

It may likewiſe ſeem ſurprizing, that in the many thouſand kind invitations of this ſort, which every one who hath converſed with country gentlemen muſt have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever ſeen a ſingle inſtance where the deſire has been complied with. A great inſtance of their want of politeneſs: for in town, nothing can be more common than for the fineſt gentlemen to perform this ceremony every day to their ſuperiors, without having that favour once requeſted of them.

To all ſuch wit, Jones very calmly anſwered, 'Sir, 'this uſage may, perhaps, cancel every other obligation you have conferred on me; but there is one you 'can never cancel; nor will I be provoked by your 'abuſe, to lift my hand againſt the father of Sophia.'

At theſe words the 'ſquire grew ſtill more outrageous than before; ſo that the parſon begged Jones to retire, ſaying, 'You behold, Sir, how he waxeth 'wroth at your abode here: therefore let me pray you 'not to tarry here any longer. His anger is too much 'kindled for you to commune with him at preſent. You 'had better, therefore, conclude your viſit, and re'fer what matters you have to urge in your behalf 'to ſome other opportunity.'

Jones accepted this advice with thanks, and immediately departed. The 'ſquire now regained the liberty of his hands, and ſo much temper as to expreſs ſome

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some satisfaction in the restraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he should certainly have beat his brains out; and adding, 'It would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a rascal.'

The parson now began to triumph in the success of his peace-making endeavours, and proceeded to read a lecture against anger, which might perhaps rather have tended to raise than to quiet that passion in some hasty minds. This lecture he enriched with many valuable quotations from the ancients, particularly from Seneca; who hath, indeed, so well handled this passion, that none but a very angry man can read him without great pleasure and profit. The doctor concluded this harangue with the famous story of Alexander and Clitus; but as I find that entered in my common place under the title Drunkenness, I shall not insert it here.

The 'squire took no notice of this story, nor perhaps of any thing he said: for he interrupted him before he had finished, by calling for a tankard of beer; observing (which is perhaps as true as any observation on this fever of the mind) that anger makes a man dry.

No sooner had the 'squire swallowed a large draught than he renewed the discourse on Jones, and declared a resolution of going the next morning early to acquaint Mr Allworthy. His friend would have dissuaded him from this, from the mere motive of goodnature; but his dissuasion had no other effect than to produce a large volley of oaths and curses, which greatly shocked the pious ears of Supple; but he did not dare to remonstrate against a privilege which the 'squire claimed as a free-born Englishman. To say truth, the parson submitted to please his palate at the 'squire's table, at the expence of suffering now and then this violence to his ears. He contented himself with thinking he did not promote this evil practice, and that the 'squire would not swear an oath the less, if he never entered within his gates. However, though he was not guilty of ill manners by rebuking a gentleman in his own house, he paid him off obliquely in the pulpit; which

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which had not, indeed, the good effect of working a reformation in the 'ſquire himſelf; yet it ſo far operated on his conſcience, that he put the laws very ſeverely in execution againſt others, and the magiſtrate was the only perſon in the pariſh who could ſwear with impunity.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr Weſtern viſits Mr Allworthy.

MR Allworthy was now retired from breakfaſt with his nephew, well ſatisfied with the report of the young gentleman's ſucceſsful viſit to Sophia, (for he greatly deſired the match, more on account of the young lady's character than of her riches) when Mr Weſtern broke abruptly in upon them, and without any ceremony began as follows.

'There, you have done a fine piece of work truly. 'You have brought up your baſtard to a fine purpoſe; 'not that I believe you have had any hand in it neither, that is, as a man may ſay, deſignedly; but 'there is a fine kettle of fiſh made on't up at our 'houſe.' 'What can be the matter, Mr Weſtern?' ſaid Allworthy. 'O matter enow of all conſcience; 'my daughter has fallen in love with your baſtard, 'that's all; but I won't ge her a ha'penny, not the 'twentieth part of a braſs varden. I always thought 'what would become o'breeding up a baſtard like a 'gentleman, and letting un come about to vok's 'houſes. Its well vor un I could not get at un, I'd a 'lick'd un, I'd a ſpoil'd his caterwauling, I'd a taught 'the ſon of a whore to meddle with meat for his maſter. He ſhan't ever have a morſel of meat of mine, 'or a varden to buy it: If ſhe will ha un, one ſmock 'ſhall be her portion, I'll ſooner ge my eſteate to the 'zinking fund, that it may be ſent to Hanover to 'corrupt our nation with.' 'I am heartily ſorry,' cries Allworthy. 'Pox, o' your ſorrow,' ſays Weſtern, 'it 'will do me abundance of good, when I have loſt my 'only child, my poor Sophy, that was the joy of my 'heart,

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'heart, and all the hope and comfort of my age; but 'I am resolved I will turn her out o' doors; she shall 'beg and starve, and rot in the streets. Not one ha-'penny, not a hapenny shall she ever hae o' mine. The 'son of a bitch was always good at finding a hare sit-'ting; and be rotted to'n I little thought what puss 'he was looking after; but it shall be the worst he 'ever vound in his life. She shall be no better than 'carrion; the skin o'er is all he shall ha, and zu you 'may tell un.' 'I am in amazement,' cries Allworthy, 'at what you tell me, after what passed between 'my nephew and the young lady no longer ago than 'yesterday.' 'Yes, Sir,' answered Western, 'it was 'after what passed between your nephew and she that 'the whole matter came out. Mr Blifil there was 'no sooner gone than the son of a whore came lurch-'ing about the house. Little did I think, when I 'used to love him for a sportsman, that he was all the 'while a poaching after my daughter.' 'Why, truly,' says Allworthy, 'I could with you had not given him 'so many opportunities with her; and you will do me 'the justice to acknowledge, that I have always been 'averse to his staying so much at your house, though 'I own I had no suspicion of this kind.' 'Why, 'zounds!' cries Western, 'who could have thought 'it? What the devil had she to do wi'n? He did not 'come there a courting to her; he came there a hunt-'ing with me.' 'But was it possible,' says Allworthy, 'that you should never discern any symptoms of 'love between them, when you have seen them so often 'together?' 'Never in my life, as I hope to be saved,' cries Western. 'I never so much as zeed him kiss 'her in all my life; and so far from courting her, he 'used rather to be more silent when she was in com-'pany than at any other time: and as for the girl, 'she was always less civil to'n than to any young 'man that came to the house. As to that matter, I 'am not more easy to be deceived than another; I 'would not have you think I am, neighbour.' Allworthy could scarce refrain laughter at this; but he resolved to do a violence to himself: for he perfectly well knew mankind, and had too much good breed-

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ing and good nature to offend the 'squire in his present circumstances. He then asked Western what he would have him do upon this occasion. To which the other answered, 'That he would have him keep the rascal 'away from his house, and that he would go and 'lock up the wench; for he was resolved to make 'her marry Mr Blifil in spite of her teeth. He then shook Blifil by the hand, and swore he would have no other son-in-law. Presently after which he took his leave, saying, his house was in such disorder, that it was necessary for him to make haste home, to take care his daughter did not give him the slip; and as for Jones, he swore, if he caught him at his house, he would qualify him to run for the gelding's plate.

When Allworthy and Blifil were again left together, a long silence ensued between them; all which interval the young gentleman filled up with sighs, which proceeded partly from disappointment, but more from hatred: for the success of Jones was much more grievous to him than the loss of Sophia.

At length his uncle asked him what he was determined to do, and he answered in the following words. 'Alas, sir, can it be a question what step a lover will 'take, when reason and passion point different ways? 'I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that dilemma, always follow the latter. Reason dictates to 'me to quit all thoughts of a woman who places her 'affections on another; my passion bids me hope she 'may in time change her inclinations in my favour. 'Here, however, I conceive an objection may be 'raised, which, if it could not fully be answered, 'would totally deter me from any further pursuit; I 'mean the injustice of endeavouring to supplant another in a heart, of which he seems already in possession: but the determined resolution of Mr Western 'shews, that, in this case, I shall, by so doing, promote the happiness of every party; not only that of 'the parent, who will thus be preserved from the highest degree of misery, but of both the others, who must 'be undone by this match. The lady, I am sure, 'will be undone in every sense; for, besides the loss 'of most part of her own fortune, she will be not only married

'married to a beggar, but the little fortune which 'her father cannot with-hold from her, will be ſquan- 'dered on that wench, with whom I know he yet 'converſes.—Nay, that is a trifle; for I know him to 'be one of the worſt men in the world: for had my 'dear uncle known what I have hitherto endeavoured 'to conceal, he muſt have long ſince abandoned ſo 'profligate a wretch.' 'How,' ſaid Allworthy, 'hath he done any thing worſe than I already know? 'Tell me, I beſeech you.' 'No,' replied Blifil, 'it 'is now paſt, and perhaps he may have repented of 'it.' 'I command you on your duty,' ſaid Allwor- thy, 'to tell me what you mean.' 'You know, Sir, ſays Blifil, 'I never diſobeyed you; but I am ſorry I 'mentioned it, ſince it may now look like revenge, 'whereas, I thank Heaven, no ſuch motive ever en- 'tered my heart; and if you oblige me to diſcover 'it, I muſt be his petitioner to you for your forgiven- 'neſs.' 'I will have no conditions,' anſwered Allwor- thy, 'I think I have ſhewn tenderneſs enough to- 'wards him, and more perhaps than you ought to 'thank me for.' 'More, indeed, I fear, than he de- 'ſerved,' cries Blifil; 'for in the very day of your 'utmoſt danger, when myſelf and all the family were 'in tears, he filled the houſe with riot and debauchery. 'He drank, and ſung, and roared; and when I gave 'him a gentle hint of the indecency of his actions, he 'fell into a violent paſſion, ſwore many oaths, called 'me a raſcal, and ſtruck me.' 'How!' cries All- worthy, 'did he dare to ſtrike you?' 'I am ſure,' cries Blifil, 'I have forgiven him that long ago. I 'wiſh I could ſo eaſily forget his ingratitude to the 'beſt of benefactors; and yet, even that, I hope you 'will forgive him, ſince he muſt have certainly been 'poſſeſſed with the devil: for that very evening, as 'Mr Thwackum and myſelf were taking the air in the 'fields, and exulting in the good ſymptoms which 'then firſt began to diſcover themſelves, we unluckily 'ſaw him engaged with a wench in a manner not fit 'to be mentioned. Mr Thwackum, with more bold- 'neſs than prudence, advanced to rebuke him, when '(I am ſorry to ſay it) he fell upon the worthy man,

'and

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'and beat him so outrageously, that I wish he may 'have yet recovered the bruises. Nor was I without 'my share of the effects of his malice, while I endeavoured to protect my tutor: but that I have long 'forgiven; nay, I prevailed with Mr Thwackum to 'forgive him too, and not to inform you of a secret 'which I feared might be fatal to him. And now, 'Sir, since I have unadvisedly dropped a hint of this 'matter, and your commands have obliged me to discover the whole, let me intercede with you for him.' 'O child,' said Allworthy, 'I know not whether I 'should blame or applaud your goodness in concealing such villainy a moment; but where is Mr Thwackum? not that I want any confirmation of what you 'say; but I will examine all the evidence of this matter, to justify to the world the example I am resolved 'to make of such a monster.'

Thwackum was now sent for, and presently appeared. He corroborated every circumstance which the other had deposed; nay, he produced the record upon his breast, where the hand-writing of Mr Jones remained very legible in black and blue. He concluded with declaring to Mr Allworthy, that he should have long since informed him of this matter, had not Mr Blifil, by the most earnest interpositions, prevented him. 'He is,' says he, 'an excellent youth; though 'such forgiveness of enemies is carrying the matter 'too far.'

In reality, Blifil had taken some pains to prevail with the parson, and to prevent the discovery at that time; for which he had many reasons. He knew that the minds of men are apt to be softened and relaxed from their usual severity by sickness. Besides, he imagined that if the story was told when the fact was so recent, and the physician about the house, who might have unravelled the real truth, he should never be able to give it the malicious turn which he intended. Again, he resolved to hoard up this business, till the indiscretion of Jones should afford some additional complaints; for he thought the joint weight of many facts falling upon him together, would be the most likely to crush him; and he watched therefore, some such opportunity

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as that with which fortune had now kindly presented him. Lastly, by prevailing with Thwackum to conceal the matter for a time, he knew he should confirm an opinion of his friendship to Jones, which he had greatly laboured to establish in Mr Allworthy.

CHAP. XI.

A short chapter; but which contains sufficient matter to affect the good-natured reader.

IT was Mr Allworthy's custom never to punish any one, not even to turn away a servant, in a passion. He resolved therefore to delay passing sentence on Jones till the afternoon.

The poor young man attended at dinner, as usual; but his heart was too much loaded to suffer him to eat. His grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind looks of Mr Allworthy; whence he concluded that Western had discovered the whole affair between him and Sophia: but as to Mr Blifil's story, he had not the least apprehension; for of much the greater part he was entirely innocent; and for the residue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himself, so he suspected no remembrance on the other side. When dinner was over, and the servants departed, Mr Allworthy began to harangue. He set forth, in a long speech, the many iniquities of which Jones had been guilty, particularly those which this day had brought to light; and concluded, by telling him, 'That unless he could 'clear himself of the charge, he was resolved to ba'nish him his sight for ever.'

Many disadvantages attended poor Jones in making his defence: nay, indeed, he hardly knew his accusation: for as Mr Allworthy, in recounting the drunkenness, &c. while he lay ill, out of modesty sunk every thing that related particularly to himself, which indeed principally constituted the crime; Jones could not deny the charge. His heart was, besides, almost broken already; and his spirits were so sunk, that he could say nothing for himself; but acknowledged the whole, and, like a criminal in despair, threw himself

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upon mercy; concluding, 'That though he must own 'himself guilty of many follies and inadvertencies, he 'hoped he had done nothing to deserve what would 'be to him the greatest punishment in the world.'

Allworthy answered, 'That he had forgiven him 'too often already, in compassion to his youth, and 'in hopes of his amendment: that he now found he 'was an abandoned reprobate, and such as it would 'be criminal in any one to support and encourage.' 'Nay,' said Mr Allworthy to him, 'your audacious 'attempt to steal away the young lady, calls upon me 'to justify my own character in punishing you. The 'world, who have already censured the regard I have 'shewn for you, may think, with some colour at least 'of justice, that I connive at so base and barbarous an 'action: an action of which you must have known 'my abhorrence; and which, had you any concern 'for my ease and honour, as well as for my friendship, 'you would never have thought of undertaking. Fie 'upon it, young man! indeed there is scarce any pu-'nishment equal to your crimes, and I can scarce think 'myself justifiable in what I am now going to bestow 'on you. However, as I have educated you like a 'child of my own, I will not turn you naked into the 'world. When you open this paper, therefore, you 'will find something which may enable you, with in-'dustry, to get an honest livelihood; but if you em-'ploy it to worse purposes, I shall not think myself 'obliged to supply you farther, being resolved, from 'this day forward, to converse no more with you on 'any account. I cannot avoid saying, there is no 'part of your conduct which I resent more than your 'ill treatment of that good young man (meaning 'Blifil) who hath behaved with so much tenderness 'and honour towards you.'

These last words were a dose almost too bitter to be swallowed. A flood of tears now gushed from the eyes of Jones, and every faculty of speech and motion seemed to have deserted him. It was sometime before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing; which he at length did, having first

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first kissed his hands with a passion difficult to be affected, and as difficult to be described.

The reader must be very weak, if, when he considers the light in which Jones then appeared to Mr Allworthy, he should blame the rigour of his sentence. And yet all the neighbourhood, either from this weakness, or from some worse motive, condemned this justice and severity as the highest cruelty. Nay, the very persons who had before censured the good man for the kindness and tenderness shewn to a bastard (his own, according to the general opinion) now cried out as loudly against turning his own child out of doors. The women especially were unanimous in taking the part of Jones, and raised more stories on the occasion than I have room, in this chapter, to set down.

One thing must not be omitted, that in their censures on this occasion, none ever mentioned the sum contained in the paper which Allworthy gave Jones, which was no less than five hundred pounds; but all agreed that he was sent away pennyless, and some said naked from the house of his inhuman father.

CHAP. XII.

Containing love-letters, &c.

JONES was commanded to leave the house immediately, and told, that his clothes and every thing else should be sent to him whithersoever he should order them.

He accordingly set out, and walked above a mile, not regarding, and indeed scarce knowing whither he went. At length a little brook obstructing his passage, he threw himself down by the side of it; nor could he help muttering, with some little indignation, 'Sure my father will not deny me this place to 'rest in?'

Here he presently fell into the most violent agonies, tearing his hair from his head, and using most other actions which generally accompany fits of madness, rage, and despair.

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When he had in this manner vented the first emotions of passion, he began to come a little to himself. His grief now took another turn, and discharged itself in a gentler way, till he became at last cool enough to reason with his passion, and to consider what steps were proper to be taken in his deplorable condition.

And now the great doubt was, how to act with regard to Sophia. The thoughts of leaving her almost rent his heart asunder; but the consideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary still racked him, if possible, more; and if the violent desire of possessing her person, could have induced him to listen one moment to this alternative, still he was by no means certain of her resolution to indulge his wishes at so high an expence. The resentment of Mr Allworthy, and the injury he must do to his quiet, argued strongly against this latter; and lastly, the apparent impossibility of his success, even if he would sacrifice all these considerations to it, came to his assistance; and thus honour at last, backed with despair, with gratitude to his benefactor, and with real love to his mistress, got the better of burning desire, and he resolved rather to quit Sophia than to pursue her to her ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt, to conceive the glowing warmth which filled his breast on the first contemplation of this victory over his passion. Pride flattered him so agreeably, that his mind perhaps enjoyed perfect happiness; but this was only momentary; Sophia soon returned to his imagination, and allayed the joy of his triumph with no less bitter pangs than a good-natured general must feel, when he surveys the bleeding heaps, at the price of whose blood he hath purchased his laurels; for thousands of tender ideas lay murdered before our conqueror.

Being resolved, however, to pursue the paths of this giant Honour, as the gigantic poet Lee calls it, he determined to write a farewel letter to Sophia; and accordingly proceeded to a house not far off, where being furnished with proper materials, he wrote as follows.

MADAM,

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MADAM,

'WHEN you reflect on the situation in which I write, I am sure your good-nature will pardon any inconsistency or absurdity which my letter contains; for every thing here flows from a heart so full, that no language can express its dictates.

'I have resolved, Madam, to obey your commands, in flying for ever from your dear, your lovely sight. Cruel indeed those commands are; but it is a cruelty which proceeds from fortune, not from my Sophia. Fortune hath made it necessary, necessary to your preservation, to forget that there ever was such a wretch as I am.

'Believe me, I would not hint all my sufferings to you, if I imagined they could possibly escape your ears. I know the goodness and tenderness of your heart, and would avoid giving you any of those pains which you always feel for the miserable. O! let nothing which you shall hear of my hard fortune, cause a moment's concern; for after the loss of you, every thing is to me a trifle.

'O Sophia! it is hard to leave you; it is harder still to desire you to forget me; yet the sincerest love obliges me to both. Pardon my conceiving that any remembrance of me can give you disquiet; but if I am so gloriously wretched, sacrifice me every way to your relief. Think I never loved you: or think truly how little I deserve you; and learn to scorn me for a presumption which can never be too severely punished.—I am unable to say more—— may guardian angels protect you for ever.'

He was now searching his pockets for his wax, but found none, nor indeed any thing else, therein; for in truth he had, in his frantic disposition, tossed every thing from him, and amongst the rest, his pocket-book, which he had received from Mr Allworthy, which he had never opened, and which now first occurred to his memory.

The house supplied him with a wafer for his present purpose, with which having sealed his letter, he returned hastily toward the brook side, in order to search

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for the things which he had there loſt. In his way he met his old friend Black George, who heartily condoled with him on his misfortune: for this had already reached his ears, and indeed thoſe of all the neighbourhood.

Jones acquainted the game-keeper with his loſs, and he as readily went back with him to the brook, where they ſearched every tuft of graſs in the meadow, as well where Jones had not been, as where he had been; but all to no purpoſe, for they found nothing: for indeed, though the things were then in the meadow, they omitted to ſearch the only place where they were depoſited, to wit, in the pockets of the ſaid George: for he had juſt before found them, and being luckily appriſed of their value, had very carefully put them up for his own uſe.

The game-keeper having exerted as much diligence in queſt of the loſt goods, as if he had hoped to find them, deſired Mr Jones to recollect if he had been in no other place; 'For ſure,' ſaid he, 'if you had loſt 'them here ſo lately, the things muſt have been here 'ſtill; for this is a very unlikely place for any one to 'paſs by;' and indeed it was by great accident that he himſelf had paſſed through that field, in order to lay wires for hares, with which he was to ſupply a poulterer at Bath the next morning.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loſs, and almoſt all thoughts concerning it, and turning to Black George aſked him earneſtly, if he would do him the greateſt favour in the world?

George anſwered with ſome heſitation, 'Sir, you 'know you may command me whatever is in my 'power, and I heartily wiſh it was in my power to 'do you any ſervice.' In fact, the queſtion ſtaggered him; for he had, by ſelling game, amaſſed a pretty good ſum of money in Mr Weſtern's ſervice, and was afraid that Jones wanted to borrow ſome ſmall matter of him; but he was preſently relieved from his anxiety by being deſired to convey a letter to Sophia, which with great pleaſure he promiſed to do. And indeed I believe there are few favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr Jones; for he bore as much grati-

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gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honeſt as men who love money better than any other thing in the univerſe generally are.

Mrs Honour was agreed by both to be the proper means by which this letter ſhould paſs to Sophia. They then ſeparated; the game-keeper returned home to Mr Weſtern's, and Jones walked to an ale houſe at half a mile's diſtance, to wait for his meſſenger's return.

George no ſooner came home to his maſter's houſe, than he met with Mrs Honour; to whom, having firſt ſounded her with a few previous queſtions, he delivered the letter for her miſtreſs, and received at the ſame time another from her for Mr Jones; which Honour told him ſhe had carried all that day in her boſom, and began to deſpair of finding any means of delivering it.

The game-keeper returned haſtily and joyfully to Jones, who having received Sophia's letter from him inſtantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open, read as follows:

SIR,

'IT is impoſſible to expreſs what I have felt ſince I ſaw you. Your ſubmitting, on my account, to ſuch cruel inſults from my father, lays me under an obligation I ſhall ever own. As you know his temper, I beg, you will, for my ſake, avoid him. I wiſh I had any comfort to ſend you; but believe this, that nothing but the laſt violence ſhall ever give my hand or heart where you would be ſorry to ſee them beſtowed.'

Jones read this letter a hundred times over, and kiſſed it a hundred times as often. His paſſion now brought all tender deſires back into his mind. He repented that he had writ to Sophia in the manner we have ſeen above; but he repented more, that he had made uſe of the interval of his meſſenger's abſence to write and diſpatch a letter to Mr Allworthy, in which he had faithfully promiſed and bound himſelf to quit all thoughts of his love. However, when his

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cool reflections returned, he plainly perceived that his case was neither mended nor altered by Sophia's billet, unless to give him some little glimpse of hope from her constancy, of some favourable accident hereafter. He therefore resumed his resolution, and taking leave of Black George, set forward to a town about five miles distant, whither he had desired Mr Allworthy, unless he pleased to revoke his sentence, to send his things after him.

CHAP. XIII.

The behaviour of Sophia on the present occasion; which none of her sex will blame, who are capable of behaving in the same manner. And the discussion of a knotty point in the court of conscience.

SOPHIA had passed the last twenty-four hours in no very desirable manner. During a large part of them she had been entertained by her aunt, with lectures of prudence, recommending to her the example of the polite world, where love (so the good lady said) is at present entirely laughed at, and where women consider matrimony, as men do offices of public trust, only as the means of making their fortunes, and of advancing themselves in the world. In commenting on which text Mrs Western had displayed her eloquence during several hours.

These sagacious lectures, though little suited either to the taste or inclination of Sophia, were, however, less irksome to her than her own thoughts, that formed the entertainment of the night, during which she never once closed her eyes.

But though she could neither sleep nor rest in her bed; yet, having no avocation from it, she was found there by her father at his return from Mr Allworthy's, which was not till past ten o'clock in the morning. He went directly up to her apartment, opened the door, and seeing she was not up, cried, 'Oh! you 'are safe then, and I am resolved to keep you so.' He then locked the door, and delivered the key to Honour, having first given her the strictest charge, with

with great promiſes of rewards for her fidelity, and moſt dreadful menaces of puniſhment, in caſe ſhe ſhould betray her truſt.

Honour's orders were not to ſuffer her miſtreſs to come out of her room without the authority of the 'ſquire himſelf, and to admit none to her but him and her aunt; but ſhe was herſelf to attend her with whatever Sophia pleaſed, except only pen, ink, and paper, of which ſhe was forbidden the uſe.

The 'ſquire ordered his daughter to dreſs herſelf and attend him at dinner; which ſhe obeyed; and having ſat the uſual time, was again conducted to her priſon.

In the evening, the goaler Honour brought her the letter which ſhe received from the game-keeper. Sophia read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herſelf upon the bed, and burſt into a flood of tears. Mrs Honour expreſſed great aſtoniſhment at this behaviour in her miſtreſs; nor could ſhe forbear very eagerly begging to know the cauſe of this paſſion. Sophia made her no anſwer for ſome time, and then ſtarting ſuddenly up, caught her maid by the hand, and cried, 'O Honour! I am undone.' 'Marry forbid,' cries Honour, 'I wiſh the letter had 'been burnt before I had brought it to your la'ſhip. 'I'm ſure I thought it would have comforted your 'la'ſhip, or I would have ſeen it at the devil before I 'would have touched it.' 'Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'you are a good girl, and it is in vain to attempt con'cealing longer my weakneſs from you; I have 'thrown away my heart upon a man who hath forſa'ken me.' 'And is Mr Jones,' anſwered the maid, 'ſuch a perfidy man?' 'He has taken his leave of 'me,' ſays Sophia, 'for ever in that letter. Nay, 'he hath deſired me to forget him. Could he have 'deſired that if he had loved me? Could he have 'borne ſuch a thought? could he have written ſuch 'a word!' 'No certainly, Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'and to be ſure, if the beſt man in England was to 'deſire me to forget him, I'd take him at his word. 'Marry come up! I am ſure your la'ſhip hath done 'him too much honour ever to think on him. A

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'young lady who may take her choice of all the young 'men in the country.——And to be ſure, if I may be 'ſo preſumptuous as to offer my poor opinion, there 'is young Mr Blifil, who beſides that he is come of 'honeſt parents, and will be one of the greateſt 'ſquires 'all hereabouts, he is, to be ſure, in my poor opinion, 'a more handſomer, and a more politer man by half; 'and beſides, he is a young gentleman of a ſober 'character, and who may defy any of the neighbours 'to ſay black is his eye: he follows no dirty trollops, 'nor can any baſtards be laid at his doors. Forget 'him, indeed! I thank Heaven I myſelf am not ſo 'much at my laſt prayers, as to ſuffer any man to bid 'me forget him twice. If the beſt he that wears a 'head was for to go for to offer to ſay ſuch an affront-'ing word to me, I would never give him my company 'afterwards, if there was another young man in the 'kingdom. And as I was ſaying, to be ſure there is 'young Mr Blifil.'——'Name not his deteſted name,' cries Sophia. 'Nay, Ma'am,' ſays Honour, 'if your 'la'ſhip doth not like him, there be more jolly hand-'ſome young men that would court your la'ſhip, if 'they had but the leaſt encouragement. I don't be-'lieve there is arrow young gentleman in this county, 'or in the next to it, that if your la'ſhip was but to 'look as if you had a mind to him, would not come 'about to make his offers directly.' 'What a wretch 'doſt thou imagine me,' cries Sophia, 'by affronting 'my ears with ſuch ſtuff! I deteſt all mankind.' 'Nay, to be ſure, Ma'am,' anſwered Honour, 'your 'la'ſhip hath had enough to give you a ſurfeit of them. 'To be uſed ill by ſuch a poor beggarly baſtardly 'fellow.' 'Hold your blaſphemous tongue,' cries So-phia, 'how dare you mention his name with diſreſpect 'before me? He uſe me ill! No, his poor bleeding 'heart ſuffered more when he writ the cruel words, 'than mine from reading them. O! he is all heroic 'virtue and angelic goodneſs. I am aſham'd of the 'weakneſs of my own paſſion, for blaming what I 'ought to admire—Oh Honour! it is my good only 'which he conſults. To my intereſt he ſacrifices both 'himſelf and me.——The apprehenſion of ruin-

'ing,

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'ing me hath driven him to deſpair. I am very glad, ſays Honour, 'to hear your la'ſhip takes that into your 'conſideration, for to be ſure it muſt be nothing leſs 'than ruin, to give your mind to one that is turned 'out of doors, and is not worth a farthing in the world.' 'Turned out of doors,' cries Sophia haſtily, 'how! 'what doſt thou mean?' 'Why, to be ſure, Ma'am, 'my maſter no ſooner told 'ſquire Allworthy about 'Mr Jones having offered to make love to your la'ſhip, 'than the 'ſquire ſtripped him ſtark naked, and turn-'ed him out of doors.' 'Ha!' ſays Sophia, 'I have 'been the curſed, wretched cauſe of his deſtruction? '—Turned naked out of doors! Here, Honour, take 'all the money I have; take the rings from my fin-'gers.—Here my watch, carry him all—Go, find him 'immediately.' 'For Heaven's ſake, Ma'am,' an-ſwered Mrs Honour, 'do but conſider, if my maſter 'ſhould miſs any of theſe things, I ſhould be made to 'anſwer for them. Therefore let me beg your la'ſhip 'not to part with your watch and jewels. Beſides, 'the money, I think, is enough of all conſcience; 'and as for that, my maſter can never know any thing 'of the matter.' 'Here, then,' cries Sophia, 'take 'every farthing I am worth, find him out immediately, 'and give it him. Go, go, loſe not a moment.'

Mrs Honour departed according to orders, and finding Black George below ſtairs, delivered him the purſe, which contained ſixteen guineas, being indeed the whole ſtock of Sophia: for though her father was very liberal to her, ſhe was much too generous to be rich.

Black George having received the purſe, ſet forward towards the alehouſe; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he ſhould not detain this money likewiſe. His conſcience, however, immediately ſtarted at this ſuggeſtion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice anſwered, 'That his conſcience ſhould have conſider-'ed the matter before, when he deprived poor Jones 'of his 500 l. That having quietly acquieſced in what 'was of ſo much greater importance, it was abſurd, 'if not downright hypocriſy to affect any qualms at

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'this trifle.' In return to which, conſcience, like a good lawyer, attempted to diſtinguiſh between an abſolute breach of truſt, as here where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former caſe. Avarice preſently treated this with ridicule, called it a diſtinction without a difference, and abſolutely inſiſted, that when once all pretenſions of honour and virtue were given up in any one inſtance, that there was no precedent for reſorting to them upon a ſecond occaſion. In ſhort, poor conſcience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not fear ſtept in to her aſſiſtance, and very ſtrenuouſly urged, that the real diſtinction between the two actions did not lie in the different degrees of honour, but of ſafety: for that the ſecreting of the 500 l. was a matter of very little hazard; whereas the detaining the ſixteen guineas was liable to the utmoſt danger of diſcovery.

By this friendly aid of fear, conſcience obtained a compleat victory in the mind of Black George, and after making him a few compliments on his honeſty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones.

CHAP. XIV.

A ſhort chapter, containing a ſhort dialogue between 'Squire Weſtern and his ſiſter.

MRS Weſtern had been engaged abroad all that day. The 'ſquire met her at her return home; and when ſhe enquired after Sophia, he acquainted her that he had ſecured her ſafe enough. 'She is 'locked up in chamber,' cries he, 'and Honour 'keeps the key.' As his looks were full of prodigious wiſdom and ſagacity when he gave his ſiſter this information, it is probable he expected much applauſe from her for what he had done; but how was he diſappointed! when with a moſt diſdainful aſpect, ſhe cried, 'Sure, brother, you are the weakeſt of all 'men. Why will you not confide in me for the ma-'nagement of my niece? Why will you interpoſe? 'you have now undone all that I have been ſpending 'my breath in order to bring about. While I have 'been

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'been endeavouring to fill her mind with maxims of 'prudence, you have been provoking her to reject 'them. Engliſh women, brother, I thank Heaven, 'are no ſlaves. We are not to be locked up like the 'Spaniſh and Italian wives. We have as good a right 'to liberty as yourſelves. We are to be convinced 'by reaſon and perſuaſion only, and not governed by 'force. I have ſeen the world, brother, and know 'what arguments to make uſe of; and if your folly had 'not prevented me, ſhould have prevailed with her 'to form her conduct by thoſe rules of prudence and 'diſcretion which I formerly taught her.' 'To be ſure,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'I am always in the wrong.' 'Brother,' anſwered the lady, 'You are not in the wrong, 'unleſs when you meddle with matters beyond your 'knowledge. You muſt agree that I have ſeen moſt 'of the world; and happy had it been for my niece, 'if ſhe had not been taken from under my care. It is 'by living at home with you that ſhe hath learnt ro-'mantic notions of love and nonſenſe.' 'You don't 'imagine, I hope,' cries the 'ſquire, 'that I have 'taught her any ſuch things.' 'Your ignorance, 'brother,' returned ſhe, 'as the great Milton ſays, 'almoſt ſubdues my patience *.' 'D——n Milton,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'if he had the impudence to ſay 'ſo to my face, I'd lend him a douſe, thof he was 'never ſo great a man. Patience! an you come to 'that, ſiſter, I have more occaſion of patience, to be 'uſed like an overgrown ſchool-boy, as I am by you. 'Do you think no one hath any underſtanding, unleſs 'he hath been about a court? Pox! the world is 'come to a fine paſs indeed, if we are all fools, ex-'cept a parcel of round-heads and Hanover rats. 'Pox! I hope the times are a-coming that we ſhall 'make fools of them, and every man ſhall enjoy his 'own. That's all, ſiſter, and every man ſhall enjoy 'his own. I hope to zee it, ſiſter, before the Hano-'ver rats have ate up all our corn, and left us nothing 'but turneps to feed upon.' 'I proteſt, brother,'

* The reader may perhaps ſubdue his own patience, if he ſearches for this in Milton.

cries she, 'you are now got beyond my understanding. 'Your jargon of turneps and Hanover rats is to me 'perfectly unintelligible.' 'I believe,' cries he, 'you 'don't care to hear o'em; but the country interest 'may succeed one day or other for all that.' 'I 'wish,' answered the lady, 'you would think a little 'of your daughter's interest: for believe me, she is 'in greater danger than the nation.' 'Just now,' said he, 'you chid me for thinking on her, and would 'ha' her left to you.' 'And if you will promise to 'interpose no more,' answered she, 'I will, out of my 'regard to my niece, undertake the charge.' 'Well, 'do then,' said the squire, 'for you know I always 'agreed, that women are the propereſt to manage 'women.'

Mrs Western then departed, muttering something with an air of disdain, concerning women and management of the nation. She immediately repaired to Sophia's apartment, who was now, after a day's confinement, released again from her captivity.

THE

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

A comparison between the World and the Stage.

THE world hath often been compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations, which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were at first metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both: thus stage and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak of life in general, as when we confine ourselves to dramatic performances; and when transactions behind the curtain are mentioned, St James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-Lane.

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It may seem easy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical stage is nothing more than a representation, or, as Aristotle calls it, an imitation of what really exists; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to those, who by their writings or actions have been so capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or mistaken for the originals.

But, in reality, we are not so fond of paying compliments to these people, whom we use as children frequently do the instruments of their amusement; and have much more pleasure in hissing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reasons which have induced us to see this analogy between the world and the stage.

Some have considered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as personating characters no more their own, and to which, in fact, they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earnest thought the king or emperor whom he represents. Thus the hypocrite may be said to be a player; and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the same name.

The brevity of life hath likewise given occasion to this comparison. So the immortal Shakespeare:

——"Life's a poor player,
"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
"And then is heard no more."

For which hackneyed quotation, I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the DEITY, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in oblivion: a proof that good books no more than good men do always survive the bad.

"From thee * all human actions take their springs,
"The rise of empires and the fall of kings!
"See the VAST THEATRE OF TIME display'd,
"While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!

* The DEITY.

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" With pomp the ſhining images ſucceed;
" What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
" Perform the parts thy providence aſſign'd,
" Their pride, their paſſions, to thy ends inclin'd:
" A while they glitter in the face of day,
" Then at thy nod the phantoms paſs away;
" No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
" But that remembrance ſays—THE THINGS HAVE BEEN!"

In all theſe, however, and in every other ſimilitude of life to the theatre, the reſemblance hath been always taken from the ſtage only. None, as I remember, have at all conſidered the audience at this great drama.

But as nature often exhibits ſome of her beſt performances to a very full houſe; ſo will the behaviour of her ſpectators no leſs admit the above-mentioned compariſon than that of her actors. In this vaſt theatre of time are ſeated the friend and the critic; here are claps and ſhouts, hiſſes and groans; in ſhort, every thing which was ever ſeen or heard at the Theatre-royal.

Let us examine this in one example: for inſtance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that ſcene which nature was pleaſed to exhibit in the 12th chapter of the preceding book, where ſhe introduced Black George running away with the 500 l. from his friend and benefactor.

Thoſe who ſat in the world's upper gallery, treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their uſual vociferation; and every term of ſcurrilous reproach was moſt probably vented on that occaſion.

If we had deſcended to the next order of ſpectators, we ſhould have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though leſs of noiſe and ſcurrility; yet here the good women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as uſual, was no doubt divided: thoſe who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character, objected to the producing ſuch inſtances of villainy, without puniſhing them very ſeverely for the ſake of exam-

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ple. Some of the author's friends cry'd—— 'Look'ee, 'gentlemen, the man is a villain; but it is nature for 'all that.' And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c. called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accuſtomed politeneſs. Moſt of them were attending to ſomething elſe. Some of thoſe few who regarded the ſcene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refuſed to give their opinion, 'till they had heard that of the beſt judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the ſcenes of this great theatre of nature, (and no author ought to write any thing beſides dictionaries and ſpelling-books who hath not this privilege) can cenſure the action, without conceiving any abſolute deteſtation of the perſon, whom perhaps nature may not have deſigned to act an ill part in all her dramas: for in this inſtance, life moſt exactly reſembles the ſtage, ſince it is often the ſame perſon who repreſents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration to-day, will probably attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greateſt genius the world hath ever produced, ſometimes condeſcends to play the fool; ſo did Scipio the Great, and Lælius the Wiſe, according to Horace, many years ago: nay, Cicero reports them to have been 'incredibly childiſh.'——Theſe, it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jeſt only; but ſeveral eminent characters have, in numberleſs inſtances of their lives, played the fool egregiouſly in earneſt; ſo far as to render it a matter of ſome doubt, whether their wiſdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better intitled to the applauſe or cenſure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred, of mankind.

Thoſe perſons, indeed, who have paſſed any time behind the ſcenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the ſeveral diſguiſes which are there put on, but alſo with the fantaſtic and capricious behaviour of the paſſions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre, (for as to reaſon, the

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the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and ſeldom to exert himſelf) may moſt probably have learned to underſtand the famous *nil admirari* of Horace, or in the Engliſh phraſe, to ſtare at nothing.

A ſingle bad act no more conſtitutes a villain in life, than a ſingle bad part on the ſtage. The paſſions, like the managers of a playhouſe, often force men upon parts, without conſulting their judgment, and ſometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himſelf acts; nay, it is common to ſee vice ſit as awkwardly on ſome men, as the character of Iago would on the honeſt face of Mr William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour and of true underſtanding is never haſty to condemn. He can cenſure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage againſt the guilty party. In a word, they are the ſame folly, the ſame childiſhneſs, the ſame ill-breeding, and the ſame ill-nature, which raiſe all the clamours and uproars both in life and on the ſtage. The worſt of men generally have the words rogue and villain moſt in their mouths, as the loweſt of all wretches are the apteſt to cry out low in the pit.

CHAP. II.

Containing a converſation which Mr Jones had with himſelf.

JONES received his effects from Mr Allworthy's early in the morning, with the following anſwer to his letter.

'SIR,

'I AM commanded by my uncle to acquaint you, 'that as he did not proceed to thoſe meaſures he 'had taken with you, without the greateſt deliberation, and after the fulleſt evidence of your unworthineſs, ſo will it be always out of your power to 'cauſe the leaſt alteration in his reſolution. He expreſſes great ſurprize at your preſumption in ſaying, 'you have reſigned all pretenſions to a young lady,

'to

'to whom it is impoſſible you ſhould ever have had 'any, her birth and fortune having made her ſo infi-'nitely your ſuperior. Laſtly, I am commanded to 'tell you, that the only inſtance of your compliance 'with my uncle's inclinations, which he requires, is, 'your immediately quitting this country. I cannot 'conclude this without offering you my advice, as a 'Chriſtian, that you would ſeriouſly think of amend-'ing your life; that you may be aſſiſted with grace 'ſo to do, will be always the prayer of

'Your humble ſervant,

'W. BLIFIL.'

Many contending paſſions were raiſed in our hero's mind by this letter, but the tender prevailed at laſt over the indignant and iraſcible, and a flood of tears came ſeaſonably to his aſſiſtance, and poſſibly prevented his misfortunes from either turning his head, or burſting his heart.

He grew, however, ſoon aſhamed of indulging this remedy; and ſtarting up, he cried, 'Well then, I 'will give Mr Allworthy the only inſtance he re-'quires of my obedience. I will go this moment— 'but whither?—why, let fortune direct; ſince there 'is no other who thinks it of any conſequence what 'becomes of this wretched perſon, it ſhall be a matter 'of equal indifference to myſelf. Shall I alone re-'gard what no other—— Ha! have I not reaſon to 'think there is another?—One whoſe value is above 'that of the whole world!—I may, I muſt imagine, 'my Sophia is not indifferent to what becomes of me. 'Shall I then leave this only friend?—And ſuch a 'friend? Shall I not ſtay with her?—Where? how 'can I ſtay with her? Have I any hopes of ever ſeeing 'her, though ſhe was as deſirous as myſelf, without 'expoſing her to the wrath of her father? and to 'what purpoſe? Can I think of ſoliciting ſuch a crea-'ture to conſent to her own ruin? Shall I indulge 'any paſſion of mine at ſuch a price?—Shall I lurk 'about this country like a thief, with ſuch intenti-'ons?—No, I diſdain, I deteſt the thought. Fare-'wel,

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'wel, Sophia; farewel, moſt lovely, moſt beloved:'—Here paſſion ſtopt his mouth, and found a vent at his eyes.

And now, having taken a reſolution to leave the country, he began to debate with himſelf whither he ſhould go. The world, as Milton phraſes it, lay all before him; and Jones, no more than Adam, had any man to whom he might reſort for comfort or aſſiſtance. All his acquaintances were the acquaintance of Mr Allworthy, and he had no reaſon to expect any countenance from them, as that gentleman had withdrawn his favour from him. Men of great and good characters ſhould indeed be very cautious how they diſcard their dependents; for the conſequence to the unhappy ſufferer is being diſcarded by all others.

What courſe of life to purſue, or to what buſineſs to apply himſelf, was a ſecond conſideration: and here the proſpect was all a melancholy void. Every profeſſion, and every trade, required length of time, and what was worſe, money; for matters are ſo conſtituted, that 'nothing out of nothing,' is not a truer maxim in phyſics than in politics; and every man who is greatly deſtitute of money, is on that account entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

At laſt the ocean, that hoſpitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him; and he inſtantly reſolved to accept her kind invitation. To expreſs myſelf leſs figuratively, he determined to go to ſea.

This thought indeed no ſooner ſuggeſted itſelf, than he eagerly embraced it; and having preſently hired horſes, he ſet out for Briſtol to put it in execution.

But before we attend him on this expedition, we ſhall reſort a while to Mr Weſtern's, and ſee what farther happened to the charming Sophia.

CHAP. III.

Containing ſeveral dialogues.

THE morning in which Mr Jones departed, Mrs Weſtern ſummoned Sophia into her apartment,

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ment, and having first acquainted her that she had obtained her liberty of her father, she proceeded to read her a long lecture on the subject of matrimony; which she treated not as a romantic scheme of happiness arising from love, as it hath been described by the poets; nor did she mention any of those purposes for which we are taught by divines to regard it as instituted by sacred authority; she considered it rather as a fund in which prudent women deposite their fortunes to the best advantage, in order to receive a larger interest for them than they could have elsewhere.

When Mrs Western had finished, Sophia answered, 'That she was very incapable of arguing with a lady 'of her aunt's superior knowledge and experience, 'especially on a subject which she had so very little 'considered as this of matrimony.

'Argue with me, child!' replied the other, 'I do 'not indeed expect it. I should have seen the world 'to very little purpose truly, if I am to argue with 'one of your years. I have taken this trouble, in 'order to instruct you. The ancient philosophers, 'such as Socrates, Alcibiades, and others, did not 'use to argue with their scholars. You are to consi'der me, child, as Socrates, not asking your opinion, 'but only informing you of mine.' From which last words the reader may possibly imagine, that this lady had read no more of the philosophy of Socrates, than she had of that of Alcibiades; and indeed we cannot resolve his curiosity as to this point.

'Madam,' cries Sophia, 'I have never presumed 'to controvert any opinion of yours; and this sub'ject, as I said, I have never yet thought of, and per'haps never may.'

'Indeed, Sophy,' replied the aunt, 'this dissimu'lation with me is very foolish. The French shall 'as soon persuade me, that they take foreign towns 'in defence only of their own country, as you can 'impose on me to believe you have never yet thought 'seriously of matrimony. How can you, child, af'fect to deny that you have considered of contracting 'an alliance, when you so well know I am acquainted 'with the party with whom you desire to contract it?

'An

'An alliance as unnatural and contrary to your interest, as a separate league with the French would be to the interest of the Dutch! But, however, if you have not hitherto considered of this matter, I promise you it is now high time; for my brother is resolved immediately to conclude the treaty with Mr Blifil; and indeed I am a sort of guarantee in the affair, and have promised your concurrence.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'this is the only instance in which I must disobey both yourself and my father. For this is a match which requires very little consideration in me to refuse.'

'If I was not as great a philosopher as Socrates himself,' returned Mrs Western, 'you would overcome my patience. What objection can you have to the young gentleman?'

'A very solid objection in my opinion,' says Sophia, 'I hate him.'

'Will you never learn a proper use of words?' answered the aunt. 'Indeed, child, you should consult Bailey's dictionary. It is impossible you should hate a man from whom you have received no injury. By hatred, therefore, you mean no more than dislike, which is no sufficient objection against your marrying of him. I have known many couples, who have entirely disliked each other, lead very comfortable, genteel lives. Believe me, child, I know these things better than you. You will allow me, I think, to have seen the world, in which I have not an acquaintance who would not rather be thought to dislike her husband, than to like him. The contrary is such out-of-fashion romantic nonsense, that the very imagination of it is shocking.'

'Indeed, Madam,' replied Sophia, 'I shall never marry a man I dislike. If I promise my father never to consent to any marriage contrary to his inclinations, I think I may hope he will never force me into that state contrary to my own.'

'Inclinations!' cries the aunt, with some warmth. Inclinations! I am astonished at your assurance. A young woman of your age, and unmarried, to talk of inclinations? But whatever your inclinations

'may

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'may be, my brother is resolved; nay, since you talk 'of inclinations, I shall advise him to hasten the treaty. 'Inclinations!

Sophia then flung herself upon her knees, and tears began to trickle from her shining eyes. She intreated her aunt, 'to have mercy upon her, and not to resent 'so cruelly her unwillingness to make herself miserable; 'often urging, that she alone was concerned, and that 'her happiness only was at stake.'

As a bailiff, when well authorised by his writ, having possessed himself of the person of some unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern: in vain the wretched captive attempts to raise compassion; in vain the tender wife, bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy, or frighted girl, are mentioned as inducements to reluctance. The noble bumtrap, blind and deaf to every circumstance of distress, greatly soars above all the motives to humanity, and into the hands of the gaoler resolves to deliver his miserable prey.

Not less blind to the tears, or less deaf to every intreaty of Sophia, was the politic aunt, not less determined was she to deliver over the trembling maid into the arms of the gaoler Blifil. She answered with great impetuosity, 'So far, Madam, from your being con-'cerned alone, your concern is the least, or surely the 'least important. It is the honour of your family 'which is concerned in this alliance; you are only the 'instrument. Do you conceive, mistress, that in an in-'termarriage between kingdoms, as when a daughter 'of France is married into Spain, the princess herself 'is alone considered in the match? No, it is a match 'between two kingdoms, rather than between two 'persons. The same happens in great families, such 'as ours. The alliance between the families is the 'principal matter. You ought to have a greater re-'gard for the honour of your family than for your 'own person; and if the example of a princess can-'not inspire you with these noble thoughts, you can-'not surely complain at being used no worse than all 'princesses are used.'

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'I hope, Madam,' cries Sophia, with a little elevation of voice, 'I ſhall never do any thing to diſhonour my family; but as for Mr Blifil, whatever may be the conſequence, I am reſolved againſt him, and no force ſhall prevail in his favour.'

Weſtern, who had been within hearing during the greater part of the preceding dialogue, had now exhauſted all his patience; he therefore entered the room in a violent paſſion, crying, 'D—n me then if ſhatunt ha'n, d—n me if ſhatunt, that's all—— that's all——d—n me if ſhatunt.'

Mrs Weſtern had collected a ſufficient quantity of wrath for the uſe of Sophia: but ſhe now transferred it all to the 'ſquire. 'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is aſtoniſhing that you will interfere in a matter which you had totally left to my negociation. Regard to my family hath made me take upon myſelf to be the mediating power, in order to rectify thoſe miſtakes in policy which you have committed in your daughter's education. For, brother, it is you; it is your prepoſterous conduct which hath eradicated all the ſeeds that I had formerly ſown in her tender mind.——It is you yourſelf who have taught her diſobedience.'——— 'Blood!' cries the 'ſquire, foaming at the mouth, 'you are enough to conquer the patience of the devil! Have I ever taught my daughter diſobedience?——Here ſhe ſtands; ſpeak honeſtly, girl, did ever I bid you be diſobedient to me? Have I not done every thing to humour and to gratify you, and to make you obedient to me? And very obedient to me ſhe was when a little child, before you took her in hand and ſpoiled her, by filling her head with a pack of court notions.—Why,—why,—why,—did I not over-hear you telling her ſhe muſt behave like a princeſs? You have made a Whig of the girl; and how ſhould her father, or any body elſe, expect any obedience from her?' 'Brother,' anſwered Mrs Weſtern, with an air of great diſdain, 'I cannot expreſs the contempt I have for your politics of all kinds: but I will appeal likewiſe to the young lady herſelf, whether I have ever taught her any principles of diſobedience?'

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'On the contrary, niece, have I not endeavoured to 'inſpire you with a true idea of the ſeveral relations 'in which a human creature ſtands in ſociety? Have 'I not taken infinite pains to ſhew you, that the law 'of nature hath enjoined a duty on children to their 'parents? Have I not told you what Plato ſays on 'that ſubject?---A ſubject on which you was ſo no-'toriouſly ignorant when you came firſt under my care, 'that I verily believe you did not know the relation 'between a daughter and a father.' 'Tis all a lie,' anſwered Weſtern. 'The girl is no ſuch a fool, as to 'live to eleven years old without knowing that ſhe 'was her father's relation.' 'O more than Gothic 'ignorance,' anſwered the lady —— 'And as for 'your manners, brother, I muſt tell you, they deſerve 'a cane.' 'Why then you may give it me, if you 'think you are able,' cries the 'ſquire; 'nay, I ſup-'poſe your niece there will be ready enough to help 'you.' 'Brother,' ſaid Mrs Weſtern, 'though I 'deſpiſe you beyond expreſſion, yet I ſhall endure 'your inſolence no longer; ſo I deſire my coach may 'be got ready immediately, for I am reſolved to leave 'your houſe this very morning.' 'And a good rid-'dance too,' anſwered he; 'I can bear your inſo-'lence no longer, an you come to that. Blood! it 'is almoſt enough of itſelf, to make my daughter un-'dervalue my ſenſe, when ſhe hears you tell me every 'minute you deſpiſe me.' 'It is impoſſible, it is 'impoſſible,' cries the aunt, 'no one can undervalue 'ſuch a boor.' 'Boar,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I am 'no boar: no, nor aſs; no, nor rat neither, Ma-'dam. Remember that---I am no rat. I am a true 'Engliſhman, and not of your Hanover breed, that 'have eat up the nation.' 'Thou art one of thoſe 'wiſe men,' cries ſhe, 'whoſe nonſenſical principles 'have undone the nation; by weakening the hands 'of our government at home, and by diſcouraging 'our friends, and by encouraging our enemies abroad.' 'Ho, are you come back to your politics?' cries the 'ſquire: 'as for thoſe, I deſpiſe them as much as I do a 'f---t.' Which laſt word he accompanied and graced with the very action, which, of all others, was the moſt

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most proper to it. And whether it was this word, or the contempt expreſt for her politics, which moſt affected Mrs Weſtern, I will not determine; but ſhe flew into the moſt violent rage, uttered phraſes improper to be here related, and inſtantly burſt out of the houſe. Nor did her brother or niece think proper either to ſtop or to follow her: for the one was ſo much poſſeſſed by concern, and the other by anger, that they were rendered almoſt motionleſs.

The 'ſquire, however, ſent after his ſiſter the ſame holla which attends the departure of a hare, when ſhe is firſt ſtarted before the hounds. He was indeed a great maſter of this kind of vociferation, and had a holla proper for moſt occaſions in life.

Women who, like Mrs Weſtern, know the world, and have applied themſelves to philoſophy and politics, would have immediately availed themſelves of the preſent diſpoſition of Mr Weſtern's mind, by throwing in a few artful compliments to his underſtanding at the expence of his abſent adverſary; but poor Sophia was all ſimplicity. By which word we do not intend to inſinuate to the reader, that ſhe was ſilly, which is generally underſtood as a ſynonimous term with ſimple: for ſhe was indeed a moſt ſenſible girl, and her underſtanding was of the firſt rate; but ſhe wanted all that uſeful art which females convert to ſo many good purpoſes in life, and which, as it rather ariſes from the heart than from the head, is often the property of the ſilliſt of women.

CHAP. IV.

A picture of a country Gentlewoman taken from the life.

MR Weſtern having finiſhed his holla, and taken a little breath, began to lament, in very pathetic terms, the unfortunate condition of men, 'who are,' ſays he, 'always whipt in by the humours of ſome 'd--mn'd b-- or other. I think I was hard run enough 'by your mother for one man; but after giving her a 'dodge, here's another b--- follows me upon the foil;

'but curſe my jacket if I will be run down in this manner by any o'um.'

Sophia never had a ſingle diſpute with her father, till this unlucky affair of Blifil, on any account, except in defence of her mother, whom ſhe had loved moſt tenderly, though ſhe loſt her in the eleventh year of her age. The 'ſquire, to whom that poor woman had been a faithful upper ſervant all the time of their marriage, had returned that behaviour, by making what the world calls a good huſband. He very ſeldom ſwore at her (perhaps not above once a week) and never beat her: ſhe had not the leaſt occaſion for jealouſy, and was perfect miſtreſs of her time; for ſhe was never interrupted by her huſband, who was engaged all the morning in his field exerciſes, and all the evening with bottle companions. She ſcarce indeed ever ſaw him but at meals; where ſhe had the pleaſure of carving thoſe diſhes which ſhe had before attended at the dreſſing. From theſe meals ſhe retired about five minutes after the other ſervants, having only ſtayed to drink the king over the water. Such were, it ſeems, Mr Weſtern's orders: for it was a maxim with him, that women ſhould come in with the firſt diſh, and go out after the firſt glaſs. Obedience to theſe orders was perhaps no difficult taſk: for the converſation (if it may be ſo called) was ſeldom ſuch as could entertain a lady. It conſiſted chiefly of hallooing, ſinging, relations of ſporting adventures, b---d---y, and abuſe of women, and of the government.

Theſe, however, were the only ſeaſons when Mr Weſtern ſaw his wife: for when he repaired to her bed, he was generally ſo drunk that he could not ſee; and in the ſporting ſeaſon he always roſe from her before it was light. Thus was ſhe perfect miſtreſs of her time; and had beſides a coach and four uſually at her command; though unhappily indeed the badneſs of the neighbourhood, and of the roads, made this of little uſe: for none who had ſet much value on their necks would have paſſed through the one, or who had ſet any value on their hours, would have viſited the other. Now, to deal honeſtly with the reader, ſhe did not make all the return expected to ſo much indulgence; for

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for she had been married against her will, by a fond father, the match having been rather advantageous on her side: for the 'squire's estate was upwards of 3000l. a-year, and her fortune no more than a bare 8000l. Hence perhaps she had contracted a little gloominess of temper: for she was rather a good servant than a good wife; nor had she always the gratitude to return the extraordinary degree of roaring mirth with which the 'squire received her, even with a good-humoured smile. She would, moreover, sometimes interfere with matters which did not concern her, as the violent drinking of her husband, which in the gentlest terms she would take some of the few opportunities he gave her of remonstrating against. And once in her life, she very earnestly entreated him to carry her for two months to London, which he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his wife for the request ever after, being well assured, that all the husbands in London are cuckolds.

For this last, and many other good reasons, Western at length heartily hated his wife; and as he never concealed this hatred before her death, so he never forgot it afterwards; but when any thing in the least soured him, as a bad scenting day, or a distemper among his hounds, or any other such misfortune, he constantly vented his spleen by invectives against the deceased; saying,—'If my wife was alive now, she 'would be glad of this.'

These invectives he was especially desirous of throwing forth before Sophia: for as he loved her more than he did any other, so he was really jealous that she had loved her mother better than him. And this jealousy Sophia seldom failed of heightening on these occasions: for he was not contented with violating her ears with the abuse of her mother; but endeavoured to force an explicit approbation of all this abuse, with which desire he could never prevail upon her by any promise or threats to comply.

Hence some of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the 'squire had not hated Sophia as much as he had hated her mother: but I must inform them, that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the me-

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dium of jealousy. It is, indeed, very possible for jealous persons to kill the objects of their jealousy, but not to hate them. Which sentiment being a pretty hard morsel, and bearing something of the air of a paradox, we shall leave the reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

CHAP. V.

The generous behaviour of Sophia *towards her aunt.*

SOPHIA kept silence during the foregoing speech of her father, nor did she once answer otherwise than with a sigh; but as he understood none of the language, or, as he called it, lingo, of the eyes, so he was not satisfied without some further approbation of his sentiments; which he now demanded of his daughter; telling her, in the usual way, 'he expected she 'was ready to take the part of every body against him, 'as she had always done that of the b—— her mo-'ther.' Sophia remaining still silent, he cried out, 'What, art dumb? why dost unt speak? Was not thy 'mother a d—d b— to me? answer me that. What, 'I suppose you despise your father too, and don't 'think him good enough to speak to?'

'For Heaven's sake, Sir,' answered Sophia, 'do 'not give so cruel a turn to my silence. I am sure I 'would sooner die than be guilty of any disrespect to-'wards you; but how can I venture to speak, when 'every word must either offend my dear papa, or con-'vict me of the blackest ingratitude as well as impie-'ty to the memory of the best of mothers: for such, 'I am certain, my mamma was always to me?'

'And your aunt, I suppose, is the best of sisters 'too!' replied the 'squire. 'Will you be so kind as 'to allow that she is a b—? I may fairly insist upon 'that, I think.'

'Indeed, Sir,' says Sophia, 'I have great obliga-'tions to my aunt. She hath been a second mother 'to me.'

'And a second wife to me too,' returned Western; 'so you will take her part too! you won't confess that 'she

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'she hath acted the part of the vileſt ſiſter in the 'world?'

'Upon my word, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I muſt belie 'my heart wickedly if I did. I know my aunt and 'you differ very much in your ways of thinking; but 'I have heard her a thouſand times expreſs the great-'eſt affection for you, and I am convinced, ſo far 'from her being the worſt ſiſter in the world, there 'are very few who love a brother better.'

'The Engliſh of all which is,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'that I am in the wrong. Ay, certainly. Ay, to 'be ſure, the woman is in the right, and the man in 'the wrong always.'

'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I do not ſay ſo.'

'What don't you ſay?' anſwered the father: 'you 'have the impudence to ſay ſhe's in the right; doth 'it not follow then of courſe that I am in the wrong? 'And perhaps I am in the wrong to ſuffer ſuch a 'Preſbyterian Hanoverian b—— to come into my 'houſe. She may 'dite me of a plot for any thing I 'know, and give my eſtate to the government.'

'So far, Sir, from injuring you or your eſtate,' ſays Sophia, 'if my aunt had died yeſterday, I am con-'vinced ſhe would have left you her whole fortune.'

Whether Sophia intended it or no, I ſhall not preſume to aſſert; but certain it is, theſe laſt words penetrated very deep into the ears of her father, and produced a much more ſenſible effect than all ſhe had ſaid before. He received the ſound with much the ſame action as a man receives a bullet in his head. He ſtarted, ſtaggered, and turned pale. After which he remained ſilent above a minute, and then began in the following heſitating manner. 'Yeſterday! ſhe would 'have left me her eſtate yeſterday! would ſhe? Why 'yeſterday! of all the days in the year? I ſuppoſe if 'ſhe dies to-morrow ſhe will leave it to ſomebody 'elſe, and perhaps out of the family:' 'My aunt, 'Sir,' cries Sophia, 'hath very violent paſſions, and 'I can't anſwer what ſhe may do under their influ-'ence.'

'You can't!' returned the father, 'and pray who 'hath been the occaſion of putting her into thoſe vio-'lent

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'lent paſſions? Nay, who hath actually put her into 'them? Was not you and ſhe hard at it before I came 'into the room? Beſides, was not all our quarrel about 'you? I have not quarrelled with ſiſter this many years 'but upon your account; and now you would throw 'the whole blame upon me, as thof I ſhould be the 'occaſion of her leaving the eſteate out o' the vamily. 'I could have expected no better indeed, this is like 'the return you make to all the reſt of my fondneſs.'

'I beſeech you then,' cries Sophia, 'upon my knees 'I beſeech you, if I have been the unhappy occaſion 'of this difference, that you will endeavour to make 'it up with my aunt, and not ſuffer her to leave your 'houſe in this violent rage of anger: ſhe is a very 'good-natured woman, and a few civil words will ſa- 'tisfy her——Let me intreat you, Sir.'

'So I muſt go and aſk pardon for your fault, muſt 'I?' anſwered Weſtern. 'You have loſt the hare, 'and I muſt draw every way to find her again? Indeed, 'if I was certain'---Here he ſtopt, and Sophia throw- ing in more intreaties, at length prevailed upon him; ſo that after venting two or three bitter ſarcaſtical ex- preſſions againſt his daughter, he departed as faſt as he could to recover his ſiſter, before her equipage could be gotten ready.

Sophia then returned to her chamber of mourning; where ſhe indulged herſelf (if the phraſe may be al- lowed me) in all the luxury of tender grief. She read over more than once the letter which ſhe had received from Jones: her muff too was uſed on this occaſion; and ſhe bathed both theſe, as well as herſelf, with her tears. In this ſituation, the friendly Mrs Honour exerted her utmoſt abilities to comfort her afflicted miſ- treſs. She ran over the names of many young gentle- men: and having greatly commended their parts and perſons, aſſured Sophia that ſhe might take her choice of any. Theſe methods muſt have certainly been uſed with ſome ſucceſs in diſorders of the like kind, or ſo ſkilful a practitioner as Mrs Honour would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard that the college of chambermaids holds them to be as ſovereign remedies as any in the female diſpenſary; but whe- ther

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ther it was that Sophia's diſeaſe differed inwardly from thoſe caſes with which it agreed in external ſymptoms, I will not aſſert; but, in fact, the good waiting-woman did more harm than good, and at laſt ſo incenſed her miſtreſs (which was no eaſy matter) that with an angry voice ſhe diſmiſſed her from her preſence.

CHAP. VI.

Containing great variety of matter.

THE 'ſquire overtook his ſiſter juſt as ſhe was ſtepping into the coach, and partly by force and partly by ſolicitations, prevailed upon her to order her horſes back into their quarters. He ſucceeded in this attempt without much difficulty: for the lady was, as we have already hinted, of a moſt placable diſpoſition, and greatly loved her brother, though ſhe deſpiſed his parts, or rather his little knowledge of the world.

Poor Sophia, who had firſt ſet on foot this reconciliation, was now made the ſacrifice to it. They both concurred in their cenſures on her conduct; jointly declared war againſt her; and directly proceeded to counſel, how to carry it on in the moſt vigorous manner. For this purpoſe, Mrs Weſtern propoſed not only an immediate concluſion of the treaty with Allworthy, but as immediately to carry it into execution; ſaying, 'That there was no other way to ſucceed with her niece but by violent methods, which ſhe was convinced Sophia had not ſufficient reſolution to reſiſt. By violent,' ſays ſhe, 'I mean rather haſty meaſures: for as to confinement or abſolute force, no ſuch things muſt or can be attempted. Our plan muſt be concerted for a ſurprize, and not for a ſtorm.'

Theſe matters were reſolved on, when Mr Blifil came to pay a viſit to his miſtreſs. The 'ſquire no ſooner heard of his arrival, than he ſtept aſide, by his ſiſter's advice, to give his daughter orders for the proper reception of her lover; which he did with the moſt

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most bitter execrations and denunciations of judgment on her refusal.

The impetuosity of the 'squire bore down all before him; and Sophia, as her aunt very wisely foresaw, was not able to resist him. She agreed, therefore, to see Blifil, though she had scarce spirits or strength sufficient to utter her assent. Indeed to give a peremptory denial to a father whom she so tenderly loved, was no easy task. Had this circumstance been out of the case, much less resolution than what she was really mistress of, would, perhaps, have served her; but it is no unusual thing to ascribe those actions entirely to fear, which are in a great measure produced by love.

In pursuance, therefore, of her father's peremptory command, Sophia now admitted Mr Blifil's visit. Scenes like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have observed, very little entertainment to the reader. Here, therefore, we shall strictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to pass over all those matters, which they despair of placing in a shining light. A rule, we conceive, of excellent use as well to the historian as to the poet: and which, if followed, must, at least, have this good effect, that many a great evil (for so all great books are called) would thus be reduced to a small one.

It is possible the great art used by Blifil at this interview would have prevailed on Sophia to have made another man in his circumstances her confident, and to have revealed the whole secret of her heart to him; but she had contracted so ill an opinion of this young gentleman, that she was resolved to place no confidence in him: for simplicity, when set on its guard, is often a match for cunning. Her behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed such as is generally prescribed to virgins upon the second formal visit from one who is appointed for their husband.

But tho' Blifil declared himself to the 'squire perfectly satisfied with his reception; yet that gentleman, who in company with his sister had overheard all, was not so well pleased. He resolved, in pursuance of the advice of the sage lady, to push matters as forward as possible; and addressing himself to his intended son-

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in-law in the hunting phraſe, he cry'd, after a loud holla, 'Follow her, boy, follow her; run in, run in, 'that's it, honeys. Dead, dead, dead. Never be 'baſhful, nor ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I? Allworthy and I 'can finiſh all matters between us this afternoon, and 'let us ha' the wedding to-morrow.'

Blifil having conveyed the utmoſt ſatisfaction into his countenance, anſwered, 'As there is nothing, Sir, 'in this world, which I ſo eagerly deſire as an alliance 'with your family, except my union with the moſt 'amiable and deſerving Sophia, you may eaſily ima-'gine how impatient I muſt be to ſee myſelf in poſ-'ſeſſion of my two higheſt wiſhes. If I have not 'therefore importuned you on this head, you will im-'pute it only to my fear of offending the lady, by en-'deavouring to hurry on ſo bleſſed an event, faſter 'than a ſtrict compliance with all the rules of decency 'and decorum will permit. But if by your intereſt, 'Sir, ſhe might be induced to diſpenſe with any for-'malities.'——

'Formalities! with a pox!' anſwered the ſquire, 'Pooh, all ſtuff and nonſenſe. I tell thee, ſhe ſhall 'ha' thee to-morrow.; you will know the world bet-'ter hereafter, when you come to my age. Women 'never gi' their conſent, man, if they can help it, 'tis not the faſhion. If I had ſtaid for her mother's 'conſent, I might have been a batchelor to this 'day. To her, to her, co to her, that's it, you 'jolly dog. I tell thee ſhat ha' her to-morrow morn-'ing.'

Blifil ſuffered himſelf to be overpowered by the forcible rhetoric of the ſquire; and it being agreed that Weſtern ſhould cloſe with Allworthy that very afternoon, the lover departed home, having firſt earneſtly begged that no violence might be offered to the lady by this haſte, in the ſame manner as a popiſh inquiſitor begs the lay-power to do no violence to the heretic, delivered over to it, and againſt whom the church hath paſſed ſentence.

And to ſay the truth, Blifil had paſſed ſentence againſt Sophia; for however pleaſed he had declared himſelf to Weſtern with his reception, he was by no means

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means satisfied, unless it was that he was convinced of the hatred and scorn of his mistress; and this had produced no less reciprocal hatred and scorn in him. It may, perhaps, be asked, Why then did he not put an immediate end to all further courtship? I answer, for that very reason, as well as for several others equally good, which we shall now proceed to open to the reader.

Though Mr Blifil was not of the complection of Jones, nor ready to eat every woman he saw; yet he was far from being destitute of that appetite which is said to be the common property of all animals. With this, he had likewise that distinguishing taste, which serves to direct men in their choice of the object, or food of their several appetites; and this taught him to consider Sophia as a most delicious morsel, indeed to regard her with the same desires which an ortolan inspires into the soul of an epicure. Now the agonies which affected the mind of Sophia rather augmented than impaired her beauty; for her tears added brightness to her eyes, and her breasts rose higher with her sighs. Indeed no one hath seen beauty in its highest lustre, who hath never seen it in distress. Blifil therefore looked on this human ortolan with greater desire than when he viewed her last; nor was his desires at all lessened by the aversion which he discovered in her to himself. On the contrary, this served rather to heighten the pleasure he proposed in rifling her charms, as it added triumph to lust; nay, he had some further views, from obtaining the absolute possession of her person, which we detest too much even to mention; and revenge itself was not without its share in the gratifications which he promised himself. The rivalling poor Jones, and supplanting him in her affections, added another spur to his pursuit, and promised another additional rapture to his enjoyment.

Besides all these views, which to some scrupulous persons may seem to savour too much of malevolence, he had one prospect, which few readers will regard with any great abhorrence. And this was the estate of Mr Western; which was all to be settled on his daughter and her issue; for so extravagant was the

affection

affection of that fond parent, that provided his child would but consent to be miserable with the husband he chose, he cared not at what price he purchased him.

For these reasons Mr Blifil was so desirous of the match, that he intended to deceive Sophia, by pretending love to her; and to deceive her father and his own uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this, he availed himself of the piety of Thwackum, who held, that if the end proposed was religious (as surely matrimony is) it mattered not how wicked were the means: as, to other occasions he used to apply the philosophy of Squire, which taught, that the end was immaterial, so that the means were fair and consistent with moral rectitude. To say truth, there were few occurrences in life on which he could not draw advantages from the precepts of one or other of those great masters.

Little deceit was indeed necessary to be practised on Mr Western: who thought the inclinations of his daughter of as little consequence, as Blifil himself conceived them to be; but as the sentiments of Mr Allworthy were of a very different kind, so it was absolutely necessary to impose on him. In this, however, Blifil was so well assisted by Western, that he succeeded without difficulty: for as Mr Allworthy had been assured by her father, that Sophia had a proper affection for Blifil, and that all which he had suspected concerning Jones was entirely false, Blifil had nothing more to do than to confirm these assertions; which he did with such equivocations, that he preserved a salvo for his conscience; and had the satisfaction of conveying a lie to his uncle, without the guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the inclinations of Sophia, by Allworthy, who said, 'he would, on no account, be accessary to forcing 'a young lady into a marriage contrary to her own 'will,' he answered, 'That the real sentiments of 'young ladies were very difficult to be understood; 'that her behaviour to him was full as forward as he 'wished it, and that, if he could believe her father, 'she had all the affection for him which any lover

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'could desire.' 'As for Jones,' said he, 'whom I 'am loath to call villain, though his behaviour to 'you, Sir, sufficiently justifies the appellation, his 'own vanity, or perhaps some wicked views, might 'make him boast of a falsehood; for if there had been 'any reality in Miss Western's love to him, the 'greatness of her fortune would never have suffered 'him to desert her, as you are well informed he hath. 'Lastly, Sir, I promise you I would not myself, for 'any consideration, no not for the whole world, con-'sent to marry this young lady, if I was not per-'suaded she had all the passion for me which I desire 'she should have.'

This excellent method of conveying a falshood with the heart only, without making the tongue guilty of an untruth, by the means of equivocation and impos-ture, hath quieted the conscience of many a notable deceiver; and yet when we consider that it is Omni-science on which these endeavour to impose, it may possibly seem capable of affording only a very superfi-cial comfort; and that this artful and refined distinc-tion between communicating a lie, and telling one, is hardly worth the pains it costs them.

Allworthy was pretty well satisfied with what Mr Western and Mr Blifil told him: and the treaty was now, at the end of two days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the office of the priest, but the office of the lawyers, which threatened to take up so much time, that Western offered to bind him-self by all manner of covenants, rather than defer the happiness of the young couple. Indeed he was so very earnest and pressing, that an indifferent person might have concluded he was more a principal in this match than he really was: but this eagerness was natural to him on all occasions; and he conducted every scheme he undertook in such a manner, as if the success of that alone was sufficient to constitute the whole happi-ness of his life.

The joint importunities of both father and son-in-law would probably have prevailed on Mr Allworthy, who brooked but ill any delay of giving happiness to others, had not Sophia herself prevented it, and taken measures

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measures to put a final end to the whole treaty, and to rob both church and law of those taxes which these wise bodies have thought proper to receive from the propagation of the human species in a lawful manner. Of which in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

A strange resolution of Sophia, and a more strange stratagem of Mrs Honour.

THOUGH Mrs Honour was principally attached to her own interest, she was not without some little attachment to Sophia. To say truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young lady without loving her. She no sooner, therefore, heard a piece of news, which she imagined to be of great importance to her mistress, than quite forgetting the anger which she had conceived two days before, at her unpleasant dismission from Sophia's presence, she ran hastily to inform her of the news.

The beginning of her discourse was as abrupt as her entrance into the room. 'O dear Ma'am,' says she, 'what doth your la'ship think? To be sure, I 'am frightened out of my wits; and yet I thought 'it my duty to tell your la'ship, though perhaps it 'may make you angry, for we servants don't always 'know what will make our ladies angry; for to be 'sure every thing is always laid to the charge of a 'servant. When our ladies are out of humour, to be 'sure we must be scolded; and to be sure I should 'not wonder if your la'ship should be out of humour; 'nay, it must surprize you certainly, ay, and shock 'you too.'—'Good Honour! let me know it with-'out any longer preface,' says Sophia; 'there are 'few things, I promise you, which will surprise, 'and fewer which will shock me.' 'Dear Madam,' answered Honour, 'to be sure, I overheard my ma-'ster talking to parson Supple about getting a licence 'this very afternoon; and to be sure I heard him 'say, your la'ship shou'd be married to-morrow morn-'ing.' Sophia turned pale at these words, and repeated eagerly, 'To-morrow morning!'——'Yes, 'Ma'am,' replied the trusty waiting-woman, 'I will

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'take my oath I heard my master say so.' 'Honour,' says Sophia, 'you have both surprised and shocked 'me to such a degree, that I have scarce any breath 'or spirits left. What is to be done in my dreadful 'situation?' 'I wish I was able to advise your 'la'ship,' says she. 'Do advise me,' cries Sophia, 'pray, dear Honour, advise me. Think what you 'would attempt if it was your own case.' 'Indeed, 'Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'I wish your la'ship and I 'could change situations; that is, I mean, without 'hurting your la'ship; for to be sure I don't wish 'you so bad as to be a servant; but because that if 'so be it was my case, I should find no manner of dif-'ficulty in it; for, in my poor opinion, young 'squire 'Blifil is a charming, sweet, handsome man.'——— 'Don't mention such stuff,' cries Sophia.---'Such 'stuff,' repeated Honour, 'why there.------Well, to 'be sure what's one man's meat is another man's 'poison, and the same is altogether as true of women.' 'Honour,' says Sophia, 'rather than submit to be 'the wife of that contemptible wretch, I would 'plunge a dagger into my heart.' 'O lud, Ma'am,' answered the other, 'I am sure you frighten me out 'of my wits now. Let me beseech your la'ship not 'to suffer such wicked thoughts to come into your 'head. O lud, to be sure I tremble every inch of 'me. Dear Ma'am, consider,——that to be denied 'christian burial, and to have your corpse buried in 'the highway, and a stake drove through you, as 'farmer Halfpenny was served at Ox Cross, and, to 'be sure, his ghost has walked there ever since; for 'several people have seen him. To be sure, it can be 'nothing but the devil which can put such wicked 'thoughts into the head of any body; for certainly 'it is less wicked to hurt all the world than one's 'own dear self, and so I have heard said by more 'parsons than one. If your la'ship hath such a vio-'lent aversion, and hates the young gentleman so 'very bad, that you can't bear to think of going in-'to bed to him; for to be sure there may be such 'antipathies in nature, and one had liverer touch a 'toad than the flesh of some people.'——

Sophia

Sophia had been too much wrapt in contemplation to pay any great attention to the foregoing excellent diſcourſe of her maid; interrupting her therefore, without making any anſwer to it, ſhe ſaid, 'Honour, 'I am come to a reſolution. I am determined to leave 'my father's houſe this very night; and if you 'have the friendſhip for me which you have often 'profeſſed, you will keep me company.' 'That I 'will, Ma'am, to the world's end,' anſwered Honour; 'but I beg your la'ſhip to conſider the con-'ſequence, before you undertake any raſh action. 'Where can your la'ſhip poſſibly go?' 'There is,' replied Sophia, 'a lady of quality in London, a re-'lation of mine, who ſpent ſeveral months with my 'aunt in the country; during all which time ſhe 'treated me with great kindneſs, and expreſſed ſo 'much pleaſure in my company, that ſhe earneſtly 'deſired my aunt to ſuffer me to go with her to Lon-'don. As ſhe is a woman of very great note, I ſhall 'eaſily find her out, and I make no doubt of being 'very well and kindly received by her.' 'I would 'not have your la'ſhip too confident of that,' cries Honour; 'for the firſt lady I lived with uſed to 'invite people very earneſtly to her houſe: but if 'ſhe heard afterwards they were coming, ſhe uſed to 'get out of the way. Beſides, though this lady 'would be very glad to ſee your la'ſhip, as to be ſure 'any body would be glad to ſee your la'ſhip; yet 'when ſhe hears your la'ſhip is run away from my 'maſter,'——'You are miſtaken, Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'ſhe looks upon the authority of a father in 'a much lower light than I do; for ſhe preſſed me 'violently to go to London with her, and when I 'refuſed to go without my father's conſent, ſhe 'laughed me to ſcorn, called me ſilly country girl, 'and ſaid I ſhould make a pure loving wife, ſince I 'could be ſo dutiful a daughter. So I have no doubt 'but ſhe will both receive me and protect me too, 'till my father, finding me out of his power, can be 'brought to ſome reaſon.

'Well, but, Ma'am,' anſwered Honour, 'how 'doth your la'ſhip think of making your eſcape?

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'Where will you get any horſes or conveyance? 'For as for your own horſe, as all the ſervants 'know a little how matters ſtand between my maſter 'and your la'ſhip, Robin will be hanged before he 'will ſuffer it to go out of the ſtable without my ma'ſter's expreſs orders.' 'I intend to eſcape,' ſaid Sophia, 'by walking out of the doors when they are 'open. I thank Heaven my legs are very able to 'carry me. They have ſupported me many a long 'evening, after a fiddle, with no very agreeable part'ner; and ſurely they will aſſiſt me in running from 'ſo deteſtable a partner for life.' 'O Heav'n, 'Ma'am, doth your ladyſhip know what you are ſay'ing?' cries Honour, 'would you think of walking 'about the country by night and alone?' 'Not 'alone,' anſwered the lady, 'you have promiſed to 'bear me company.' 'Yes to be ſure,' cries Ho'nour, 'I will follow your la'ſhip through the world: 'but your la'ſhip had almoſt as good be alone; 'for I ſhall not be able to defend you, if any rob'bers, or other villains, ſhould meet with you. 'Nay. I ſhould be in as horrible a fright as your 'la'ſhip: for to be certain, they would raviſh us 'both. Beſides, Ma'am, conſider how cold the 'nights are now; we ſhall be frozen to death.' 'A 'good briſk pace,' anſwered Sophia, 'will preſerve 'us from the cold; and if you cannot defend me 'from a villain, Honour, I will defend you; for I 'will take a piſtol with me. There are two always 'charged in the hall.' 'Dear Ma'am, you frighten 'me more and more,' cries Honour, 'ſure your 'la'ſhip would not venture to fire it off! I had ra'ther run any chance, than your la'ſhip ſhould do 'that.' 'Why ſo?' ſays Sophia, ſmiling; 'would 'not you, Honour, fire a piſtol at any one who ſhould 'attack your virtue?' 'To be ſure, Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'one's virtue is a dear thing, eſpecially 'to us poor ſervants; for it is our livelihood, as a 'body may ſay: yet I mortally hate fire-arms; for 'ſo many accidents happen by them.' 'Well, well,' ſays Sophia, 'I believe I may enſure your virtue 'at a very cheap rate, without carrying any arms

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'with us; for I intend to take horſes at the very firſt 'town we come to, and we ſhall hardly be attacked 'in our way thither. Look'ee, Honour, I am re- 'ſolved to go, and if you will attend me, I promiſe 'you I will reward you to the very utmoſt of my 'power.'

This laſt argument had a ſtronger effect on Honour than all the preceding. And ſince ſhe ſaw her miſtreſs ſo determined, ſhe deſiſted from any further diſſuaſions. They then entered into a debate on ways and means of executing their project. Here a very ſtubborn difficulty occurred, and this was the removal of their effects, which was much more eaſily got over by the miſtreſs than by the maid: for when a lady hath once taken a reſolution to run to a lover, or to run from him, all obſtacles are conſidered as trifles. But Honour was inſpired by no ſuch motive; ſhe had no raptures to expect, nor any terrors to ſhun; and beſides the real value of her clothes, in which conſiſted a great part of her fortune, ſhe had a capricious fondneſs for ſeveral gowns, and other things; either becauſe they became her, or becauſe they were given her by ſuch a particular perſon: becauſe ſhe had bought them lately, or becauſe ſhe had had them long; or for ſome other reaſons equally good; ſo that ſhe could not endure the thoughts of leaving the poor things behind her, expoſed to the mercy of Weſtern, who, ſhe doubted not, would in his rage make them ſuffer martyrdom.

The ingenious Mrs Honour having applied all her oratory to diſſuade her miſtreſs from her purpoſe, when ſhe found her poſitively determined, at laſt ſtarted the following expedient to remove her clothes, viz. to get herſelf turned out of doors that very evening. Sophia highly approved this method, but doubted how it might be brought about. 'Oh! 'Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'your la'ſhip may truſt 'that to me: we ſervants very well know how to 'obtain this favour of our maſters and miſtreſſes; 'though ſometimes indeed, where they owe us more 'wages than they can readily pay, they will put up 'with all our affronts, and will hardly take any warn-

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'ing we can give them, but the 'ſquire is none of 'thoſe; and ſince your la'ſhip is reſolved upon ſetting 'out to-night, I warrant I get diſcharged this after-'noon.' It was then reſolved that ſhe ſhould pack up ſome linen and a night-gown for Sophia, with her own things; and as for all her other clothes, the young lady abandoned them with no more remorſe than the ſailor feels, when he throws over the goods of others in order to ſave his own life.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing ſcenes of altercation, of no very uncommon kind.

MRS Honour had ſcarce ſooner parted from her young lady, than ſomething (for I would not, like the old woman in Quivedo, injure the devil by any falſe accuſation, and poſſibly he might have no hand in it) but ſomething, I ſay, ſuggeſted itſelf to her, that by ſacrificing Sophia and all her ſecrets to Mr Weſtern, ſhe might probably make her fortune. Many conſiderations urged this diſcovery. The fair proſpect of a handſome reward for ſo great and acceptable a ſervice to the 'ſquire, tempted her avarice; and again, the danger of the enterpriſe ſhe had undertaken; the uncertainty of its ſucceſs; night, cold, robbers, raviſhers, all alarmed her fears. So forcibly did all theſe operate upon her, that ſhe was almoſt determined to go directly to the 'ſquire, and to lay open the whole affair. She was, however, too upright a judge to decree on one ſide, before ſhe had heard the other. And here, firſt a journey to London appeared very ſtrongly in ſupport of Sophia. She eagerly longed to ſee a place in which ſhe fancied charms ſhort only of thoſe which a raptured ſaint imagines in heaven. In the next place, as ſhe knew Sophia to have much more generoſity than her maſter, ſo her fidelity promiſed her a greater reward than ſhe could gain by treachery. She then croſs-examined all the articles which had raiſed her fears on the other ſide, and found, on fairly ſifting the matter, that there was

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was very little in them. And now both ſcales being reduced to a pretty even balance, her love to her miſtreſs being thrown into the ſcale of her integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a circumſtance ſtruck upon her imagination, which might have had a dangerous effect, had its whole weight been fairly put into the other ſcale. This was the length of time which muſt intervene, before Sophia would be able to fulfil her promiſes; for though ſhe was intitled to her mother's fortune, at the death of her father, and to the ſum of 3000 l. left her by an uncle when ſhe came of age; yet theſe were diſtant days, and many accidents might prevent the intended generoſity of the young lady; whereas the rewards ſhe might expect from Mr Weſtern were immediate. But while ſhe was purſuing this thought, the good genius of Sophia, or that which preſided over the integrity of Mrs Honour, or perhaps mere chance, ſent an accident in her way, which at once preſerved her fidelity, and even facilitated the intended buſineſs.

Mrs Weſtern's maid claimed great ſuperiority over Mrs Honour, on ſeveral accounts. Firſt, her birth was higher: for her great grandmother by the mother's ſide, was a couſin, not far removed, to an Iriſh peer. Secondly, her wages were greater. And, laſtly, ſhe had been at London, and had of conſequence ſeen more of the world. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs Honour, with that reſerve, and had always exacted of her thoſe marks of diſtinction, which every order of famales preſerves and requires in converſation with thoſe of an inferior order. Now, as Honour did not at all times agree with this doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the reſpect which the other demanded, Mrs Weſtern's maid was not at all pleaſed with her company: indeed, ſhe earneſtly longed to return home to the houſe of her miſtreſs, where ſhe domineered at will over all the other ſervants. She had been greatly, therefore, diſappointed in the morning, when Mrs Weſtern had changed her mind on the very point of departure, and had been in what is vugarly called, a glouting humour ever ſince.

In

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In this humour, which was none of the ſweeteſt, ſhe came into the room where Honour was debating with herſelf, in the manner we have above related. Honour no ſooner ſaw her, than ſhe addreſſed her in the following obliging phraſe. 'Soh! Madam, I find 'we are to have the pleaſure of your company longer, 'which I was afraid the quarrel between my maſter 'and your lady would have robbed us of.' 'I don't 'know, Madam,' anſwered the other, 'what you 'mean by we and us. I aſſure you I do not look on 'any of the ſervants in this houſe to be proper com-'pany for me. I am company, I hope, for their 'betters every day in the week. I do not ſpeak on 'your account, Mrs Honour; for you are a civilized 'young woman; and when you have ſeen a little more 'of the world, I ſhould not be aſhamed to walk with 'you in St James's Park.' 'Hoity! toity!' cries Honour, 'Madam is in her airs, I proteſt. Mrs Ho-'nour, forſooth! ſure, Madam, you might call me 'by my ſir-name; for though my lady calls me Ho-'nour, I have a ſir-name as well as other folks. 'Aſhamed to walk with me, quotha! marry, as good 'as yourſelf, I hope.' 'Since you make ſuch a re-'turn to my civility,' ſaid the other, 'I muſt acquaint 'you, Mrs Honour, that you are not ſo good as me. 'In the country indeed one is obliged to take up with 'all kinds of trumpery; but in town I viſit none but 'the women of women of quality. Indeed, Mrs Ho-'nour, there is ſome difference, I hope, between you 'and me.' 'I hope ſo too,' anſwered Honour, 'there 'is ſome difference in our ages, and——I think in our 'perſons.' Upon ſpeaking which laſt words, ſhe ſtrutted by Mrs Weſtern's maid with the moſt pro-voking air of contempt; turning up her noſe, toſſing her head, and violently bruſhing the hoop of her competitor with her own. The other lady put up one of her moſt malicious ſneers, and ſaid, 'Crea-'ture! you are below my anger; and it is beneath 'me to give ill words ſo ſuch an audacious, ſaucy 'trollop; but, huſſy, I muſt tell you, your breeding 'ſhews the meanneſs of your birth as well as of your 'education; and both very properly qualify you to

'be

'be the mean ſerving woman of a country girl.' 'Don't abuſe my lady,' cries Honour, 'I won't take 'that of you; ſhe's as much better than yours as ſhe 'is younger, and ten thouſand times more hand-'ſomer.'

Here ill luck, or rather good luck, ſent Mrs Weſtern to ſee her maid in tears, which began to flow plentifully at her approach; and of which being aſked the reaſon by her miſtreſs, ſhe preſently acquainted her, that her tears were occaſioned by the rude treatment of that creature there, meaning Honour. 'And, Madam,' continued ſhe, 'I could 'have deſpiſed all ſhe ſaid to me; but ſhe hath had 'the audacity to affront your ladyſhip, and to call 'you ugly—Yes, Madam, ſhe called you ugly, old 'cat, to my face. I could not bear to hear your 'ladyſhip called ugly.'——'Why do you repeat her 'impudence ſo often?' ſaid Mrs Weſtern. And then turning to Mrs Honour, ſhe aſked her, 'how ſhe 'had the aſſurance to mention her name with diſre-'ſpect?' 'Diſreſpect, Madam!' anſwered Honour, 'I never mentioned your name at all; I ſaid ſome-'body was not ſo handſome as my miſtreſs, and to be 'ſure you know that as well as I.' 'Huſſy,' replied the lady, 'I will make ſuch a ſaucy trollop as your-'ſelf know, that I am not a proper ſubject of your 'diſcourſe. And if my brother doth not diſcharge 'you this moment, I will never ſleep in his houſe 'again. I will find him out, and have you diſchar-'ged this moment.' 'Diſcharged!' cries Honour, 'and ſuppoſe I am; there are more places in the 'world than one. Thank Heaven, good ſervants 'need not want places; and if you turn away all 'who don't think you handſome, you will want ſer-'vants very ſoon; let me tell you that.'

Mrs Weſtern ſpoke, or rather thundered, in anſwer; but as ſhe was hardly articulate, we cannot be very certain of the identical words: we ſhall therefore omit inſerting a ſpeech, which, at beſt, would not greatly redound to her honour. She then departed in ſearch of her brother, with a countenance ſo full of rage,

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rage, that she resembled one of the furies rather than a human creature.

The two chambermaids being again left alone, began a second bout at altercation, which soon produced a combat of a more active kind. In this the victory belonged to the lady of inferior rank, but not without some loss of blood, of hair, and of lawn, and muslin.

CHAP. IX.

The wise demeanour of Mr Western *in the character of a magistrate. A hint to justices of peace, concerning the necessary qualifications of a clerk; with extraordinary instances of paternal madness, and filial affection.*

LOgicians sometimes prove too much by an argument, and politicians often over-reach themselves in a scheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs Honour, who, instead of recovering the rest of her clothes, had like to have stopped even those she had on her back from escaping: for the 'squire no sooner heard of her having abused his sister, than he swore twenty oaths he would send her to Bridewell.

Mrs Western was a very good-natured woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving temper. She had lately remitted the trespass of a stage-coachman, who had overturned her post-chaise into a ditch; nay, she had even broken the law in refusing to prosecute a highwayman who had robbed her not only of a sum of money, but of her ear-rings; at the same time d—ning her, and saying, 'such handsome b—s as you don't want jewels to set them off, and be d—n'd to you.' But now, so uncertain are our tempers, and so much do we at different times differ from ourselves, she would hear of no mitigation; nor could all the affected penitence of Honour, nor all the entreaties of Sophia for her own servant, prevail with her to desist from earnestly desiring her brother to execute justiceship (for it was indeed a syllable more than justice) on the wench.

But luckily the clerk had a qualification, which no clerk to a justice of peace ought ever to be without,

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namely, ſome underſtanding in the law of this realm. He therefore whiſpered in the ear of the juſtice, that he would exceed his authority by committing the girl to Bridewell, as there had been no attempt to break the peace; 'for I am afraid, Sir,' ſays he, 'you can-'not legally commit any one to Bridewell only for ill-'breeding.'

In matters of high importance, particularly in caſes relating to the game, the juſtice was not always attentive to theſe admonitions of his clerk; for, indeed, in executing the laws under that head, many juſtices of peace ſuppoſe they have a large diſcretionary power. By virtue of which, under the notion of ſearching for, and taking away engines for the deſtruction of the game, they often commit treſpaſſes, and ſometimes felony, at their pleaſure.

But this offence was not of quite ſo high a nature, nor ſo dangerous to the ſociety. Here, therefore, the juſtice behaved with ſome attention to the advice of his clerk; for in fact he had already had two informations exhibited againſt him in the King's Bench, and had no curioſity to try a third.

The ſquire, therefore, putting on a moſt wiſe and ſignificant countenance, after a preface of ſeveral hums and ha's, told his ſiſter, that upon more mature deliberation, he was of opinion that 'as there was no 'breaking up of the peace, ſuch as the law,' ſays he, 'calls breaking open a door, or breaking a hedge, or 'breaking a head, or any ſuch ſort of breaking; the 'matter did not amount to a felonious kind of a thing, 'nor treſpaſſes nor damages, and therefore, there was 'no puniſhment in the law for it.'

Mrs Weſtern ſaid, 'She knew the law much better; 'that ſhe had known ſervants very ſeverely puniſhed 'for affronting their maſters;' and then named a certain juſtice of the peace in London, 'who,' ſhe ſaid, 'would commit a ſervant to Bridewell, at any time, 'when a maſter or miſtreſs deſired it.'

'Like enough,' cries the ſquire, 'it may be ſo in 'London; but the law is different in the country.' Here followed a very learned diſpute between the brother and ſiſter concerning the law, which we would

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inſert, if we imagined many of our readers could underſtand it. This was, however, at length referred by both parties to the clerk, who decided it in favour of the magiſtrate; and Mrs Weſtern was, in the end, obliged to content herſelf with the ſatisfaction of having Honour turned away; to which Sophia herſelf very readily and chearfully conſented.

Thus Fortune, after having diverted herſelf, according to cuſtom, with two or three frolics, at laſt diſpoſed all matters to the advantage of our heroine; who indeed ſucceeded admirably well in her deceit, conſidering it was the firſt ſhe had ever practiſed. And, to ſay the truth, I have often concluded, that the honeſt part of mankind would be much too hard for the knaviſh, if they could bring themſelves to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble.

Honour acted her part to the utmoſt perfection. She no ſooner ſaw herſelf ſecure from all danger of Bridewell, a word which had raiſed moſt horrible ideas in her mind, than ſhe reſumed thoſe airs which her terrors before had a little abated; and laid down her place with as much affectation of content, and indeed of contempt, as was ever practiſed at the reſignation of places of much greater importance. If the reader pleaſes, therefore, we chooſe rather to ſay ſhe reſigned-----which hath, indeed, been always held a ſynonimous expreſſion with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr Weſtern ordered her to be very expeditious in packing: for his ſiſter declared ſhe would not ſleep another night under the ſame roof with ſo impudent a ſlut. To work therefore ſhe went, and that ſo earneſtly, that every thing was ready early in the evening; when having received her wages, away packed ſhe bag and baggage, to the great ſatisfaction of every one, but of none more than of Sophia; who, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the houſe, exactly at the dreadful and ghoſtly hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But

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But first she was obliged to give two painful audiences, the one to her aunt, and the other to her father. In these Mrs Western herself began to talk to her in a more peremptory stile than before; but her father treated her in so violent and outrageous a manner, that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will, which so highly pleased the good 'squire, that he changed his frowns into smiles, and his menaces into promises; he vowed his whole soul was wrapped in hers, that her consent (for so he construed the words, 'You know, Sir, I must not, nor 'can refuse to obey any absolute command of yours,') had made him the happiest of mankind. He then gave her a large bank-bill to dispose of in any trinkets she pleased, and kissed and embraced her in the fondest manner, while tears of joy trickled from those eyes, which a few moments before had darted fire and rage against the dear object of all his affection.

Instances of this behaviour in parents are so common that the reader, I doubt not, will be very little astonished at the whole conduct of Mr Western. If he should, I own I am not able to account for it: since that he loved his daughter most tenderly, is, I think, beyond dispute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their children most compleatly miserable by the same conduct: which, though it is almost universal in parents, hath always appeared to me to be the most unaccountable of all the absurdities which ever entered into the brain of that strange prodigious creature man.

The latter part of Mr Western's behaviour had so strong an effect on the tender heart of Sophia, that it suggested a thought to her, which not all the sophistry of her politic aunt, nor all the menaces of her father had ever once brought into her head. She reverenced her father so piously, and loved him so passionately, that she had scarce ever felt more pleasing sensations, than what arose from the share she frequently had of contributing to his amusement; and sometimes, perhaps, to higher gratifications; for he never could contain the delight of hearing her commended, which he had the satisfaction of hearing almost every day of her

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life. The idea, therefore, of the immenſe happineſs ſhe ſhould convey to her father by her conſent to this match, made a ſtrong impreſſion on her mind. Again, the extreme piety of ſuch an act of obedience worked very forcibly, as ſhe had a very deep ſenſe of religion. Laſtly, when ſhe reflected how much ſhe herſelf was to ſuffer, being indeed to become little leſs than a ſacrifice, or a martyr, to filial love and duty, ſhe felt an agreeable tickling in a certain little paſſion, which though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often ſo kind as to lend great aſſiſtance in executing the purpoſes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the contemplation of ſo heroic an action, and began to compliment herſelf with much premature flattery, when Cupid, who lay hid in her muff, ſuddenly crept out, and, like Punchinello in a puppet-ſhew, kicked all out before him. In truth, (for we ſcorn to deceive our reader, or to vindicate the character of our heroine, by aſcribing her actions to ſupernatural impulſe,) the thoughts of her beloved Jones, and ſome hopes (however diſtant) in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately deſtroyed all which filial love, piety, and pride had, with their joint endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with Sophia, we muſt now look back to Mr Jones.

CHAP. X.

Containing ſeveral matters natural enough, perhaps, but Low.

THE reader will be pleaſed to remember, that we left Mr Jones in the beginning of this book on his road to Briſtol; being determined to ſeek his fortune at ſea; or rather, indeed, to fly away from his fortune on ſhore.

It happened, (a thing not very unuſual) that the guide who undertook to conduct him on his way, was unluckily unacquainted with the road; ſo that having miſſed his right track, and being aſhamed to aſk information,

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mation, he rambled about backwards and forwards till night came on, and it began to grow dark. Jones, ſuſpecting what had happened, acquainted the guide with his apprehenſions; but he inſiſted on it, that they were in the right road, and added, it would be very ſtrange if he ſhould not know the road to Briſtol; though, in reality, it would have been much ſtranger if he had known it, having never paſt through it in his life before.

Jones had not ſuch implicit faith in his guide, but that on their arrival at a village he enquired of the firſt fellow he ſaw, whether they were in the road to Briſtol. 'Whence did you come?' cries the fellow. 'No 'matter,' ſays Jones, a little haſtily, 'I want to know 'if this be the road to Briſtol.' 'The road to Briſ- 'tol!' cries the fellow, ſcratching his head, 'Why, 'maſter, I believe you will hardly get to Briſtol this 'way to night.' 'Prithee, friend, then,' anſwered Jones, 'do tell us which is the way.'—'Why, 'Meaſter,' cries the fellow, 'you muſt be come out 'of your road the Lord knows whither: for thick 'way goeth to Gloceſter.' 'Well, and which way 'goes to Briſtol?' ſaid Jones. 'Why, ye be going 'away from Briſtol,' anſwered the fellow—'Then, ſaid Jones, 'we muſt go back again.' 'Ay, you 'muſt,' ſaid the fellow. 'Well, and when we come 'back to the top of the hill, which way muſt we 'take?' 'Why you muſt keep the ſtrait road.' 'But 'I remember there are two roads, one to the right 'and the other to the left.' 'Why, you muſt keep 'the right hand road, and then go ſtrait forwards; 'only remember to turn firſt to your right, and then 'to your left again, and then to your right; and that 'brings you to the 'ſquire's, and then you muſt keep 'ſtrait forwards, and turn to the left.'

Another fellow now came up, and aſked which way the gentlemen were going?—of which being informed by Jones, he firſt ſcratched his head, and then leaning upon a pole he had in his hand, began to tell him, 'That he muſt keep to the right-hand road for about 'a mile, or a mile and half, or ſuch a matter, and then 'he muſt turn ſhort to the left, which would bring

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'him round by Meaſter Jin Bearnes's.' 'But which is 'Mr John Bearnes's?' ſays Jones. 'O Lord,' cries the fellow, 'why don't you know Meaſter Jin Bearnes? Whence did you come?'

Theſe two fellows had almoſt conquered the patience of Jones, when a plain well-looking man (who was indeed a quaker) accoſted him thus: 'Friend, I 'perceive thou haſt loſt thy way; and if thou wilt 'take my advice, thou wilt not attempt to find it to-'night. It is almoſt dark, and the road is difficult to 'hit; beſides, there have been ſeveral robberies com-'mitted lately between this and Briſtol. Here is a 'very creditable good houſe juſt by, where thou may'ſt 'find good entertainment for thyſelf and thy cattle 'till morning.' Jones, after a little perſuaſion, agreed to ſtay in this place till the morning, and was conducted by his friend to the public-houſe.

The landlord, who was a very civil fellow, told Jones, 'he hoped he would excuſe the badneſs of his 'accommodation: for that his wife was gone from 'home, and had locked up almoſt every thing, and 'carried the keys along with her.' Indeed, the fact was, that a favourite daughter of her's was juſt married, and gone, that morning, home with her huſband; and that ſhe and her mother together, had almoſt ſtript the poor man of all his goods, as well as money: for though he had ſeveral children, this daughter only, who was the mother's favourite, was the object of her conſideration; and to the humour of this one child ſhe would, with pleaſure, have ſacrificed all the reſt, and her huſband into the bargain.

Though Jones was very unfit for any kind of company, and would have preferred being alone; yet he could not reſiſt the importunities of the honeſt quaker; who was the more deſirous of ſitting with him, from having remarked the melancholy which appeared both in his countenance and behaviour; and which the poor quaker thought his converſation might in ſome meaſure relieve.

After they had paſt ſome time together, in ſuch a manner that my honeſt friend might have thought himſelf at one of his ſilent meetings, the quaker began to

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to be moved by ſome ſpirit or other, probably that of curioſity; and ſaid, 'Friend, I perceive ſome ſad diſaſter hath befallen thee; but pray be of comfort. Perhaps thou haſt loſt a friend. If ſo, thou muſt conſider we are all mortal. And why ſhouldſt thou grieve, when thou knoweſt thy grief will do thy friend no good? We are all born to affliction. I myſelf have my ſorrows, as well as thee, and moſt probably greater ſorrows. Though I have a clear eſtate of 100 l. a year, which is as much as I want, and I have a conſcience, I thank the Lord, void of offence. My conſtitution is ſound and ſtrong, and there is no man can demand a debt of me, nor accuſe me of an injury—yet, friend, I ſhould be concerned to think thee as miſerable as myſelf.'

Here the quaker ended with a deep ſigh; and Jones preſently anſwered, 'I am very ſorry, Sir, for your unhappineſs, whatever is the occaſion of it.' 'Ah! friend,' replied the quaker, 'one only daughter is the occaſion. One who was my greateſt delight upon earth, and who within this week is run away from me, and is married againſt my conſent, I had provided her a proper match, a ſober man, and one of ſubſtance; but ſhe, forſooth, would chuſe for herſelf, and away ſhe is gone with a young fellow not worth a groat. If ſhe had been dead, as I ſuppoſe thy friend is, I ſhould have been happy!' 'That is very ſtrange, Sir,' ſaid Jones. 'Why, would it not be better for her to be dead, than to be a beggar?' replied the quaker: 'for, as I told you, the fellow is not worth a groat; and ſurely ſhe cannot expect that I ſhall ever give her a ſhilling. No, as ſhe hath married for love, let her live on love if ſhe can; let her carry her love to market, and ſee whether any one will change it into ſilver, or even into halfpence.' 'You know your own concerns beſt, Sir,' ſaid Jones. 'It muſt have been,' continued the Quaker, 'a long premeditated ſcheme to cheat me: for they have known one another from their infancy; and I always preached to her againſt love—and told her a thouſand times over it was all folly and wickedneſs. Nay, the cunning ſlut pretended to hearken

to

'to me, and to deſpiſe all wantonneſs of the fleſh; 'and yet, at laſt, broke out at the window two pair 'of ſtairs: for I began, indeed, a little to ſuſpect her, 'and had locked her up carefully, intending the very 'next morning to have married her up to my liking. 'But ſhe diſappointed me within a few hours, and 'eſcaped away to the lover of her own chooſing, who 'loſt no time: for they were married and bedded, 'and all within an hour.

'But it ſhall be the worſt hour's work for them 'both that ever they did; for they may ſtarve, or 'beg, or ſteal together for me. I will never give 'either of them a farthing.' Here Jones ſtarting up, cry'd, 'I really muſt be excuſed; I wiſh you would 'leave me.' 'Come, come, friend,' ſaid the Qua-'ker, 'don't give way to concern. You ſee there 'are other people miſerable beſides yourſelf.' 'I ſee 'there are madmen and fools and villains in the world,' cries Jones---'But let me give you a piece of advice; 'ſend for your daughter and ſon-in-law home, and 'don't be yourſelf the only cauſe of miſery to one 'you pretend to love.' 'Send for her and her huſ-'band home!' cries the Quaker loudly, 'I would 'ſooner ſend for the two greateſt enemies I have in 'the world!' 'Well, go home yourſelf; or where 'you pleaſe,' ſaid Jones: 'for I will ſit no longer 'in ſuch company.'—'Nay, friend,' anſwered the Quaker, 'I ſcorn to impoſe my company on any 'one.' He then offered to pull money from his pocket; but Jones puſhed him with ſome violence out of the room.

The ſubject of the quaker's diſcourſe had ſo deeply affected Jones, that he ſtared very wildly all the time he was ſpeaking. This the quaker had obſerved; and this, added to the reſt of his behaviour, inſpired honeſt Broadbrim with a conceit, that his companion was, in reality, out of his ſenſes. Inſtead of reſenting the affront, therefore, the quaker was moved with compaſſion for his unhappy circumſtances; and having communicated his opinion to the landlord, he deſired him to take care of his gueſt, and to treat him with the higheſt civility.

'Indeed,'

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'Indeed,' says the landlord, 'I shall use no such 'civility towards him: for it seems, for all his laced 'waist-coat there, he is no more a gentleman than 'myself: but a poor parish bastard bred up at a great 'squire's about thirty miles off, and now turned out 'of doors, (not for any good to be sure.) I shall get 'him out of my house as soon as possible. If I do 'lose my reckoning, the first loss is always the best. 'It is not above a year ago that I lost a silver-spoon.'

'What dost thou talk of a parish bastard, Robin?' answered the quaker. 'Thou must certainly be mis-'taken in thy man.'

'Not at all,' replied Robin, 'the guide, who 'knows him very well, told it me.' For, indeed, the guide had no sooner taken his place at the kitchen fire, than he acquainted the whole company with all he knew, or had ever heard concerning Jones.

The quaker was no sooner assured by this fellow of the birth and low fortune of Jones, than all compassion for him vanished; and the honest, plain man went home fired with no less indignation than a duke would have felt at receiving an affront from such a person.

The landlord himself conceived an equal disdain for his guest; so that when Jones rung the bell in order to retire to bed, he was acquainted that he could have no bed there.——Besides disdain of the mean condition of his guest, Robert entertained violent suspicion of his intentions, which were, he supposed, to watch some favourable opportunity of robbing the house. In reality, he might have been very well eased of these apprehensions by the prudent precautions of his wife and daughter, who had already removed every thing which was not fixed to the freehold; but he was by nature suspicious, and had been more particularly so since the loss of his spoon. In short, the dread of being robbed, totally absorbed the comfortable consideration that he had nothing to lose.

Jones being assured that he could have no bed, very contentedly betook himself to a great chair made with rushes, when sleep, which had lately shunned his company

pany in much better apartments, generously paid him a visit in his humble cell.

As for the landlord, he was prevented by his fears from retiring to rest. He returned therefore to the kitchen fire, whence he could survey the only door which opened into the parlour, or rather hole, where Jones was seated; and as for the window to that room, it was impossible for any creature larger than a cat to have made its escape through it.

CHAP. XI.

The adventure of a company of soldiers.

THE landlord having taken his seat directly opposite to the door of the parlour, determined to keep guard there the whole night. The guide and another fellow remained long on duty with him, tho' they neither knew his suspicions, nor had any of their own. The true cause of their watching did indeed, at length, put an end to it; for this was no other than the strength and goodness of the beer, of which having tippled a very large quantity, they grew at first very noisy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both asleep.

But it was not in the power of liquor to compose the fears of Robin. He continued still waking in his chair, with his eyes fixed stedfastly on the door which led into the apartment of Mr Jones, till a violent thundering at his outward gate called him from his seat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no sooner done, than his kitchen was immediately full of gentlemen in red coats, who all rushed upon him in as tumultuous a manner, as if they intended to take his little castle by storm.

The landlord was now forced from his post to furnish his numerous guests with beer, which they called for with great eagerness; and upon his second or third return from the cellar, he saw Mr Jones standing before the fire in the midst of the soldiers; for it may easily be believed, that the arrival of so much good company should put an end to any sleep, unless that

that from which we are to be awakened only by the laſt trumpet.

The company having now pretty well ſatisfied their thirſt, nothing remained but to pay the reckoning, a circumſtance often productive of much miſchief and diſcontent among the inferior rank of gentry; who are apt to find great difficulty in aſſeſſing the ſum, with exact regard to diſtributive juſtice, which directs, that every man ſhall pay accordiug to the quantity which he drinks. This difficulty occurred upon the preſent occaſion; and it was the greater, as ſome gentlemen had, in their extreme hurry, marched off, after their firſt draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the ſaid reckoning.

A violent diſpute now aroſe, in which every word may be ſaid to have been depoſed upon oath; for the oaths were at leaſt equal to all the other words ſpoken. In this controverſy, the whole company ſpoke together, and every man ſeemed wholly bent to extenuate the ſum which fell to his ſhare; ſo that the moſt probable concluſion which could be foreſeen, was, that a large portion of the reckoning would fall to the landlord's ſhare to pay, or (what is much the ſame thing) would remain unpaid.

All this while Mr Jones was engaged in converſation with the ſerjeant; for that officer was entirely unconcerned in the preſent diſpute, being privileged, by immemorial cuſtom, from all contribution.

The diſpute now grew ſo very warm, that it ſeemed to draw towards a military deciſion, when Jones ſtepping forward, ſilenced all their clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the whole reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three ſhillings and fourpence.

This declaration procured Jones the thanks and applauſe of the whole company. The terms honourable, noble, and worthy gentleman, reſounded thro' the room; nay, my landlord himſelf began to have a better opinion of him, and almoſt to diſbelieve the account which the guide had given.

The ſerjeant had informed Mr Jones, that they were marching againſt the rebels, and expected to be commanded

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commanded by the glorious Duke of Cumberland. By which the reader may perceive (a circumſtance which we have not thought neceſſary to communicate before), that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the higheſt; and indeed the banditti were now marched into England, intending, as it was thought, to fight the king's forces, and to attempt puſhing forward to the metropolis.

Jones had ſome heroic ingredients in his compoſition, and was a hearty well-wiſher to the glorious cauſe of liberty and of the proteſtant religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in circumſtances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild undertaking, it ſhould occur to him to ſerve as a volunteer in this expedition.

Our commanding officer had ſaid all in his power to encourage and promote this good diſpoſition, from the firſt moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble reſolution aloud, which was received with great pleaſure by the whole company, who all cried out, 'God bleſs King George, 'and your honour;' and then added with many oaths, 'We will ſtand by you both to the laſt drops of our 'blood.'

The gentleman, who had been all night tippling at the alehouſe, was prevailed on by ſome arguments which a corporal had put into his hand, to undertake the ſame expedition. And now the portmanteau belonging to Mr Jones being put up into the baggage-cart, the forces were about to move forwards; when the guide ſtepping up to Jones, ſaid, 'Sir, I hope 'you will conſider that the horſes have been kept out 'all night, and we have travelled a great ways out 'of our way.' Jones was ſurpriſed at the impudence of this demand, and acquainted the ſoldiers with the merits of his cauſe, who were all unanimous in condemning the guide for his endeavours to put upon a gentleman. Some ſaid he ought to be tied neck and heels; others, that he deſerved to run the gantlope; and the ſerjeant ſhook his cane at him, and wiſhed he had him under his command, ſwearing heartily he would make an example of him.

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Jones contented himſelf, however, with a negative puniſhment, and walked off with his new comrades, leaving the guide to the poor revenge of curſing and reviling him, in which latter the landlord joined, ſaying, 'Ay, ay, he is a pure one, I warrant you; a 'pretty gentleman, indeed, to go for a ſoldier. He 'ſhall wear a laced waiſtcoat truly! It is an old pro-'verb and a true one, all is not gold that gliſters. I 'am glad my houſe is well rid of him.'

All that day the ſerjeant and the young ſoldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch fellow, told the latter many entertaining ſtories of his campaigns, though in reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the ſervice, and had, by his own dexterity, ſo well ingratiated himſelf with his officers, that he had promoted himſelf to a halberd; chiefly indeed by his merit in recruiting, in which he was moſt excellently well ſkilled.

Much mirth and feſtivity paſſed among the ſoldiers during their march: in which the many occurrences that had paſſed at their laſt quarters were remembered, and every one, with great freedom, made what jokes he pleaſed on his officers, ſome of which were of the coarſer kind, and very near bordering on ſcandal. This brought to our hero's mind the cuſtom which he had read of among the Greeks and Romans, of indulging on certain feſtivals, and ſolemn occaſions, the liberty to ſlaves, of uſing an uncontrouled freedom of ſpeech towards their maſters.

Our little army, which conſiſted of two companies of foot, were now arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening. The ſerjeant then acquainted his lieutenant, who was the commanding officer, that they had picked up two fellows in that day's march; one of which, he ſaid, was as fine a man as ever he ſaw (meaning the tipler) for that he was near ſix feet, well proportioned, and ſtrongly limbed; and the other, (meaning Jones), would do well enough for the rear rank.

The new ſoldiers were now produced before the officer, who having examined the ſix feet man, he being firſt produced, came next to ſurvey Jones: at the firſt ſight of whom, the lieutenant could not help

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shewing some surprize; for, besides that he was very well dressed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable air of dignity in his look, which is rarely seen among the vulgar, and is indeed not inseparably annexed to the features of their superiors.

'Sir,' said the lieutenant, 'my serjeant informed 'me, that you are desirous of enlisting into the com-'pany I have at present under my command; if so, 'Sir, we shall very gladly receive a gentleman who 'promises to do much honour to the company, by 'bearing arms in it.'

Jones answered: 'That he had not mentioned any 'thing of enlisting himself; that he was most zeal-'ously attached to the glorious cause for which they 'were going to fight, and was very desirous of ser-'ving as a volunteer;' concluding with some compliments to the lieutenant, and expressing the great satisfaction he should have in being under his command.

The lieutenant returned his civility, commended his resolution, shook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the officers.

CHAP. XII.

The adventure of a company of Officers.

THE lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and who commanded this party, was now near sixty years of age. He had entered very young into the army, and had served in the capacity of an ensign in the battle of Tannieres; here he had received two wounds, and had so well distinguished himself, that he was by the duke of Marlborough advanced to be a lieutenant, immediately after that battle.

In this commission he had continued ever since, viz. near forty years; during which time he had seen vast numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification to be commanded by boys, whose fathers were at nurse when he first entered into the service.

Nor

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Nor was this ill ſucceſs in his profeſſion ſolely owing to his having no friends among the men in power. He had the misfortune to incur the diſpleaſure of his colonel, who for many years continued in the command of this regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable ill-will which this man bore him, to any neglect or defficiency as an officer, nor indeed to any fault in himſelf; but ſolely to the indiſcretion of his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, and who, though ſhe was remarkably fond of her huſband, would not purchaſe his preferment at the expence of certain favours which the colonel required of her.

The poor lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the effects of the enmity of his colonel, he neither knew nor ſuſpected, that he really bore him any; for he could not ſuſpect an ill-will for which he was not conſcious of giving any cauſe; and his wife, fearing what her huſband's nice regard to his honour might have occaſioned, contented herſelf with preſerving her virtue, without enjoying the triumphs of her conqueſt.

This unfortunate officer (for ſo I think he may be called) had many good qualities, beſides his merit in his profeſſion; for he was a religious, honeſt, good-natured man; and had behaved ſo well in his command, that he was highly eſteemed and beloved, not only by the ſoldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

The other officers who marched with him were a French lieutenant, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn ours, ſo that he really ſpoke no language at all, and could barely make himſelf underſtood on the moſt ordinary occaſions. There were likewiſe two enſigns, both very young fellows; one of whom had been bred under an attorney, and the other was ſon to the wife of a nobleman's butler.

As ſoon as dinner was ended, Jones informed the company of the merriment which had paſſed among the ſoldiers upon their march; 'and yet,' ſays he, 'notwithſtanding all their vociferation, I dare ſwear

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'they will behave more like Grecians than Trojans 'when they come to the enemy.' 'Grecians and 'Trojans!' says one of the ensigns, 'who the devil 'are they? I have heard of all the troops in Europe, 'but never of any such as these.'

'Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have, 'Mr Northerton,' said the worthy lieutenant, 'I 'suppose you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, 'though, perhaps, you never read Pope's Homer; 'who, I remember, now the gentleman mentions it, 'compares the march of the Trojans to the cackling 'of geese, and greatly commends the silence of the 'Grecians. And upon my honour there is great 'justice in the cadet's observation.'

'Begar, me remember dem very well,' said the French lieutenant, 'me ave read them at school in 'dans Madam Daciere, des Greek, des Trojan, dey 'fight for von woman,—ouy, ouy, me ave read all 'dat.'

'D—n Homo with all my heart,' says Northerton, 'I have the marks of him in my a------ yet. There's 'Thomas of our regiment, always carries a Homo 'in his pocket: d—n me if ever I come at it, if I 'don't burn it. And there's Corderius, another 'd----n'd son of a whore, that hath got me many a 'flogging.'

'Then you have been at school, Mr Northerton?' said the lieutenant.

'Ay, d---n me, have I,' answered he, 'the devil 'take my father for sending me thither. The old 'put wanted to make a parson of me, but d---n me, 'thinks I to myself, I'll nick you there, old cull; the 'devil a smack of your nonsense shall you ever get 'into me. There's Jemmy Oliver of our regiment, 'he narrowly escaped being a pimp too; and that 'would have been a thousand pities: for d---n me if 'he is not one of the prettiest fellows in the whole 'world: but he went farther than I with the old cull: 'for Jemmy can neither write nor read.'

'You give your friend a very good character,' said the lieutenant, 'and a very deserved one, I dare say;

'but

'but prithee, Northerton, leave off that fooliſh as 'well as wicked cuſtom of ſwearing: for you are de-'ceived, I promiſe you, if you think there is wit or 'politeneſs in it. I with too, you would take my ad-'vice, and deſiſt from abuſing the clergy. Scanda-'lous names and reflections caſt on any body of men, 'muſt be always unjuſtifiable; but eſpecially ſo, when 'thrown on ſo ſacred a function: for to abuſe the 'body is to abuſe the function itſelf; and I leave 'you to judge how inconſiſtent ſuch behaviour is in 'men who are going to fight in defence of the pro-'teſtant religion.'

Mr Adderly, which was the name of the other en-ſign, had ſat hitherto kicking his heels and humming a tune, without ſeeming to liſten to the diſcourſe; he now anſwered, '*O Monſieur, on ne parle pas de la* '*religion dans la guerre.*' 'Well ſaid, Jack,' cries Northerton, 'if la religion was the only matter, the 'parſons ſhould fight their own battles for me.'

'I don't know, gentlemen,' ſays Jones, 'what 'may be your opinion; but I think no man can en-'gage in a nobler cauſe than that of his religion; 'and I have obſerved in the little I have read of hiſ-'tory, that no ſoldiers have fought ſo bravely, as 'thoſe who have been inſpired with a religious zeal: 'for my own part, though I love my king and coun-'try, I hope, as well as any man in it; yet the pro-'teſtant intereſt is no ſmall motive to my becoming a 'volunteer in the cauſe.'

Northerton now winked on Adderly, and whiſper-ed to him ſlily, 'Smoke the prig, Adderly, ſmoke 'him.' Then turning to Jones, ſaid to him, 'I am 'very glad, Sir, you have choſen our regiment to be 'a volunteer in: for if our parſon ſhould at any time 'take a cup too much, I find you can ſupply his 'place. I preſume, Sir, you have been at the uni-'verſity; may I crave the favour to know what col-'lege?'

'Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'ſo far from having been 'at the univerſity, I have even had the advantage of 'yourſelf: for I was never at ſchool.'

'I preſumed,' cries the enſign, 'only upon the

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'information of your great learning.—'Oh! Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'it is as poſſible for a man to know 'ſomething without having been at ſchool, as it is 'to have been at ſchool and to know nothing.'

'Well ſaid, young volunteer,' cries the lieutenant, 'upon my word, Northerton, you had better let him 'alone; for he will be too hard for you.'

Northerton did not very well reliſh the ſarcaſm of Jones, but he thought the provocation was ſcarce ſufficient to juſtify a blow, or a raſcal, or ſcoundrel, which were the only rapartees that ſuggeſted themſelves. He was, therefore, ſilent at preſent; but reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of returning the jeſt by abuſe.

It now came to the turn of Mr Jones to give a toaſt, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impoſſible that any one preſent ſhould gueſs the perſon he meant.

But the lieutenant, who was the toaſt-maſter, was not contented with Sophia only. He ſaid he muſt have her ſir-name; upon which Jones heſitated a little, and preſently after named Miſs Sophia Weſtern. Enſign Northerton declared he would not drink her health in the ſame round with his own toaſt, unleſs ſomebody would vouch for her. 'I knew one So-'phy Weſtern,' ſays he, 'that was lain with by half 'the young fellows at Bath; and, perhaps, this is 'the ſame woman.' Jones very ſolemnly aſſured him of the contrary; aſſerting that the young lady he named was one of great faſhion and fortune. 'Ay, 'ay,' ſays the enſign, 'and ſo ſhe is; d---n me, it is 'the ſame woman; and I'll hold half a dozen of 'Burgundy, Tom French of our regiment brings 'her into company with us at any tavern in Bridge's 'Street.' He then proceeded to deſcribe her perſon exactly, (for he had ſeen her with her aunt,) and concluded with ſaying, 'That her father had a great 'eſtate in Somerſetſhire.'

The tenderneſs of lovers can ill brook the leaſt jeſting with the names of their miſtreſſes. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover and of the hero

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hero too in his diſpoſition, did not reſent theſe ſlanders as haſtily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To ſay the truth, having ſeen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily underſtand it, and for a long time imagined Mr Northerton had really miſtaken his charmer for ſome other. But now turning to the enſign with a ſtern aſpect, he ſaid, 'Pray, Sir, chuſe 'ſome other ſubject for your wit: for I promiſe you 'I will bear no jeſting with this lady's character.' 'Jeſting,' cries the other, 'd——n me if ever I was 'more in earneſt in my life. Tom French of our re'giment had both her and her aunt at Bath.' 'Then 'I muſt tell you in earneſt,' cries Jones, 'that you 'are one of the moſt impudent raſcals upon earth.'

He had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words, than the enſign, together with a volley of curſes, diſcharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him inſtantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to ly motionleſs before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honour was to be gotten: but the lieutenant interpoſed, by ſtepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty; urging the ill conſequences of his ſtay, aſking him, what he could have done leſs! 'Zounds!' ſays he, 'I was but in jeſt with the fel'low. I never heard any harm of Miſs Weſtern in 'my life.' 'Have not you?' ſaid the lieutenant, 'then you richly deſerve to be hanged, as well for 'making ſuch jeſts, as for uſing ſuch a weapon. You 'are my priſoner, Sir; nor ſhall you ſtir from hence 'till a proper guard comes to ſecure you.'

Such an aſcendant had our lieutenant over this enſign, that all that fervency of courage which had levelled our poor hero with the floor, would ſcarce have animated the ſaid enſign to have drawn his ſword againſt the lieutenant, had he then one dangling at his ſide; but all the ſwords being hung up in the room, were at the very beginning of the fray

ſecured

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ſecured by the French officer. So that Mr Northerton was obliged to attend the final iſſue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr Adderly, at the deſire of their commanding officer, had raiſed up the body of Jones: but as they could perceive but little (if any) ſign of life in him, they again let him fall, Adderly damning him for having blooded his waiſtcoat; and the Frenchman declaring, 'Begar me no 'tuſh de Engliſeman, de mort me ave heard de En-'gliſe lay, law, what you call, hang up de man dat 'tuſh him laſt.'

When the good lieutenant applied himſelf to the door, he applied himſelf likewiſe to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he diſpatched him for a file of muſqueteers and a ſurgeon. Theſe commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himſelf ſeen, not only produced the ſoldiers, but preſently drew up the landlord of the houſe, his wife, and ſervants, and indeed every one elſe who happened at that time to be in the inn.

To deſcribe every particular, and to relate the whole converſation of the enſuing ſcene, is not within my power, unleſs I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them altogether, as the company now ſpoke. The reader muſt, therefore, content himſelf with the moſt remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuſe the reſt.

The firſt thing done was ſecuring the body of Northerton, who being delivered into the cuſtody of ſix men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To ſay the truth, ſo whimſical are the deſires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honour, he would have been well contented to have retired to ſome corner of the world, where the fame of it ſhould never have reached his ears.

It ſurprizes us, and ſo, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, ſhould have applied his chief care, rather to ſecure the offender, than to preſerve the life of the wounded perſon.

We

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We mention this obſervation, not with any view of pretending to account for ſo odd a behaviour, but leſt ſome critic ſhould hereafter plume himſelf on diſcovering it. We would have theſe gentlemen know we can ſee what is odd in characters as well as themſelves, but it is our buſineſs to relate facts as they are; which when we have done, it is the part of the learned and ſagacious reader to conſult that original book of nature, whence every paſſage in our work is tranſcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different diſpoſition. They ſuſpended their curioſity concerning the perſon of the enſign, till they ſhould ſee him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At preſent their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, ſoon began to diſcover ſome ſymptoms of life and motion. Theſe were no ſooner perceived by the company (for Jones was, at firſt, generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to preſcribing for him; (for as none of the phyſical order was preſent, every one there took that office upon him.)

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand: every one then cried, 'Call the barber;' but none ſtirred a ſtep. Several cordials were likewiſe preſcribed in the ſame ineffective manner; till the landlord ordered up a tankard of ſtrong beer, with a toaſt, which he ſaid was the beſt cordial in England.

The perſon principally aſſiſtant on this occaſion, indeed the only one who did any ſervice, or ſeemed likely to do any, was the landlady; ſhe cut off ſome of her hair, and applied it to the wound to ſtop the blood: ſhe fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expreſſed great contempt for her huſband's preſcription of beer, ſhe diſpatched one of her maids to her own cloſet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as ſoon as it was brought, ſhe prevailed upon Jones, who was juſt returned to his ſenſes, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon

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Soon afterwards arrived the ſurgeon, who having viewed the wound, having ſhaken his head, and blamed every thing which was done, ordered his patient inſtantly to bed; in which place we think proper to leave him ſome time to his repoſe, and ſhall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

Containing the great addreſs of the landlady; the great learning of a ſurgeon, and the ſolid ſkill in caſuiſtry of the worthy lieutenant.

WHEN the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the houſe began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occaſioned, the landlady thus addreſſed the commanding officer. 'I 'am afraid, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'this young man did not 'behave himſelf as well as he ſhould do to your ho'nours: and if he had been killed, I ſuppoſe he had 'but his deſerts; to be ſure, when gentlemen admit 'inferior perſons into their company, they oft to keep 'their diſtance; but as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, 'few of 'em know how to do it. For my own part, 'I am ſure, I ſhould not have ſuffered any fellows to '*include* themſelves into gentlemen's company; but I 'thoft he had been an officer himſelf, till the ſerjeant 'told me he was but a recruit.'

'Landlady,' anſwered the lieutenant, 'you miſ'take the whole matter. The young man behaved 'himſelf extremely well, and is, I believe, a much 'better gentleman than the enſign, who abuſed him. 'If the young fellow dies, the man who ſtruck him 'will have moſt reaſon to be ſorry for it: for the 'regiment will get rid of a very troubleſome fellow, 'who is a ſcandal to the army; and if he eſcapes 'from the hands of juſtice, blame me, Madam, that's 'all.'

'Ay, ay, good lack a-day!' ſaid the landlady, 'who could have thoft it? Ay, ay, ay, I am ſatisfied 'your honour will ſee juſtice done; and to be ſure it 'oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill poor 'folks

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folks without anſwering for it. A poor man hath a ſoul to be ſaved as well as his betters.'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'you do the volunteer wrong; I dare ſwear he is more of a gentleman than the officer.'

'Ay,' cries the landlady, 'why look you there now: well, my firſt huſband was a wiſe man; he uſed to ſay, you can't always know the inſide by the outſide. Nay, that might have been well enough too; for I never *ſaw'd* him till he was all over blood. Who could have thoft it! mayhap, ſome young gentleman croſſed in love. Good lack-a-day! if he ſhould die, what a concern it will be to his parents! why ſure the devil muſt poſſeſs the wicked wretch to do ſuch an act. To be ſure, he is a ſcandal to the army, as your honour ſays: for moſt of the gentlemen of the army that ever I ſaw, are quite different ſort of people, and look as if they would ſcorn to ſpill any Chriſtian blood as much as any men. I mean, that is, in a civil way, as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay. To be ſure, when they come into the wars there muſt be blood-ſhed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better, and I wiſh, with all my heart, they could kill every mother's ſon of them.'

'O fie! Madam,' ſaid the lieutenant ſmiling, ALL is rather too bloody-minded a wiſh.'

'Not at all, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies, and there is no harm in that. To be ſure it is natural for us to wiſh our enemies dead, that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes to be lowered: for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why now, there is above forty ſhillings for window lights, and yet we have ſtopt up all we could; we have almoſt blinded the houſe I am ſure: ſays I to the exciſeman, ſays I, I think you oft to favour us, I am ſure we are very good friends to the government; and ſo we are for ſartin: for we pay a mint of money to 'um. And yet I often think to myſelf, the government doth not imagine itſelf more obli-

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'ged to us, than to thoſe that don't pay 'um a far-'thing. Ay, ay; it is the way of the world.'

She was proceeding in this manner, when the ſurgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately aſked how his patient did? But he reſolved him only by ſaying, 'Better, I believe, than he would have 'been by this time, if I had not been called; and 'even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if 'I could have been called ſooner.' 'I hope, Sir,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'the ſkull is not fractured,' 'Hum,' cries the ſurgeon, 'fractures are not always 'the moſt dangerous ſymptoms. Contuſions and 'lacerations are often attended with worſe phæno-'mena, and with more fatal conſequences than frac-'tures. People who know nothing of the matter 'conclude, if the ſkull is not fractured, all is well; 'whereas, I had rather ſee a man's ſkull broke all to 'pieces, than ſome contuſions I have met with.' 'I 'hope,' ſays the lieutenant, 'there are no ſuch ſymp-'toms here.' 'Symptoms,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'are not always regular nor conſtant. I have known 'very unfavourable ſymptoms in the morning, change 'to favourable ones at noon, and return to unfa-'vourable ones again at night. Of wounds, indeed, 'it is rightly and truly ſaid, *Nemo repente fuit tur-'piſſimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a pa-'tient, who had received a violent contuſion in his 'tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, ſo 'that there was a profuſe ſanguinary diſcharge; and 'the interior membranes were ſo divellicated, that 'the os, or bone, very plainly appeared through the 'aperture of the vulnus, or wound. Some febrile 'ſymptoms intervening at the ſame time, (for the 'pulſe was exuberant, and indicated much phlebo-'tomy) I apprehended an immediate mortification. 'To prevent which, I preſently made a large orifice 'in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty 'ounces of blood; which I expected to have found 'extremely ſizy and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, 'as it is in pleuretic complaints; but, to my ſur-'prize, it appeared roſy and florid, and its conſiſt-'ency differed little from the blood of thoſe in perfect

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'health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, 'which highly anſwered the intention, and after three 'or four times dreſſing, the wound began to diſcharge 'a thick pus or matter, by which means the coheſion '——but perhaps I do not make myſelf perfectly 'well underſtood.' 'No really,' anſwered the lieutenant, 'I cannot ſay I underſtand a ſyllable.' 'Well, 'Sir,' ſaid the ſurgeon, 'then I ſhall not tire your 'patience; in ſhort, within ſix weeks my patient 'was able to walk upon his legs, as perfectly as he 'could have done before he received the contuſion.' 'I wiſh, Sir,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'you would be 'ſo kind only to inform me, whether the wound this 'young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive 'is likely to prove mortal?' 'Sir,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'to ſay whether a wound will prove mortal 'or not at firſt dreſſing, would be very weak and 'fooliſh preſumption: we are all mortal, and ſymptoms often occur in a cure which the greateſt of our 'profeſſion could never foreſee.'—'But do you think 'him in danger?' ſays the other. 'In danger! ay, 'ſurely,' cries the doctor, 'who is there among us, 'who in the moſt perfect health can be ſaid not to be 'in danger? Can a man, therefore, with ſo bad a 'wound as this be ſaid to be out of danger? All I 'can ſay at preſent is, that it is well I was called as 'I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I 'had been called ſooner. I will ſee him again early 'in the morning, and in the mean time let him be 'kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water-'gruel.' 'Won't you allow him ſack-whey?' ſaid the landlady. 'Ay, ay, ſack-whey,' cries the doctor, 'if you will, provided it be very ſmall.' 'And a 'little chicken-broth too?' added ſhe.—'Yes, yes, 'chicken-broth,' ſaid the doctor, 'is very good.' 'Mayn't I make him ſome jellies too?' ſaid the landlady. 'Ay, ay,' anſwered the doctor, 'jellies are 'very good for wounds, for they promote coheſion.' And, indeed, it was lucky ſhe had not named ſoup or high ſauces, for the doctor would have complied, rather than have loſt the cuſtom of the houſe.

The doctor was no ſooner gone, than the landlady

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began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their ſhort acquaintance, conceived quite ſo favourable an opinion of his phyſical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighbourhood, entertained; (and perhaps very rightly): for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheleſs very much of a ſurgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned diſcourſe of the ſurgeon, that Mr Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr Northerton under a very ſtrict guard, deſigning in the morning to attend him to a juſtice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Glouceſter to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor ſpeak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening our commander ſent a meſſage to Mr Jones, that if a viſit would not be troubleſome he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones aſſured his friend, that if he had not received expreſs orders to the contrary from the ſurgeon, he ſhould have got up long ago: for he appeared to himſelf to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme ſoreneſs on that ſide of his head.

'I ſhould be very glad,' quoth the lieutenant, 'if 'you was as well as you fancy yourſelf; for then you 'could be able to do yourſelf juſtice immediately: 'for when a matter can't be made up, as in the caſe of 'a blow, the ſooner you take him out the better; 'but I am afraid you think yourſelf better than you 'are, and he would have too much advantage over 'you.'

'I'll try, however,' anſwered Jones, 'if you pleaſe, 'and will be ſo kind to lend me a ſword; for I have 'none here of my own.'

'My ſword is heartily at your ſervice, my dear 'boy,' cries the lieutenant, kiſſing him, 'you are a 'brave lad, and I love your ſpirit; but I fear your 'ſtrength: for ſuch a blow, and ſo much loſs of blood,

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'must have very much weakened you; and though 'you feel no want of ſtrength in your bed, yet you 'moſt probably would after a thruſt or two. I can't 'conſent to your taking him out to-night; but I hope 'you will be able to come up with us before we get 'many days march advance; and I give you my ho-'nour you ſhall have ſatisfaction, or the man who 'hath injured you ſhan't ſtay in our regiment.'

'I wiſh,' ſaid Jones, 'it was poſſible to decide this 'matter to-night: now you have mentioned it to me, 'I ſhall not be able to reſt.'

'O never think of it,' returned the other, 'a few 'days will make no difference. The wounds of ho-'nour are not like thoſe in your body. They ſuffer 'nothing by the delay of cure. It will be altogether 'as well for you, to receive ſatisfaction a week hence 'as now.'

'But ſuppoſe,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhould grow worſe, 'and die of the conſequences of my preſent wounds.'

'Then your honour,' anſwered the lieutenant, 'will require no reparation at all. I myſelf will do 'juſtice to your character, and teſtify to the world 'your intention to have acted properly if you had 'recovered.'

'Still,' replied Jones, 'I am concerned at the 'delay. I am almoſt afraid to mention it to you who 'are a ſoldier; but though I have been a very wild 'young fellow, ſtill in my moſt ſerious moments, and 'at the bottom, I am really a Chriſtian.'

'So am I too, I aſſure you,' ſaid the officer: 'and 'ſo zealous a one, that I was pleaſed with you at din-'ner for taking up the cauſe of your religion; and 'I am a little offended with you now, young gentle-'man, that you ſhould expreſs a fear of declaring 'your faith before any one.'

'But how terrible muſt it be,' cries Jones, 'to any 'one who is really a Chriſtian, to cheriſh malice in 'his breaſt, in oppoſition to the command of him 'who hath expreſsly forbid it? How can I bear to do 'this on a ſick-bed? Or how ſhall I make up my ac-'count, with ſuch an article as this in my boſom 'againſt me?'

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'Why, I believe there is such a command,' cries the lieutenant; 'but a man of honour can't keep it. 'And you must be a man of honour, if you will be 'in the army. I remember I once put the case to 'our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and he confessed 'there was much difficulty in it; but he said, he 'hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers 'in this one instance; and to be sure it is our duty to 'hope so: for who would bear to live without his ho-'nour? No, no, my dear boy, be a good Christain 'as long as you live: but be a man of honour too, 'and never put up an affront; not all the books, nor 'all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me 'to that. I love my religion very well, but I love 'my honour more. There must be some mistake in 'the wording the text, or in the translation, or in the 'understanding it, or somewhere or other. But 'however that be, a man must run the risque; for he 'must preserve his honour. So compose yourself to-'night, and I promise you, you shall have an oppor-'tunity of doing yourself justice.' Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones therefore having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIV.

A most dreadful chapter indeed; and which few readers ought to venture upon in an evening, especially when alone.

JONES swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the serjeant, who was his first acquaintance

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acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily, that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud, that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the serjeant was no sooner made sensible, than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the serjeant with his design, though he might have done it with great safety; for the halberdier was himself a man of honour, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not those virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was, perhaps, prudent and commendable enough.

He began, therefore, by acquainting the serjeant, that as he was now entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier; namely, a sword: adding, that he should be infinitely obliged to him, if he could procure one. 'For which,' says he, 'I 'will give you any reasonable price: nor do I insist 'upon its being silver-hilted, only a good blade, and 'such as may become a soldier's thigh.'

The serjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to use that word in its common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humour in the sick man. 'Sir,' says he, 'I believe I can fit you. I have a most ex-'cellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed silver-'hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a sol-'dier; but the handle is decent enough, and the

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'blade one of the beſt in Europe.—It is a blade that '—a blade that—In ſhort, I will fetch it to you this in-'ſtant, and you ſhall ſee it and handle it——I am 'glad to ſee your honour ſo well with all my heart.'

Being inſtantly returned with the ſword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it; and then told the ſerjeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The ſerjeant now began to harangue in praiſe of his goods. He ſaid, (nay he ſwore very heartily), 'that the blade was taken from a French officer of 'very high rank at the battle of Dettingen. I took 'it myſelf,' ſays he, 'from his ſide, after I had 'knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden 'one. That I ſold to one of our fine gentlemen; 'for there are ſome of them, an't pleaſe your ho-'nour, who value the hilt of a ſword more than the 'blade.'

Here the other ſtopped him, and begged him to name a price. The ſerjeant, who thought Jones abſolutely out of his ſenſes, and very near his end, was afraid leſt he ſhould injure his family by aſking too little.—However, after a moment's heſitation, he contented himſelf with naming twenty guineas, and ſwore he would not ſell it for leſs to his own brother.

'Twenty guineas,' ſays Jones, in the utmoſt ſurprize, 'ſure you think I am mad, or that I never ſaw 'a ſword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! I did 'not imagine you would endeavour to impoſe upon 'me.—Here, take the ſword—No, now I think on't, 'I will keep it myſelf, and ſhew it your officer in the 'morning, acquainting him, at the ſame time, what 'a price you aſked me for it.'

The ſerjeant, as we have ſaid, had always his wit (*in ſenſu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly ſaw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great ſurprize as the other had ſhewn, and ſaid, 'I am certain, Sir, I have not aſked you ſo much out 'of the way. Beſides, you are to conſider, it is the 'only ſword I have, and I muſt run the riſque of my 'officer's diſpleaſure, by going without one myſelf.

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'And truly, putting all this together, I don't think 'twenty ſhillings ſo much out of the way.'

'Twenty ſhillings!' cries Jones, 'why, you juſt 'now aſked me twenty guineas.' 'How!' cries the ſerjeant---'Sure your honour muſt have miſtaken me; 'or elſe I miſtook myſelf——and indeed I am but half 'awake---——Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder 'your honour flew into ſuch a paſſion. I ſay twenty 'guineas too---No, no, I meant twenty ſhillings, I 'aſſure you. And when your honour comes to con-'ſider every thing, I hope you will not think that ſo 'extravagant a price. It is indeed true, you may 'buy a weapon which looks as well for leſs money. 'But——

Here Jones interrupted him, ſaying, 'I will be ſo 'far from making any words with you, that I will 'give you a ſhilling more than your demand.' He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wiſhed him a good march; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the diviſion reached Worceſter.

The ſerjeant very civilly took his leave, fully ſatisfied with his merchandize, and not a little pleaſed with his dextrous recovery from that falſe ſtep into which his opinion of the ſick-man's light-headedneſs had betrayed him.

As ſoon as the ſerjeant was departed, Jones roſe from his bed, and dreſſed himſelf entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its colour was white, ſhewed very viſibly the ſtreams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having graſped his new-purchaſed ſword in his hand, he was going to iſſue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid ſuddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might poſſibly deprive a human being of life, or might loſe his own. 'Very well,' ſaid he, 'and in what cauſe do I venture my life? Why, in 'that of my honour. And who is this human being? 'A raſcal who hath injured and inſulted me without 'provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by Hea-'ven?---Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, 'but ſhall I obey the world in oppoſition to the ex-'preſs commands of Heaven? Shall I incur the divine 'diſ-

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'displeasure rather than be called—ha—coward——
'scoundrel?—I'll think no more; I am resolved, and
'must fight him.'

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the centinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a churchyard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the centinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the donger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he found—an empty quart-pot standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately

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lately been inhabited; but at preſent it was intirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to ſome other apartment; but upon ſearching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the centinel had been poſted. He then proceeded to call Northerton ſeveral times by name; but not one anſwered; nor did this ſerve to any other purpoſe than to confirm the centinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghoſt was come in ſearch of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wiſh with all my heart, ſome of thoſe actors, who are hereafter to repreſent a man frightened out of his wits, had ſeen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, inſtead of performing ſeveral antic tricks and geſtures, for the entertainment and applauſe of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at leaſt deſpairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole houſe, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently ſtole back again to his chamber, and to his bed; whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiſcovered, had any other perſon been on the ſame ſtair-caſe, ſave only one gentleman who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber, the hall where the centinel had been poſted was half full of people, ſome in their ſhirts, and others not half dreſt, all very earneſtly enquiring of each other, what was the matter?

The ſoldier was now found lying in the ſame place and poſture in which we juſt now left him. Several immediately applied themſelves to raiſe him, and ſome concluded him dead: but they preſently ſaw their miſtake; for he not only ſtruggled with thoſe who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined ſo many ſpirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being poſſeſſed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he ſaw or felt, into nothing but ghoſts and ſpectres.

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At length he was over-powered by numbers, and got upon his legs, when candles being brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter? he answered 'I am a dead man, that's 'all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it; I have 'seen him.' 'What hast thou seen, Jack?' says one of the soldiers. 'Why, I have seen the young volunteer 'that was killed yesterday.' He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed Heaven to defend them from murther. Amongst the men too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule; and a serjeant who was present, answered very cooly: 'Young man, you will hear more of this for going 'to sleep and dreaming upon your post.'

The soldier replied, 'You may punish me if you 'please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; 'and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, 'if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with 'eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux.'

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived: for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the centinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor centinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had the misfortune to gain no credit

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credit with either of the laſt-mentioned perſons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; beſides, having ſo lately left Jones in the condition we have ſeen, he had no ſuſpicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, ſhe had no kind of averſion to the doctrine of ſpirits; but there was a circumſtance in the tale which ſhe well knew to be falſe, as we ſhall inform the reader preſently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone; it was now certain, that his body was no longer in cuſtody. Upon this occaſion, the lieutenant formed a concluſion not very different from what the ſerjeant is juſt mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the centinel to be taken priſoner. So that, by a ſtrange reverſe of fortune, (though not very uncommon in a military life) the guard became the guarded.

CHAP. XV.

The concluſion of the foregoing adventure.

BESIDES the ſuſpicion of ſleep, the lieutenant harboured another, and worſe doubt againſt the poor centinel, and this was that of treachery: for as he believed not one ſyllable of the apparition, ſo he imagined the whole to be an invention, formed only to impoſe upon him, and that the fellow had, in reality, been bribed by Northerton to let him eſcape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in ſeveral actions, having received ſeveral wounds, and in a word, having behaved himſelf always like a good and valiant ſoldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the leaſt ill opinion of ſuch a perſon, we ſhall not delay a moment in reſcuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr

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Mr Northerton then, as we have before obſerved, was fully ſatisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had, perhaps, ſeen, or heard, or gueſſed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here inſinuate, that he was heatheniſhly inclined to believe in, or to worſhip the goddeſs Nemeſis; for in fact I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, beſides, of an active diſpoſition, and had a great antipathy to thoſe cloſe winter quarters in the caſtle of Glouceſter, for which a juſtice of peace might poſſibly give him a billet. Nor was he moreover free from ſome uneaſy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who I think rather ought to honour than to be aſhamed of this building, as it is, or at leaſt might be made, of more benefit to ſociety than almoſt any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reaſons for his conduct, Mr Northerton was deſirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the Quomodo, which appeared to be a matter of ſome difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though ſomewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly ſtrait in his perſon, which was extremely ſtrong and well made. His face too was accounted handſome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impreſſion on my landlady, who had no little reliſh for this kind of beauty. She had indeed a real compaſſion for the young man; and hearing from the ſurgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, ſhe ſuſpected they might hereafter wear no benign aſpect with the enſign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a viſit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which ſhe conſiderably heightened, by telling him there were ſcarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, ſhe proceeded to throw forth ſome hints which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they ſoon came to a right underſtanding; and it was at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould, at a certain ſignal, aſcend the chimney, which communicating very

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soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down; for which she should give him an opportunity, by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular which might possibly have some little share in this action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company: for the captain having quarrelled with his lieutenant, had entrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that she had the money, and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may, perhaps, expect, from the compassionate temper of this good woman, that when she saw the poor centinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine: but far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to the officer, declaring with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have had any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Every thing was now once more quiet; and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the

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particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rung at leaſt twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in ſuch high mirth with her company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own, and the drawer and the chambermaid, who were ſitting together in the kitchen (for neither durſt he ſit up, nor ſhe lye in bed alone) the more they heard the bell ring, the more they were frightened, and as it were nailed down in their places.

At laſt, at a lucky interval of chat, the ſound reached the ears of our good landlady, who preſently ſent forth her ſummons, which both her ſervants inſtantly obeyed. 'Joe,' ſays the miſtreſs, 'don't you 'hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go 'up?' 'It is not my buſineſs,' anſwered the drawer, 'to wait upon the chambers. It is Betty chamber-'maid's!' 'If you come to that,' anſwered the maid, 'it is not my buſineſs to wait upon gentlemen. 'I have done it, indeed, ſometimes; but the devil 'fetch me if ever I do again, ſince you make your 'preambles about it.' The bell ſtill ringing violently, their miſtreſs fell into a paſſion, and ſwore, if the drawer did not go up immediately, ſhe would turn him away that very morning. 'If you do, Ma-'dam,' ſays he, 'I can't help it. I won't do ano-'ther ſervant's buſineſs.' She then applied herſelf to the maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle means: but all in vain, Betty was as inflexible as Joe. Both inſiſted it was not their buſineſs, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and ſaid, 'Come, I will put an end to this contention;' and then turning to the ſervants, commended them for their reſolution, in not giving up the point; but added, he was ſure, if one would conſent to go, the other would. To which propoſal they both agreed in an inſtant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and cloſe together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeaſed the wrath of the landlady, by ſatisfying her why they were both ſo unwilling to go alone.

They returned ſoon after, and acquainted their miſtreſs, that the ſick gentleman was ſo far from being

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dead, that he ſpoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his ſervice to the captain, and ſhould be very glad of the favour of ſeeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his deſires, and ſitting down by his bed-ſide, acquainted him with the ſcene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the centinel.

Upon this, Jones related to him the whole truth, and earneſtly begged him not to puniſh the poor ſoldier, 'who, I am confident,' ſays he, 'is as innocent 'of the enſign's eſcape, as he is of forging any lie, 'or of endeavouring to impoſe on you.'

The lieutenant heſitated a few moments, and then anſwered: 'Why, as you have cleared the fellow of 'one part of the charge, ſo it will be impoſſible to 'prove the other; becauſe he was not the only cen-'tinel. But I have a good mind to puniſh the raſcal 'for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect 'the terror of ſuch an apprehenſion may have? and 'to ſay the truth, he hath always behaved well againſt 'an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to ſee any ſign 'of religion in theſe fellows; ſo I promiſe you he 'ſhall be ſet at liberty when we march. But hark, 'the general beats. My dear boy, give me another 'buſs. Don't diſcompoſe or hurry yourſelf; but 'remember the Chriſtian doctrine of patience, and I 'warrant you will ſoon be able to do yourſelf ju-'ſtice, and to take an honourable revenge on the fel-'low who hath injured you.' The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

END of the SEVENTH VOLUME.

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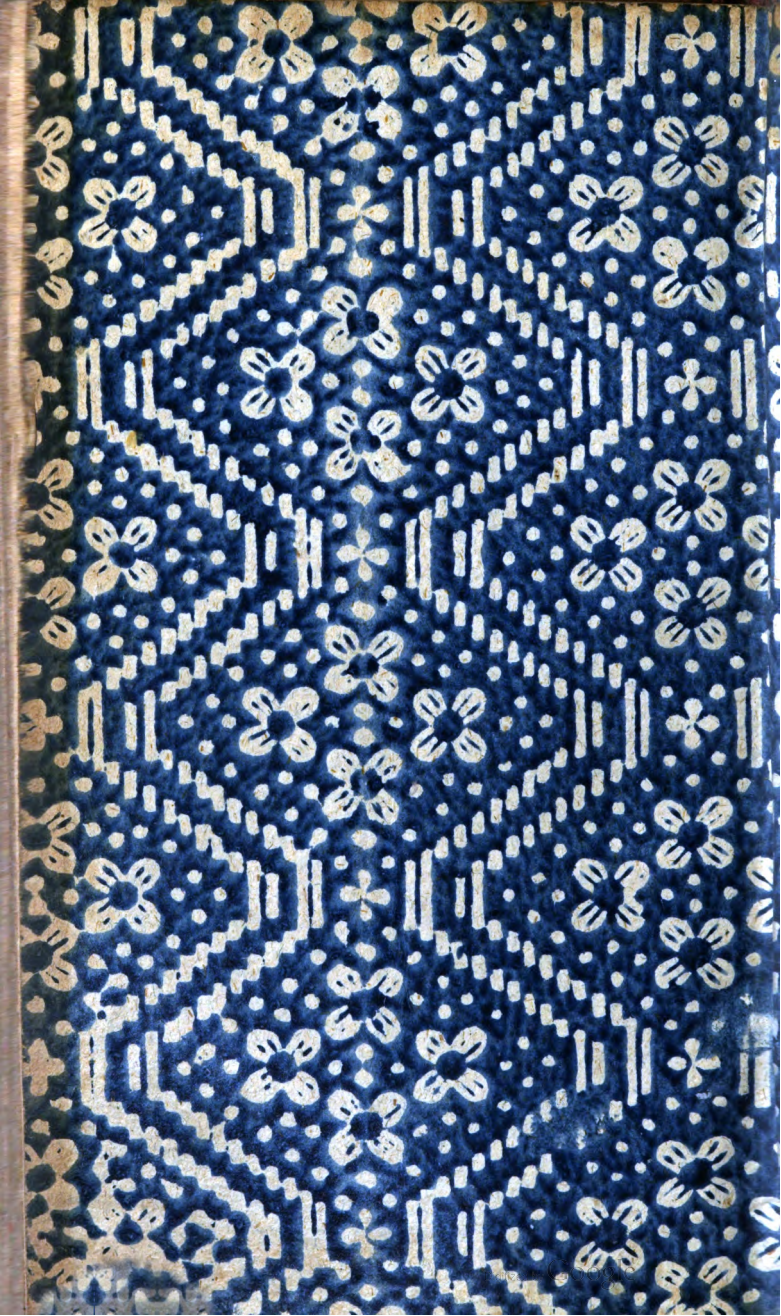

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